THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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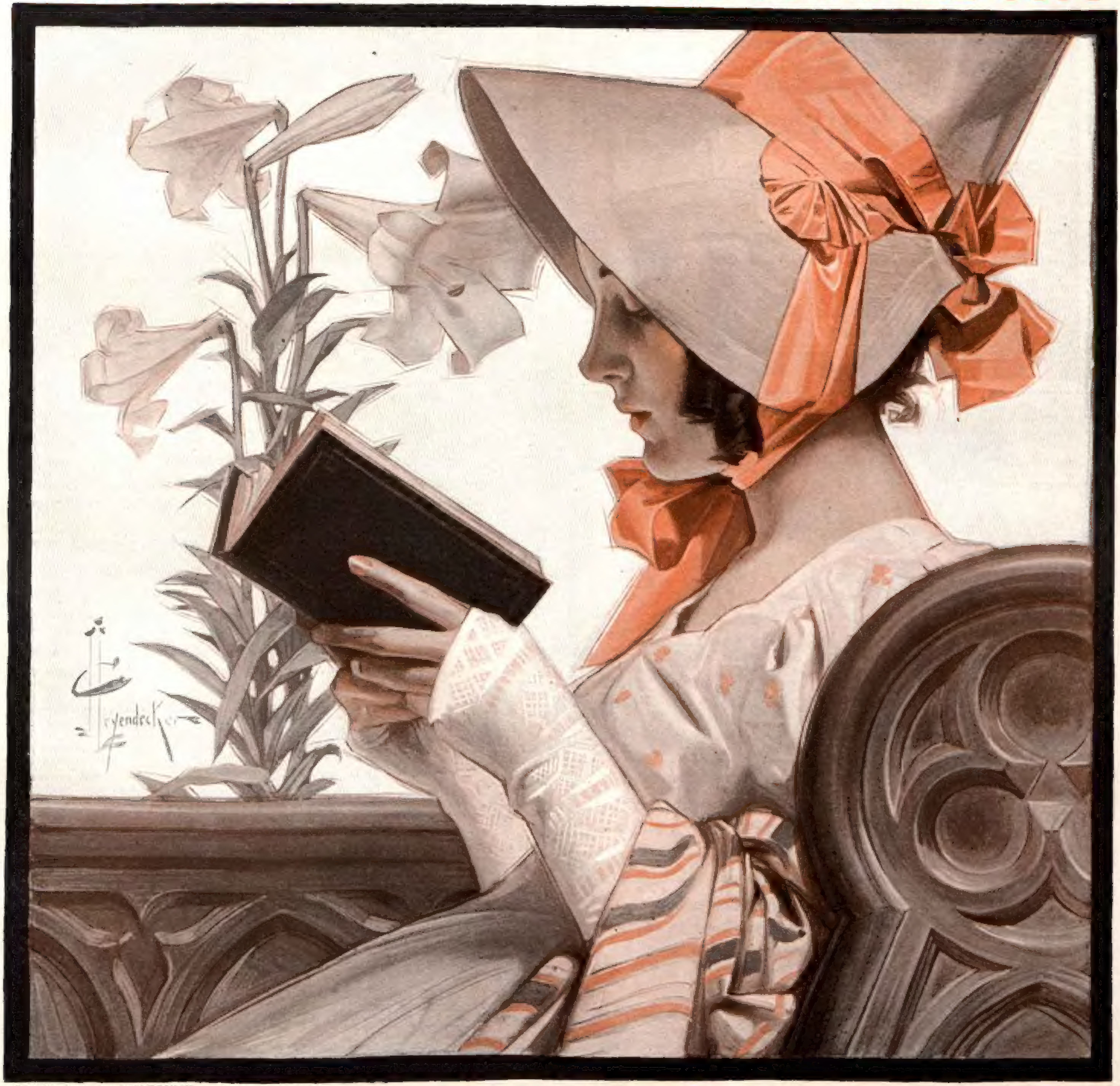

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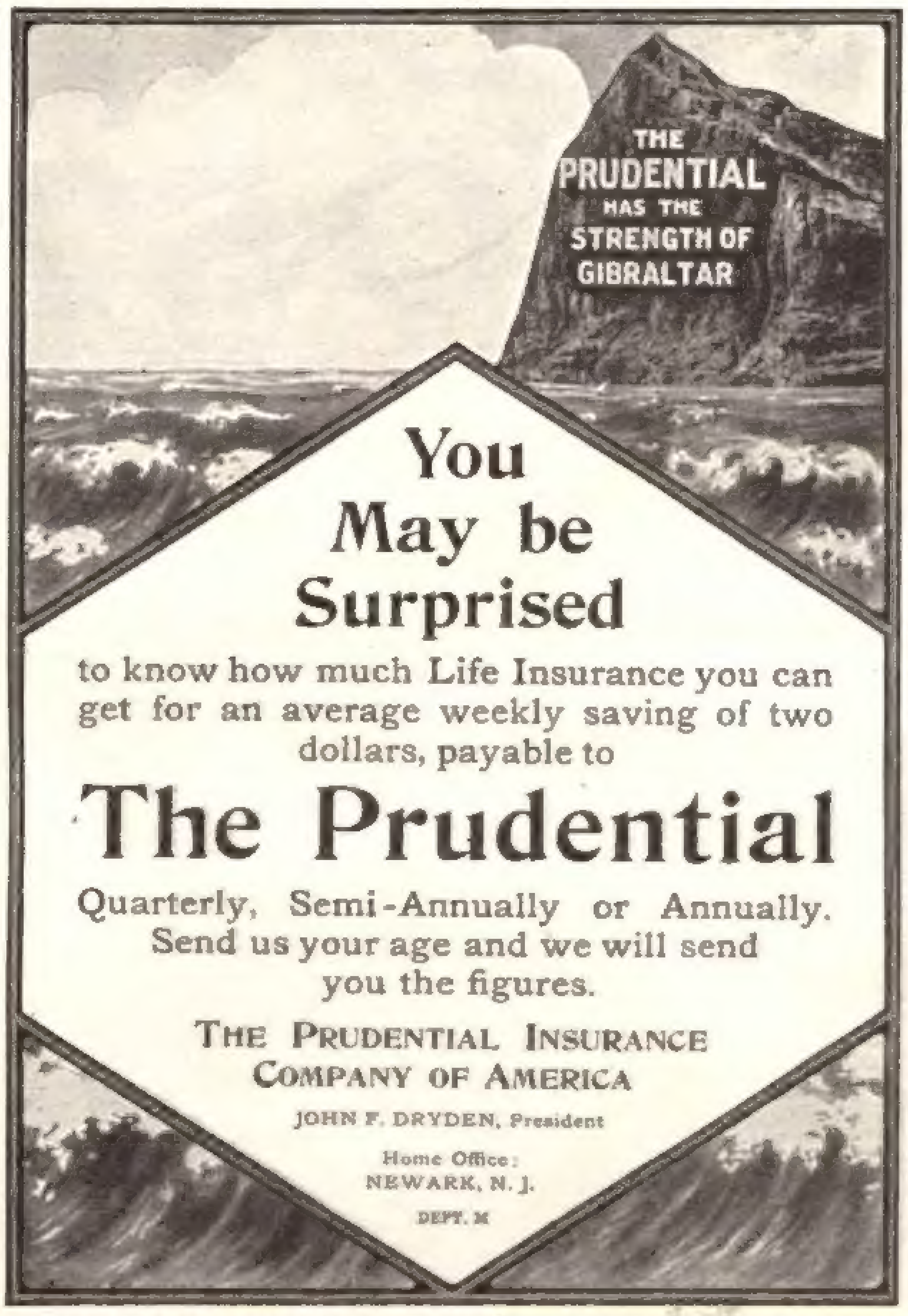

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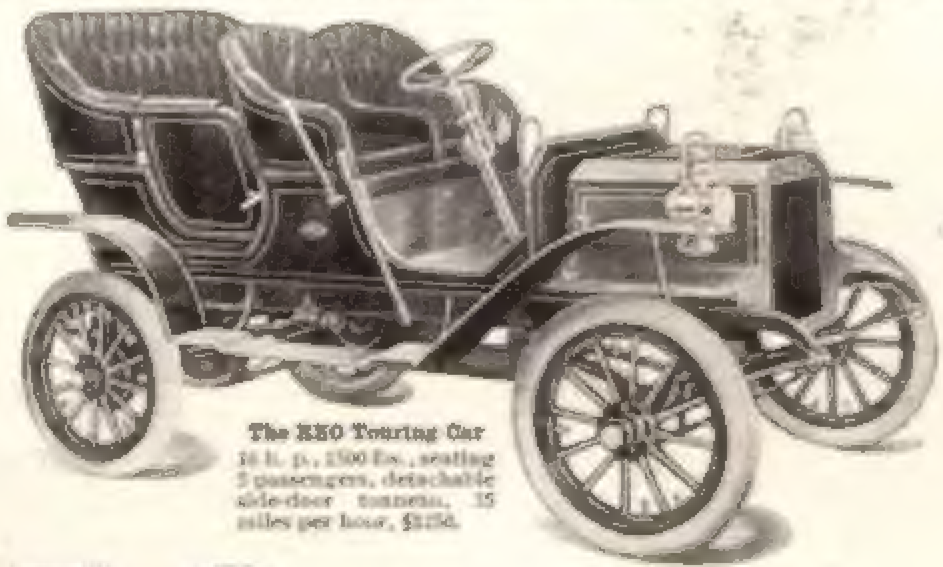

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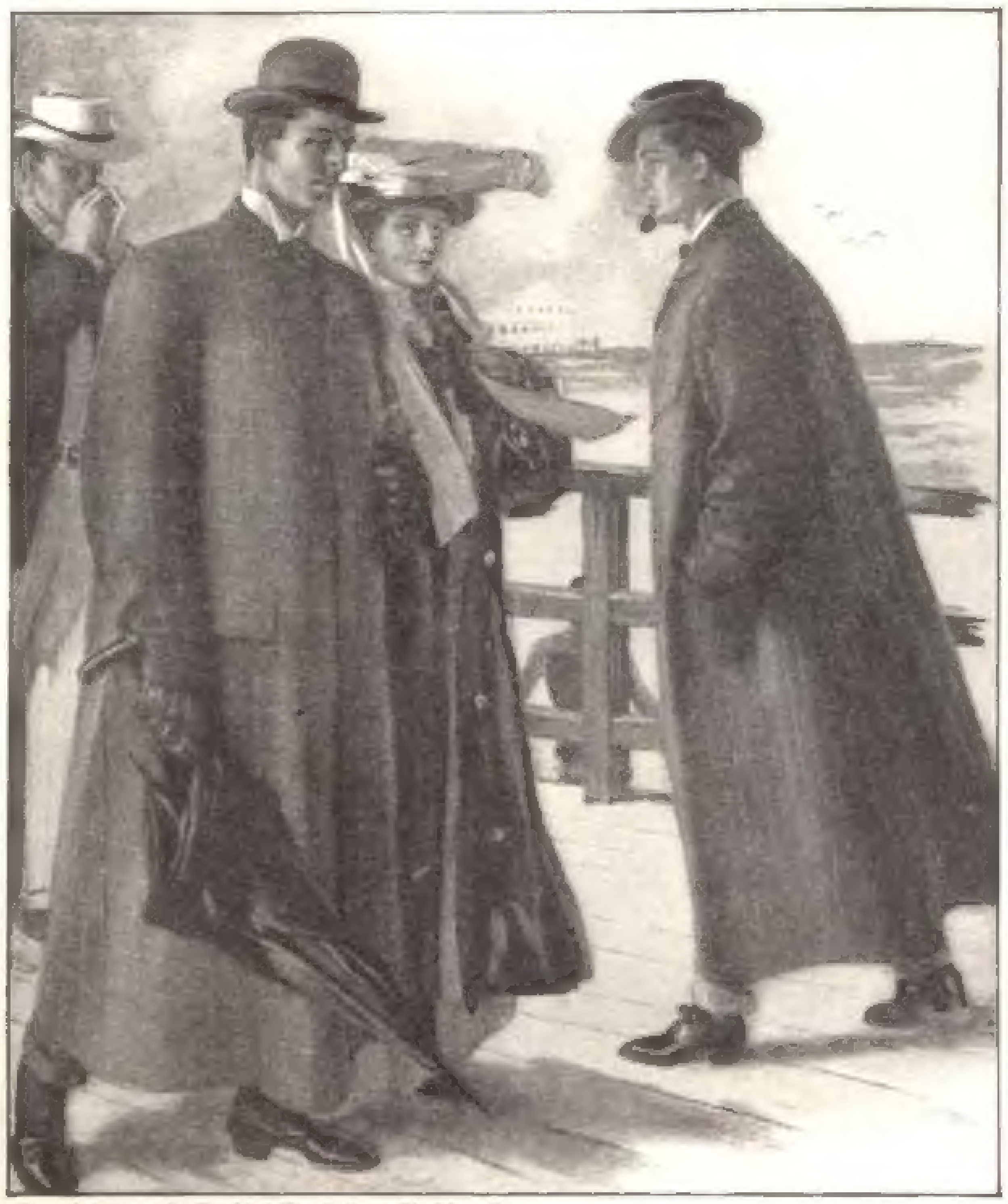

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QUOD ERAT—

The Story of the Parent Beautiful of Iole, a Scheme Beautiful and a Dramatist Inverted

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE

NEITHER Lethbridge nor Harrow—lately exceedingly important undergraduates at Harvard and now twin nobodies in the employment of the great Occidental Fidelity and Trust Company—neither of these young men, I say, had any particular business at the New Arts Theatre that afternoon.

For the play was Barnard Haw's *Attitudes*, the performance was private and intensely intellectual, the admission by invitation only, and between the acts there was supposed to be a general *causerie* among the gifted individuals of the audience.

Why Stanley West, president of the Occidental Trust, should have presented to his two young kinsmen the tickets inscribed with his own name was a problem, unless everybody else, including the elevator-boys, had politely declined the offer.

"That's probably the case," observed Lethbridge. "Do we go?"

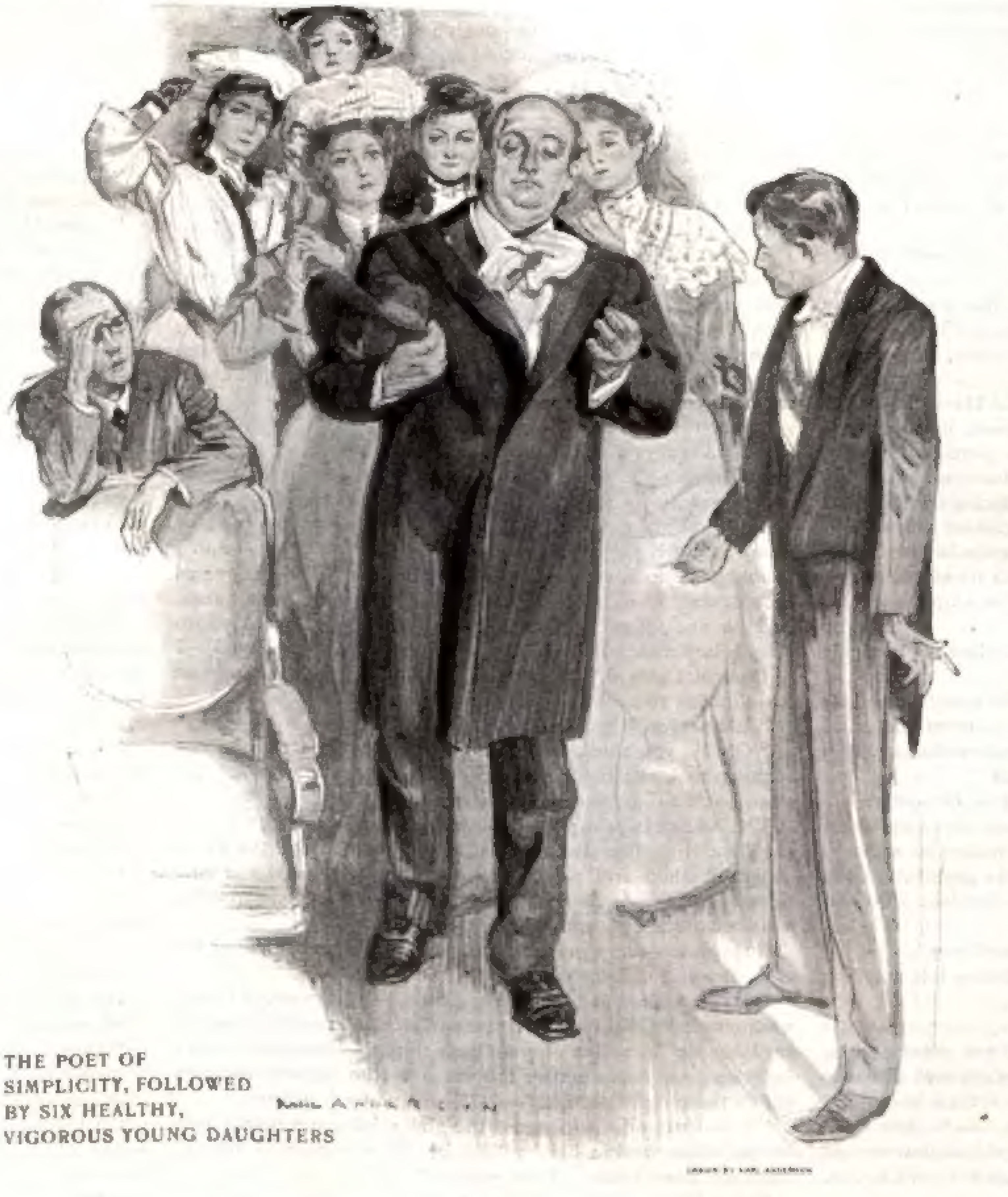
"Art," said Harrow, "will be on the loose among that audience. And if anybody can speak to anybody there, we'll get spoken to, and first we know somebody will ask us what Art really is."

"I'd like to see a place full of atmosphere," suggested Lethbridge. "I've seen almost everything—the Café Jaune, and Chinatown, and—you remember that joint at Tangier? But I've never seen atmosphere. I don't care how thin it is; I just want to say that I've seen it when the next girl throws it all over me."

And, as Harrow remained timid, he added:

"We won't have to climb across the footlights and steal a curl from the author, because he's already being sheared in England. There's nothing to scare you."

Normally, however, they were intensely afraid of Art except at their barbers', and they had heard, in various ways as vague as Broad Street rumors, something concerning these gatherings of the elect at the New Arts Theatre on Saturday afternoons, where unselfish reformers produced plays for Art's sake as a rebuke to managers who declined to produce that sort of play for anybody's sake.



THE POET OF SIMPLICITY, FOLLOWED BY SIX HEALTHY, VIGOROUS YOUNG DAUGHTERS

"I'll bet," said Harrow, "that some thrifty genius sent Stanley West those tickets in a desperate endeavor to amalgamate the aristocracies of wealth and intellect!—as though you could shake 'em up as you shake a cocktail! As though you'd catch your Uncle Stanley wearing his richest Burgundy flush, sitting in the orchestra and talking Arr Noovo to a young thing with cheekbones who'd pinch him into a cocked hat for a contribution between the acts!"

"Still," said Lethbridge, "even Art requires a wad to pay its license. Isn't West the foxy Freddie! Do you suppose, if we go, they'll sting us for ten?"

"They'll probably take up a collection for the professor," said Harrow gloomily. "Better come to the club and give the tickets to the janitor."

"Oh, that's putting it all over Art! If anybody with earnest eyes tries to speak to us we can call a policeman."

"Well," said Harrow, "on your promise to keep your mouth shut I'll go with you. If you open it they'll discover you're an appraiser and I'm a broker, and then they'll think we're wealthy, because there'd be no other reason for our being there, and they'll touch us both for a brace of come-ons, and——"

"Perhaps," interrupted the other, "we'll be fortunate enough to sit next to a peach! And as it's the proper thing there to talk to your neighbor, the prospect—er—needn't jar you."

There was a silence as they walked uptown, which lasted until they entered their lodgings. And by that time they had concluded to go.

So they went, having nothing better on hand, and at two o'clock they sidled into the squatty little theatre, shyly sought their reserved seats and sat very still, abashed in the presence of the massed intellects of Manhattan.

When Clarence Guilford, the Poet of Simplicity, followed by six healthy, vigorous young daughters, entered the middle aisle of the New Arts Theatre, a number of people whispered in reverent recognition: "Guilford, the poet! Those are his daughters. They wear nothing but pink pajamas at home. Sh-sh-h-h!"

Perhaps the poet heard, for he heard a great deal when absent-minded. He paused; his six tall and blooming daughters, two-and-two behind him, very naturally paused also, because the poet was bulky and the aisle narrow.

Those of the elect who had recognized him had now an opportunity to view him at close range: young women with expressive eyes leaned forward, quivering; several earnest young men put up lorgnettes.

It was as it should have been; and the poet stood motionless in dreamy abstraction, until an usher took his coupons and turned down seven seats. Then the six daughters filed in, and the poet, slowly turning to survey the house, started slightly, as though surprised to find himself under public scrutiny, passed a large, plump hand over his forehead, and slowly subsided into the aisle-seat with a smile of whimsical acquiescence in the knowledge of his own greatness.

"Who," inquired young Harrow, turning toward Lethbridge—"who is that duck?"

"You can search me," replied Lethbridge in a low voice, "but for Heaven's sake *look* at those girls! Is it right to bunch such beauty and turn down Senators from Utah?"

Harrow's dazzled eyes wandered over the six golden heads and snowy necks, lovely as six wholesome young goddesses fresh from a bath in the Hellespont.

"The—the one next to the one beside you," whispered Lethbridge, edging around. "I want to run away with her. Would you mind getting me a hansom?"

"The one next to me has them all pinched to death," breathed Harrow unsteadily. "Look!—when she isn't looking. Did you ever see such eyes and mouth—such a superb free poise——"

"Sh-sh-sh!" muttered Lethbridge, "the bell-mule is talking to them."

"Art," said the poet, leaning over to look along the line of fragrant, fresh young beauty—"Art is an art." With which epigram he slowly closed his eyes.

His daughters looked at him; a young woman expensively but not smartly gowned bent forward from the row behind. Her attitude was almost prayerful; her eyes burned.

"Art," continued the poet, opening his heavy lids with a large, sweet smile—"Art is above Art, but Art is never below Art. Art, to be Art, must be artless. That is a very precious thought—very, very precious. Thank you for understanding me—thank you." And he included in his large, sweet smile young Harrow, who had been unconsciously bending forward, hypnotized by the monotonous resonance of the poet's deep, rich voice.

Now that the spell was broken, he sank back in his chair, looking at Lethbridge a little wildly.

"Let me sit next—after the first act," began Lethbridge, coaxing; "they'll be watching the stage all the first act and you can look at 'em without being rude, and they'll do the same next act and I can look at 'em, and perhaps they'll ask us what Art really is——"

"Did you hear what that man said?" interrupted Harrow, recovering his voice. "*Did* you?"

"No; what?"

"Well, listen next time. And all I have to say is, if that firing-line, with its battery of innocent blue eyes, understands him, you and I had better apply to the nearest night-school for the rudiments of an education."

"Well, what did he say?" began the other uneasily, when again the poet bent forward to address the firing-line; and the lovely blue battery turned silently upon the author of their being.

"Art is the result of a complex mental attitude capable of producing concrete simplicity."

"Help!" whispered Harrow, but the poet had caught his eye, and was fixing the young man with a smile that held him as syrup holds a fly.

"You ask me what is Art, young sir? Why should I not heed you? Why should I not answer you? What artificial barriers, falsely called convention, shall force me to ignore the mute eloquence of your questioning eyes? You ask me what is Art. I will tell you; it is *this!*" And the poet, inverting his thumb, pressed it into the air. Then, carefully inspecting the dent he had made in the atmosphere, he erased it with a gesture and folded his arms, looking gravely at Harrow, whose fascinated eyes protruded.

Behind him Lethbridge whispered hoarsely, "I told you how it would be in the New Arts Theatre. I told you a young man alone was likely to get spoken to. Now those six girls know you're a broker!"

"Don't say it so loud," muttered Harrow savagely. "I'm all right so far, for I haven't said a word."

"You'd better not," returned the other. "I wish that curtain would go up and stay up. It will be my turn to sit next them after this act, you know."

Harrow ventured to glance at the superb young creature sitting beside him, and at the same instant she looked up and, catching his eye, smiled in the most innocently friendly fashion—the direct, clear-eyed advance of a child utterly unconscious of self.

"I have never before been in a theatre," she said; "have you?"

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Harrow when he found his voice, "but *were* you good enough to speak to *me?*"

"Why, yes!" she said, surprised but amiable; "shouldn't I have spoken to you?"

"Indeed—oh, indeed you should!" said Harrow hastily, with a quick glance at the poet. The poet, however, appeared to be immersed in thought, lids partially closed, a benignant smile imprinted on his heavy features.

"*What* are you doing?" breathed Lethbridge in his ear. Harrow calmly turned his back on his closest friend and gazed rapturously at his goddess. And again her bewildering smile broke out and he fairly blinked in its glory.

"This is my first play," she said; "I'm a little excited. I hope I shall care for it."

"Haven't you ever seen a play?" asked Harrow, tenderly amazed.

"Never. You see, we always lived in the country, and we have always been poor until my sister, Iole, married. And now our father has come to live with his new son-in-law. So that is how we came to be here in New York."

"I am *so* glad you *did* come," said Harrow fervently.

"So are we. We have never before seen anything like a large city. We have never had enough money to see one. But now that Iole is married, everything is possible. It is all so interesting for us—particularly the clothing. Do you like my gown?"

"It is a dream!" stammered the infatuated youth.

"Do you think so? I think it is wonderful—but not very comfortable."

"Doesn't it fit?" he inquired, amazed.

"Perfectly; that's the trouble. It is not comfortable. We never before were permitted to wear skirts and all sorts of pretty fluffy frills under them, and *such* high heels, and *such* long stockings, and *such* tight lacing——" She hesitated, then calmly: "But I believe father told us that we are not to mention our pretty underwear, though it's hard not to, as it's the first we ever had."

Harrow was past all speech.

"I wish I had my lounging suit on," she said, with a sigh and a hitch of her perfectly modeled shoulders.

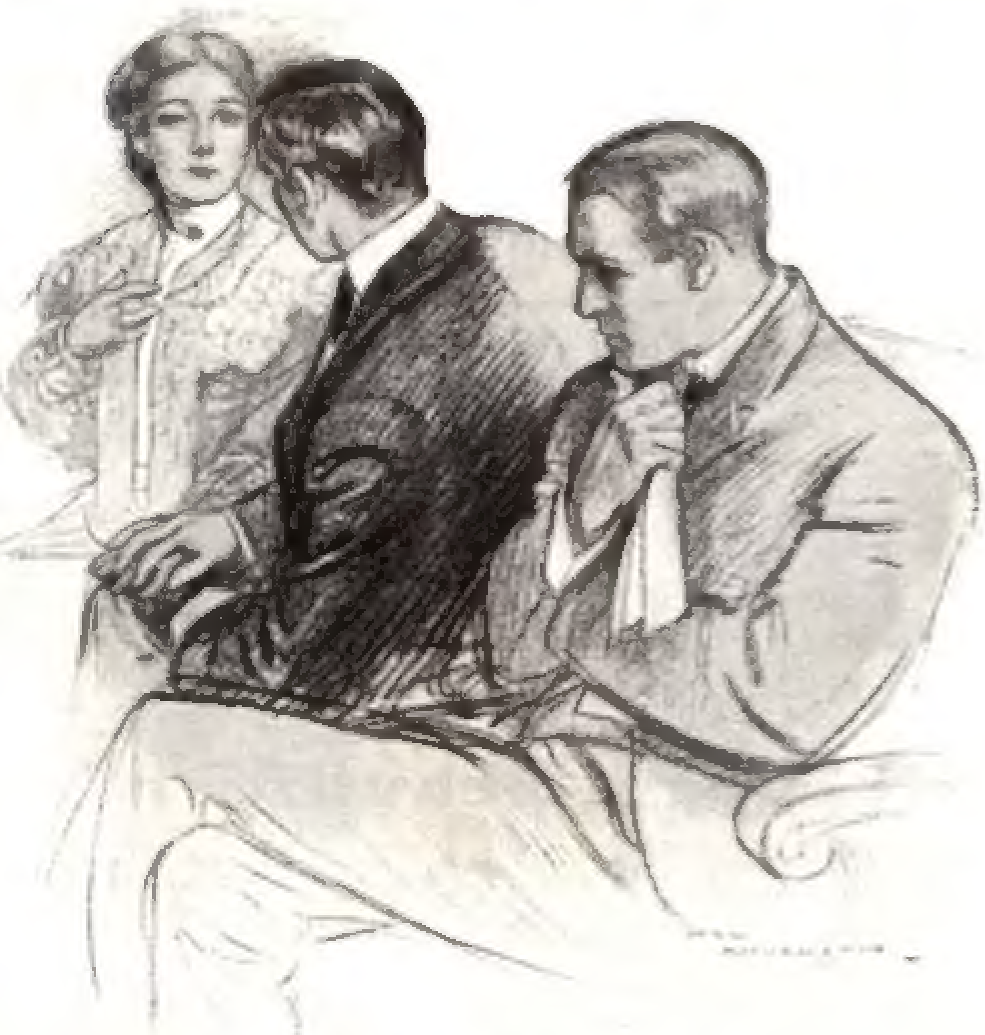
"W—what sort of things do you usually dress in?" he ventured.

"Why, in dress-reform clothes!" she said, laughing. "We never have worn anything else."

"Bloomers!"

"I don't know; we had trousers and blouses and sandals—something like the pink pajamas we have for night-wear now. Formerly we wore nothing at night. I am beginning to wonder, from the way people look at us when we speak of this, whether we were odd. But all our lives we have never thought about clothing. However, I am glad you like my new gown, and I fancy I'll get used to this tight lacing in time. . . . What is your name?"

"James Harrow," he managed to say, aware of an innocence and directness of thought and speech which were awaking in him faintest responsive echoes. They were the blessed echoes from the dim, sweet land of childhood, but he did not know it.



"I HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN IN A THEATRE," SHE SAID

"James Harrow," she repeated with a friendly nod. "My name is Lissa—my first name; the other is Guilford. My father is the famous poet, Clarence Guilford. He named us all after butterflies—all my sisters"—counting them on her white fingers while her eyes rested on him—"Chlorippe, twelve years old, that pretty one next to my father; then Philodice, thirteen; Dione, fourteen; Aphrodite, fifteen; Cybele, the one next to me, sixteen, and almost seventeen; and myself, seventeen, almost eighteen. Besides, there is Iole, who married Mr. Wayne, and Vanessa, married to Mr. Briggs. They have been off on Mr. Wayne's yacht, the *Thendara*, on their wedding trip. Now you know all about us. Do you think you would like to know us?"

"*Like* to! I'd simply love to! I——"

"That is very nice," she said, unembarrassed. "I thought I should like you when I saw you leaning over and listening so reverently to father's epigrams. Then, besides, I had nobody but my sisters to talk to. Oh, you can't imagine how many attractive men I see every day in New York—and I should like to know them all—and many *do* look at me as though they would like it, too; but Mr. Wayne is so queer, and so are father and Mr. Briggs—about my speaking to people in public places. They have told me not to, but I—I—thought I would," she ended, smiling. "What harm can it do for me to talk to—you?"

"It's perfectly heavenly of you——"

"Oh, do you think so? I wonder what father thinks"—turning to look; then, resuming: "He generally makes us stop, but I am quite sure he expected me to talk to you."

The lone note of a piano broke the thread of the sweetest, maddest discourse Harrow had ever listened to; the girl's cheeks flushed and she turned expectantly toward the curtained stage. Again the lone note, thumped vigorously, sounded a staccato monotone.

"Precious—very precious," breathed the poet, closing his eyes in a sort of fatty ecstasy.

Harrow looked at his program, then, leaning toward Lissa, whispered: "That is the overture to *Attitudes*—the program explains it: 'A series of pale gray notes'—what the deuce!—'pale *gray* notes giving the value of the highest light in which the play is pitched'——" He paused, aghast.

"I understand," whispered the girl, resting her lovely arm on the chair beside him. "Look! The curtain is rising! *How* my heart beats! Does yours?"

He nodded, unable to articulate.

The curtain rose very, very slowly upon the first scene of Barnard Haw's masterpiece of satire; and the lovely firing-line quivered, blue batteries opening very wide, lips half parted in breathless anticipation. And about that time Harrow almost expired as a soft, impulsive hand closed nervously over his.

And there, upon the stage, the human species was delicately vivisected in one act; human frailty exposed, human motives detected, human desire quenched in all the brilliancy of perverted epigram and the scalpel analysis of the astigmatic. Life, love and folly were portrayed with the remorseless accuracy of an eye doubly sensitive through the stimulus of an intellectual strabismus. Barnard Haw at his greatest! And how he dissected attitudes: the attitude assumed by the lover, the father, the wife, the daughter, the mother, the mistress—proving that virtue, *per se*, is a pose. Attitudes! How he flayed those who assumed them. His attitude toward attitudes was remorseless, uncompromising, inexorable.

And the curtain fell on the first act, its gray and silver folds swaying in the half-crazed whirlwind of applause.

Lissa's silky hand trembled in Harrow's, her grasp relaxed. He dropped his hand and, searching, encountered hers again.

"*What* do you think of it?" she asked.

"I don't think there's any harm in it," he stammered guiltily, supposing she meant the contact of their interlaced fingers.

"Harm? I didn't mean harm," she said. "The play is perfectly harmless, I think."

"Oh—the play! Oh, that's just *that* sort of play, you know. They're all alike; a lot of people go about telling each other how black white is and that white is always black—until somebody suddenly discovers that black and white are a sort of greenish red. Then the audience applauds frantically in spite of the fact that everybody in it had concluded that black and white were really a shade of yellowish yellow!"

She had begun to laugh; and as he proceeded, excited by her approval, the most adorable gayety possessed her.

"I *never* heard anything half so clever!" she said, leaning toward him.

"I? Clever!" he faltered. "You—you don't really mean that!"

"Why? Don't you know you are? Don't you know in your heart that you have said the very thing that I in my heart found no words to explain?"

"Did I, really?"

"Yes. Isn't it delightful!"

It was; Harrow, holding tightly to the soft little hand half hidden by the folds of her gown, took a sneaking look behind him, and encountered the fixed and furious glare of his closest friend, who had pinched him.

"Pig!" hissed Lethbridge, "do I sit next or not?"

"I—I can't; I'll explain——"

"*Do* I?"

"You don't understand——"

"I understand *you!*"

"No, you don't. Lissa and I——"

"Lissa!"

"Ya—as! We're talking very cleverly; *I* am, too. Wha'd'you wan' to butt in for?" with sudden venom.

"Butt in! Do you think I want to sit here and look at tha' damfool play! Fix it or I'll run about biting!"

Harrow turned. "Lissa," he whispered in an exquisitely modulated voice, "what would happen if I spoke to your sister Cybele?"

"Why, she'd answer you, silly!" said the girl, laughing. "Wouldn't you, Cybele?"

"I'll tell you what I'd like to do," said Cybele, leaning forward: "I'd like very much to talk to that attractive man who is trying to look at me—only your head has been in the way." And she smiled innocently at Lethbridge.

So Lissa moved down one. Harrow took her seat, and Cybele dropped gayly into Harrow's vacant place.

"*Now*," she said to Lethbridge, "we can tell each other all sorts of things. I was so glad that you looked at me all the while and so vexed that I couldn't talk to you. *How* do you like my new gown? And what is your name? Have you ever before seen a play? I haven't, and my name is Cybele."

"It is per—perfectly heavenly to hear you talk," stammered Lethbridge.

Harrow heard him, turned and looked him full in the eyes, then slowly resumed his attitude of attention: for the poet was speaking:

"The Art of Barnard Haw is the quintessence of simplicity. What is the quintessence of simplicity?" He lifted one heavy, pudgy hand, joined the tips of his soft thumb and forefinger, and selecting an atom of air, deftly captured it. "*That* is the quintessence of simplicity; *that* is Art!"

He smiled largely on Harrow, whose eyes had become wild again.

"*That!*" he repeated, pinching out another molecule of atmosphere, "and *that!*" punching dent after dent in the viewless void with inverted thumb.

On the hapless youth the overpowering sweetness of his smile acted like an anæsthetic; he saw things waver, even wabble; and his hidden clutch on Lissa's fingers tightened spasmodically.

"Thank you," said the poet, leaning forward to fix the young man with his heavy-lidded eyes. "Thank you for the precious thoughts you inspire in me. Bless you. Our mental and æsthetic commune has been very precious to me—very, very precious," he mooned bulkily, his rich voice dying to a resonant soothing drone.

Lissa turned to the petrified young man. "Please be clever some more," she whispered. "You were so perfectly delightful about this play."

"Child!" he groaned, "*I* have scarcely sufficient intellect to keep me over night. You must know that I haven't understood one single thing your father has been kind enough to say."

"*What* didn't you understand?" she asked, surprised.

"'*That!*'" He flourished his thumb. "What does '*That!*' mean?"

"Oh, that is only a trick father has caught from painters who tell you how they're going to use their brushes. But—

the truth is I've usually noticed that they do most of their work in the air with their thumbs. . . . What else did you not understand?"

"Oh—Art!" he said wearily. "What is it? Or as Barnard Haw, the higher exponent of the Webberfield philosophy, might say: 'What it iss? Yess?'"

"I don't know what the Webberfield philosophy is," said Lissa innocently, "but Art is only doing the things one believes. And it's awfully hard, too, because nobody sees the same thing in the same way, or believes the same things that others believe. So there are all kinds of Art. I think the only way to be sure is when the artist makes himself and his audience happier; then *that* is Art. . . . But one need not use one's thumb, you know."

"The—the way you make me happy? Is *that* Art?"

"Do I?" she laughed. "Perhaps; for I am happy, too—far, far happier than when I read the works of Henry Haynes. And Henry Haynes *is* Art. Oh, dear!"

But Harrow knew nothing of the intellectual obstetrics which produced that great master's monotypes.

"Have you read Double or Quits?" he ventured shyly. "It's a humming Wall Street story showing up the entire bunch and exposing the trading-stamp methods of the great department stores. The heroine is a detective and——" She was looking at him so intently that he feared he had said something he shouldn't. "But I don't suppose that would interest you," he muttered, ashamed.

"It does! It is *new!* I—I never read that sort of a novel. Tell me!"

"Are you serious?"

"Of course. It is perfectly wonderful to think of a heroine being a detective."

"Oh, she's a dream!" he said with cautious enthusiasm. "She falls in love with the worst old miser in Wall Street, and pushes him off a ferryboat when she finds he has cornered the trading-stamp market and is bankrupting her father, who is president of the department-store trust——"

"Go on!" she whispered breathlessly.

"I will, but——"

"What is it? Oh—is it my hand you are looking for? Here it is; I only wanted to smooth my hair a moment. Now tell me; for I never, never knew that such books were written. The books my father permits us to read are not concerned with all those splendid, thrilling episodes of everyday life. Nobody ever *does* anything in the few novels I am allowed to read—except, once, in *Cranford*, somebody gets up out of a chair in one chapter."

"*I'll* send you some," he said indignantly. "Baffles, the Gent Burglar; Love Militant, by Nora Norris Newman; The Crown-Snatcher, by Reginald Rodman Roony—oh, it's simply ghastly to think of what you've missed! This is the Victorian era; you have a right to be fully cognizant of the great literary movements of the twentieth century!"

"I *love* to hear you say such things," she said, her beautiful face afire. "I desire to be modern—intensely, humanly modern. All my life I have been nourished on the classics of ages dead; the literature of the Orient, of Asia, of Europe, I am familiar with; the literature of England—as far as Andrew Bang's boyhood verses. I—all my sisters—read, write, speak, even think, in ten languages. I long for something to read which is vital, familiar, friendly—something of my own time, my own day. I wish to know what young people do, and dare; what they really think, what they believe, strive for, desire!"

"Well—well, I don't think people really do and say and think the things that you read in interesting modern novels," he said doubtfully. "Fact is, only the tiresome novels seem to tell a portion of the truth; but they end by overdoing it and leave you yawning with a nasty taste in your mouth. I—I think you'd better let your father pick out your novels."

"I don't want to," she said rebelliously. "I want *you* to."

He looked at the beautiful sulky mouth and took a closer hold on the hidden hand.

"I wish you—I wish I could choose—everything for you," he said unsteadily.

"I wish so, too. You are exactly the sort of man I like."

"Do—do you mean it?"

"Why, yes," she replied, opening her splendid eyes. "Don't I show the pleasure I take in being with you?"

"But—would you tire of me if—if we always—forever——"

"Were friends? No."

"Mo-m-m-more than friends?" Then he choked.

The speculation in her wide eyes deepened. "What do you mean?" she asked curiously.

But again the lone note of the thumped piano signaled silence. In the sudden hush the poet opened his lids with a sticky smile and folded his hands over his abdomen, plump thumbs joined.

"*What* do you mean?" whispered Lissa hurriedly, tightening her slender fingers around Harrow's.

"I mean—I mean——"

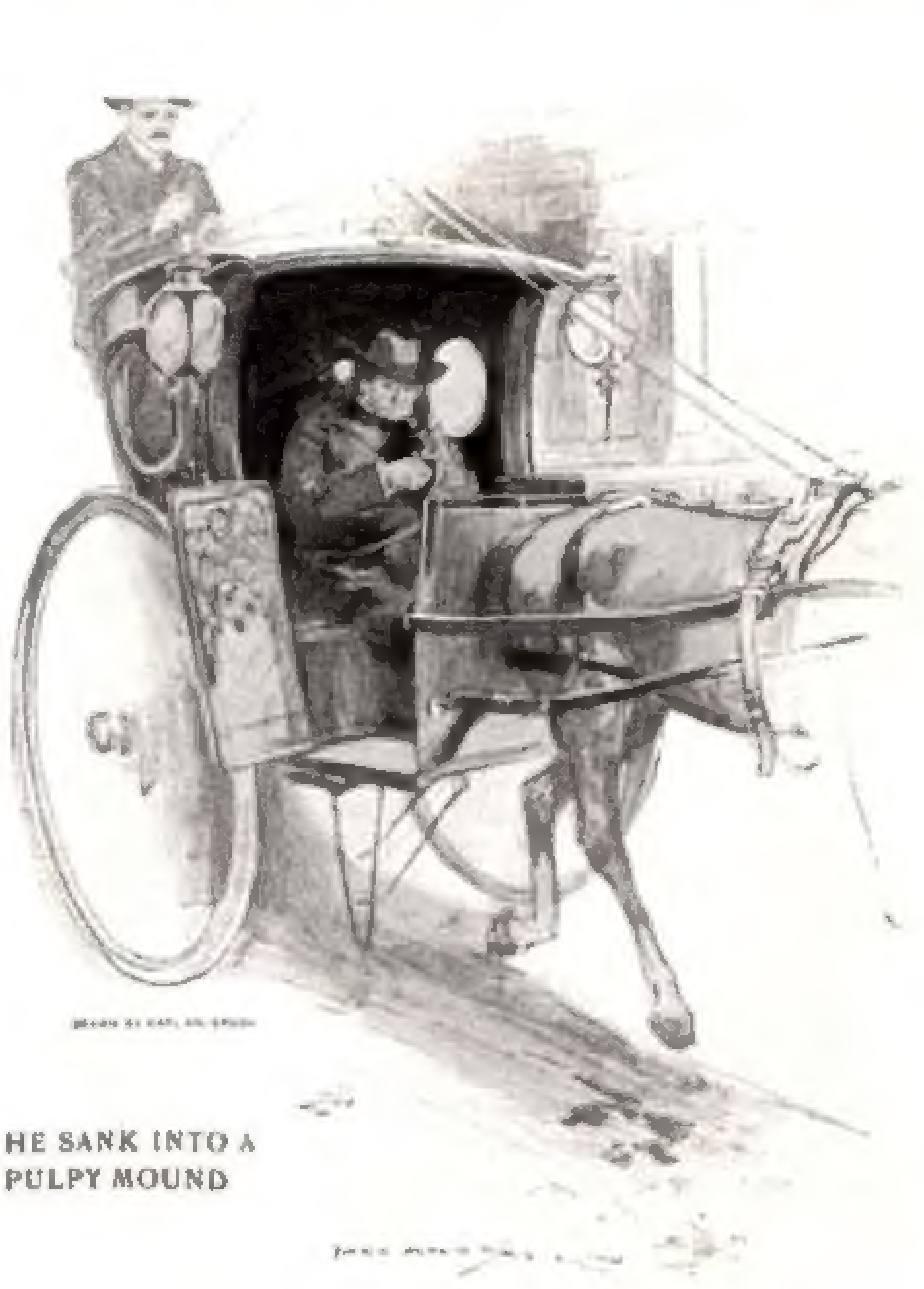
He turned in silence and their eyes met. A moment later her fingers relaxed limply in his; their hands were still in contact—but scarcely so; and so remained while the *Attitudes* of Barnard Haw held the stage.

There was a young wife behind the footlights explaining to a young man who was not her husband that her marriage vows need not be seriously considered if he, the young man, found them too inconvenient. Which scared the young man, who was plainly a purveyor of heated air and a short sport. And although she explained very clearly that if he needed her in his business he had better say so quick, the author's invention gave out just there and he called in the young wife's husband to help him out.

And all the while the battery of round blue eyes gazed on unwinking; the poet's dewlaps quivered with stored emotion, and the spellbound audience breathed as people breathe when the hostess at table attempts to smooth over a bad break by her husband.

"Is *that* life?" whispered Cybele to Lethbridge, her sensitive mouth a-quiver. "Did the author actually know such people? Do *you?* Is conscience really only an attitude? Is instinct the only guide? Am *I*—really—bad——"

"No, no," whispered Lethbridge; "all that is only a dramatist's attitude. Don't—don't look grieved! Why, every now and then some man discovers he can attract more attention by standing on his head. That is all—really, that is all. Barnard Haw on his feet is not amusing; but the same gentleman on his head is worth an orchestra-chair. When a man wears his trousers where other men wear their coats, people are bound to turn around. It is not a new trick. Mystes, the Argive comic poet, and the White Queen, taught this author the value of substituting 'is' for 'is not,' until, from standing so long inverted, he himself forgets what he means, and at this point the eminent brothers Rogers take up the important work. . . . Please, please, Cybele, *don't* take it seriously! . . . If you look that way—if you are unhappy, I—I——"



HE SANK INTO A PULPY MOUND

A gentle snore from the poet transfixed the firing-line, but the snore woke up the poet and he mechanically pinched an atom out of the atmosphere, blinking at the stage.

"Precious—very, very precious," he murmured drowsily. "Thank you—thank everybody——" And he sank into an obese and noiseless slumber as the gray and silver curtain slowly fell. The applause, far from rousing him, merely soothed him; a honeyed smile hovered on his lips which formed the words "Thank you." That was all. Chlorippe, twelve, and Philodice, thirteen, yawned, pink-mouthed, sleepy-eyed; Dione, fourteen, laid her golden head on the shoulder of Aphrodite, fifteen.

The finger-tips of Lissa and Harrow still touched, scarcely clinging; they had turned toward one another when the curtain fell. But the play, to them, had been a pantomime of silhouettes, the stage a void edged with vague flame—the scene, the audience, the theatre, the poet himself, as unreal and meaningless as the shadowy attitudes of the shapes that vanished when the phantom curtain closed its folds.

And through the subdued light, turning noiselessly, they peered at one another, conscious that naught else was real in the misty golden-tinted gloom; that they were alone together there in a formless, soundless chaos peopled by shapes impalpable as dreams.

"*Now* tell me," she said, her lips scarcely moving as the soft voice stirred them like carmine petals stirring in a scented breeze.

"Tell you that it is—love?"

"Yes, tell me."

"That I love you, Lissa?"

"Yes; that!"

He stooped nearer; his voice was steady and very low, and she leaned with bent head to listen, clear-eyed, intelligent, absorbed.

"So *that* is love? What you tell me?"

"Yes—partly."

"And the other part?"

"The other part is when, God willing, you find you love me."

"I—do. I think it must be love, because I can't bear to have you go away. Besides, I wish you to tell me—things."

"Ask me."

"Well—when two—like you and me, begin to love—what happens?"

"We confess it——"

"I do; I'm not ashamed. . . . Should I be? And then?"

"Then?" he faltered.

"Yes; do we kiss? . . . For I am curious to have you do it—I am so certain I shall adore you when you do. . . . I wish we could go away somewhere together. . . . But we can't do that until I am a bride, can we? Oh!—do you really want me?"

"Can you ask?" he breathed.

"Ask? Yes—yes. . . . I love to ask! Your hand thrills me. We can't go away now, can we? It took Iole so long to be permitted to go away with Mr. Wayne—all that time lost in so many foolish ways—when a girl is so impatient. . . . Is it not strange how my heart beats when I look into your eyes? Oh, there can be no doubt about it; I am dreadfully in love. . . . And so quickly, too. I suppose it's because I am in such splendid health; don't you?"

"I—I—well——"

"Oh, I *do* want to get up at once and go away with you! *Can't* we? I could explain to father."

"Wait!" he gasped, "he—he's asleep. Don't speak—don't touch him."

"How unselfish you are," she breathed. "No, you are not hurting my fingers. Tell me more—about love and the blessed years awaiting us, and about our children—oh, is it not wonderful!"

"Ex—extremely," he managed to mutter, touching his suddenly dampened forehead with his handkerchief, and attempting to set his thoughts in some sort of order. He could not; the incoherence held him speechless, dazed, under the magic of this superb young being instinct with the soft fire of life.

Her loveliness, her innocence, the beautiful, direct gaze, the childlike fullness of mouth and contour of cheek and throat, left him spellbound. The very air around them seemed suffused with the vital glow of her youth and beauty; each breath they drew increased their wonder, till the whole rosy universe seemed thrilling and singing at their feet, and they two, love-crowned, alone, saw Time and Eternity flowing like a golden tide under the spell of Paradise.

"Jim!"

The hoarse whisper of Lethbridge shook the vision from him; he turned a flushed countenance to his friend; but Cybele spoke:

"We are very tired sitting here. We would like to take some tea at Sherry's," she whispered. "What do you think we had better do? It seems so—so futile to sit here—when we wish to be alone together——"

"You and Henry, *too!*" gasped Harrow.

"Yes; do you wonder?" She leaned swiftly in front of him; a fragrant breeze stirred his hair. "Lissa, I'm desperately infatuated. Do you see any use in our staying here when I'm simply dying to have him all to myself somewhere?"

"No, it is silly. I wish to go, too. Shall we?"

"*You* need not go," began Cybele; then stopped, aware of the new magic in her sister's eyes. "Lissa! Lissa!" she said softly. "*You*, too! Oh, my dear—my dearest!"

"Dear, is it not heavenly? I—I—was quite sure that if I ever had a good chance to talk to a man I really liked *something* would happen. And it has."

"If Philodice might awaken father perhaps he would let us go now," whispered Cybele. "Henry says it does not take more than an hour——"

"To become a bride?"

"Yes; he knows a clergyman very near——"

"*Do* you?" inquired Lissa. Lethbridge nodded and gave a scared glance at Harrow, who returned it as though stunned.

"But—but," muttered the latter, "your father doesn't know who we are——"

"Oh, yes, he does," said Cybele calmly, "for he sent you the tickets and placed us near you so that if we found that we liked you we might talk to you——"

"Only he made a mistake in your name," added Lissa to Harrow, "for he wrote 'Stanley West, Esq.' on the envelope. I know because I mailed it."

(Continued on Page 32)

The Black Man's Burden

A Battle with Ignorance and Poverty, and How One Negro Won It

By William H. Holtzclaw

I WAS born in Randolph County, Alabama, near the little town of Roanoke. The house in which I first saw the light—or such light as streamed through the cracks, for there were no windows—was a little log cabin twelve by sixteen feet. I know very little of my ancestry, except that my mother was the daughter of her mother's master and was born in Georgia in slavery, being up to 1864 herself the slave of her half-brother. My father was born in Elmore County, Alabama, and never knew his father, but remembered his mother and his eleven brothers. My mother had been married twice before she married my father. I am the fifth of her fifteen children, and my father's oldest child. Neither my father nor my mother could read or write, although my mother could decipher a little out of the Bible by spelling each word as she came to it.

My early years were spent on a farm. When four years old I was put to such work as I could do—for example, riding a deaf and blind mule, while my brother plowed with him, I being there to make the mule go forward, as he cared nothing for assault from the rear. We worked for a white man for one-fourth of the crop. The white man furnished the stock, land and seeds, and we did the work, although he was supposed to help. He furnished money to "run" us at fifteen to a hundred per cent., according to the time of the year, and grew richer as we, if possible, grew poorer. Before I was fifteen years old I instinctively felt the injustice of the scheme. When the crop was divided the white man got three loads of corn to our one, and somehow he always got the cotton: never a single bale came to us.

Those were hard times—the days of reconstruction and the Kuklux Klan, but to this must be added the fact that my father, a young and inexperienced man, had started with a family of six. I can recall having been without food for many a day. The pangs of hunger at times drove me almost to desperation. My mother and father would often come to us children late at night after a day of depressing toil, and pacify us for the night with such things as they had been able to get. When I awoke in the morning I sometimes found they had already gone forth again on a food mission.

One day my brother and I were given a meal of pie-crust from the white folks' table. As we were eating it, Old Buck, the family dog, who resembled an emaciated panther, stole one of the crusts. We loved Old Buck, but we had to live first, and so my brother "lit on to him" and a battle royal took place over that crust. As my brother was losing ground, I joined in the struggle. We saved the crust, but not till both of us had been well scratched and bitten.

I was put to school at the age of six. My mother and father were determined that their children should be educated. School lasted two months in the year—through July and August. The schoolhouse was three miles from our house, but we walked every day, my oldest sister carrying me astride her back when I gave out. But I sometimes walked five miles. We often had an ear of roasted green corn in our basket for dinner, or a roasted sweet potato, but more often simply persimmons or other fruit picked from our landlord's orchard, and nuts from the forest.

Schooling on the Sly

WHEN cotton began to open in the latter part of August the landlord wanted us to stop going to school and pick cotton. I can distinctly remember how my mother used to out-general him by slipping me off to school through the woods. She would follow me through the swamps and dark places with her hand on my back, shoving me on till I was well along on the way. Then she would return and try to do so much in the field that day as she and I together could have been expected to do. Should the landlord come early to the quarters to look for me my mother would hide me behind the cook-pot and other convenient things. When I was a little older I had to play my part on the farm, school or no school, but my mother now worked another scheme. I took turns with my brother at school and at the plow. What he learned at school on his schoolday was taught to me at night, and what I learned I taught him. In this way we got a month of schooling each during the year, and with it the habit of home study.

Our family, meanwhile, was increasing. To keep the children even roughly clothed and in food was about all that could be done in the circumstances. When a school exhibition took place and every girl was expected to have a white dress, and every boy a pair of white pantaloons, my mother was often put to her trumps to get these things. My father would not trouble himself about them, as he said they were useless. But the teacher said they were necessary, and his word was law with most parents in our community. When one of the exhibitions was near at hand, three of us had no white pantaloons. My mother had thus far manipulated every scheme, but now there was no cloth to make those garments from. When finally the day arrived, my mother solved the problem by getting up before daylight and making three pairs of white pantaloons for us from the cloth in her Sunday petticoat. She had a determined nature, and seldom failed to solve a domestic problem. We looked about as well as other people's children in the exhibition—at least, we thought we did, and that was sufficient. But it must be remembered that there is just so much cloth and no more in a petticoat. Our suits were necessarily made scant and I had to be careful how I moved around on the stage.

I usually had different teachers every year, as one teacher seldom cared to stay at a place for more than one season. I well remember the disadvantages of this custom. One teacher would get me into a third reader and fractions, and another into fifth reader and addition. When I reached the point where the teacher ordered me to get a United States History, the bookstore did not have one, but sold me a biography of Martin Luther instead. I studied it for some time, thinking that I was learning the history of the United States. I did not then know what the United States were, or where they were, although I had studied geography and knew something about South America and Africa. My good teacher did not tell me that the land I lived in was the United States. My teacher at this time was a good man, but that was all. Many of our teachers knew very little, but I thought they knew everything, and that was sufficient. Their teaching was at least wholesome and well meant. I remember one or two, however, whose work, in the circumstances, would be hard to match even now.

As soon as I was old enough I was hired out for wages to help support the family. My school opportunities now almost ceased, and for this reason, together with a desire for more excitement, I began to grow restless and morose on the farm. I pulled myself loose from all public functions, ceased to attend public meetings, save regular monthly church meetings, and betook me to the woods, where I read everything I could get. It was during this time that accidentally, I may say providentially, I got hold of a book containing the life of Ignatius Sancho. I have never read anything that gave me more inspiration. I wish every negro boy in the land might read it. As I read and worked, I helped to support the family. I had vowed that as soon as I was twenty-one I would leave home for some school and there stay until I was educated. I was already a little in advance of the young people in my community, so I spent my long winter evenings teaching a little night-school to which the young people of the neighborhood came.

All my life, up to this time, my father had been working as a tenant-farmer. He now determined to buy stock and rent land. The mule he bought soon became hopelessly lame in the back. It was a peculiar sort of illness which that mule had. Once upon his feet he could work all day without difficulty, but after he had lain down at night he had to be helped up the following morning. During that entire season the first thing I heard each morning was the voice of my father saying: "Children, children, get up! Let's go and help up the old mule!" A neighbor also was called in each morning to help. Toward the end of the season the school opened. We were so anxious to enter that we determined to help the old mule in the work before school began. My brother and I hitched ourselves to the plow and sister did the plowing. Early each morning we plowed in this way, and soon finished the work so that we could enter the little school.

My father and some others built a little school out of pine poles which they had cut and then hauled to the spot on their shoulders. The teacher, a married man, easily won the devotion of all his pupils, but I could never forgive him for winning, and finally eloping with, his pretty assistant teacher.

On Christmas Eve, in 1889, I went to bed a boy. Just after breakfast the next morning I became a man—my own man. "Sandy Claw" did not come that night, although I had hung up my stocking. I was feeling badly about it, and after breakfast my father called me out into the yard where we seated ourselves on the protruding roots of a large oak tree, and there he set me free.

"Son," said he, "you are nearing manhood, and you have no education; besides, if you stay with me I'll not be able to help you when you're twenty-one. We've decided to make you free, if you'll make us one promise—that you will educate yourself."

By that time my mother had joined the party. I cried, I know not why, and my mother cried. Even my father could not conceal his emotion. I accepted the proposal immediately, and although Christmas with us usually lasted till New Year's Day, my Christmas that year was then at an end. Manhood had dawned upon me that morning. I tried to be calm, but inwardly I felt like a fish out of water.

I struck out to find work that I might make money to go to school. One mile of walking across the forest brought me to a man who hired me, and promised nine dollars and twenty-five cents a month in wages for nine months.

At the end of six months I came across the Tuskegee Student, published at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. I read every line in it. On the first page was a note saying: "There is an opportunity for a limited number of able-bodied young men to enter the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute and work their way through, provided application is made at once. Booker T. Washington, Principal."

Work their way through! I had never heard of such a thing before. Neither had I heard of Tuskegee. I sent in my application at once, but did not know how to address a letter, and so only put "Booker T. Washington" on the envelope. Somehow he received it, and in reply to the letter gave me permission to come.

Then ensued a general scramble to get ready to go in time for the opening of school. I broke off relations with my employer by compromising for a suit of clothes and eight dollars in money. My chum, a man of about forty, seeing the struggle I was making to get off, offered to help me, or rather to show me how to get the money easy—by stealing a few chickens and selling them. It was a tempting bait, but against all the previous teachings of my mother. He argued, and my mother, who was not there, argued contrarywise within me. I could not consent. My friend pitied me and even offered to do the job himself.

The Stiff Shirt Ordeal

HOW to get a supply of clothes to take to Tuskegee was the main question. Up to that time I had never worn an undershirt or a pair of drawers, a stiff-bosom shirt or a stiff collar. All these I had not only to get, but had to learn how to wear them. My shirts and collars were bought second-hand from a white neighbor and were all too large by three numbers. The last day of September, 1890, I left for Tuskegee. When I arrived, although I was a young man, I could not tell what county I had lived in, in answer to Principal Washington's question. But I was admitted, after some hesitancy on the part of Mr. Washington, and sent to the farm to work for one year in the daytime and was to attend school at night.

I was dazed at the splendor of Tuskegee. There was Armstrong Hall—the most imposing brick structure I had ever seen. Then came Alabama Hall, where the girls lived. How wonderful they were to me! I could hardly believe that I was not dreaming, and I was almost afraid I should awake. When I went to bed that night I got between two sheets—something I had not been accustomed to do. About twelve o'clock an officer came in, threw the cover off, and asked me some questions about night-shirts, comb and brush, and toothbrush, with all of which I was but meagrely acquainted. He made me get up, pull off my socks, necktie, collar and shirt, and told me I would rest better without them. I didn't believe him, but I obeyed.

The next morning I saw more activity among negroes than I had ever seen before in my life. Not only was everybody at work, but every soul seemed to be in earnest. I heard the ringing of the anvil, the click of machinery, the music of carpenters' saws and hammers. Before my eyes was a pair of big fat mules, drawing a piece of new and improved farm machinery, which literally gutted the earth as the mules moved. Here was a herd of cattle, there a herd of swine; here thumped the steam engine that propelled the machine which delivered up its many thousands of brick daily; there was another machine, equally powerful, turning out thousands of feet of pine lumber every day. Then there were the classrooms with their dignified teachers, and worthy-looking young men and women. Amidst it all moved that wonderful man — Booker T. Washington.

I began at once a new existence. I made a vow that I would educate myself there or would die and be buried in the school cemetery. When Mr. Washington stood at the altar in the first service which I attended and uttered a fervent prayer, asking for guidance and for spiritual and financial strength to carry on that great work, I felt that the Lord would surely answer his prayer. Since then I have traveled practically all over this country, and in one foreign country, without once seeing anything that made so deep an impression on me as that day's scene.

Simultaneously with this opportunity for self-education came many real hardships — to say nothing of imaginary hardships — which nearly resulted disastrously to my health. I was poorly clad for the extraordinary winter then setting in. I had only one undershirt and one pair of drawers. I could not, of course, put these articles in the laundry, and therefore had to pull them off on Saturday nights, wash them in my own room and get them dry enough to wear by breakfast on Sunday morning. It follows that many Sunday mornings found me sitting at the table wearing damp underwear. I could do no better without leaving school, and this I was determined not to do. I was earnest in my work, and was promoted from a common laborer to be a hostler in charge of all boys dealing with horses, and then to the much-sought position of special assistant to the farm manager.

I was beginning to see the mistakes of my former life, the time I had lost, and now applied myself diligently. I carried a book with me everywhere I went, and not a second of time would I lose. While driving my mules with a load of wood I would read until I reached the place of unloading. Mr. Washington took note of this, and upon one occasion, while admonishing the students to make good use of their time, said: "There is a young man on the grounds who will be heard from some day because of his intense application to study and diligence in his work." I listened, and from some of the circumstances knew he was speaking of me. The fact that I might be "heard from" later made me double my resolutions.

In September, 1891, I had to my credit in the treasury of the institution one hundred dollars, and was now ready to enter the day-school, to measure arms with the more fortunate students. But alas, sickness overtook me, and when I emerged from the hospital, after about two months' illness, my doctor's bill was exactly one hundred dollars, and that accumulated credit went to pay it.

This was the penalty for making the transit from a lower to a higher civilization. When I lived without undergarments at home my health was saved because of uniformity of habits. Now it had been injured because I could wear such garments one week, but might not be able to do so the next. Here was irregularity of habit. Then, too, Tuskegee gave me such living-rooms as I had never lived in before. I had lived in log houses, which are self-ventilating. Now I had either over-ventilated or failed to ventilate my room. It is a difficult matter to make the transit from a lower to a higher civilization. There are many obstacles, and many are they who have fallen by the wayside.

I went home to recuperate, but returned to Tuskegee in a few weeks. As I had no money, I was again permitted to enter the night-school and work during the day. This time I took up the printer's trade. Here I broke over the conventional rule of acting as "devil" for six months, and began setting type after being one month in the office. In six months I was one of the school's regular compositors. And in one term I had sufficient credit with the treasurer to enter the day-school.

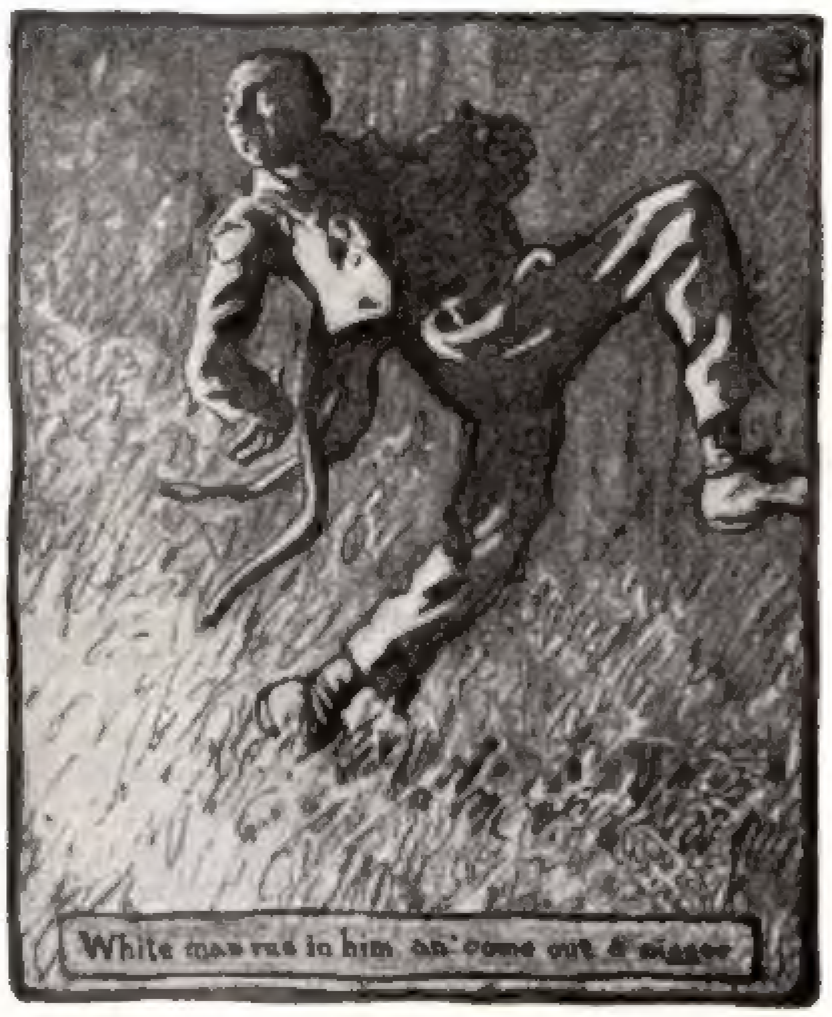
But I was not yet to enter. A letter came from my father saying: "If you wish to see me again alive I think it would be well to come at once." I went, and my father died a few days after I got home, June 27, 1893.

All hope of future schooling seemed now at an end. My only thought was to do the best I could with the heavy load now left on my hands. I pulled off my school clothes, went to the field and finished the crop father had started. A heavy debt was left by my father and I began to teach school in order to pay this debt. Of course I knew very little, but I taught what I did know — and, I suppose, some things I didn't know.

I think even now that I did the people some good. I had not learned much at Tuskegee in books, but I had learned much from Mr. Washington's Sunday evening talks in the

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

Mr. Sun Takes a Holiday—By Joel Chandler Harris


White man run in him, an' come out a nigger

One time, Mr. Sun tuck a notion, tuck a notion,
Dat he'd have a little holiday,
Kaze ter swing an' shine had been his po'tion
Sence Adam wuz a baby, dey say;
So he got up an' move an' make a motion
Dat he'd go off some'rs an' play —
He had tried fer de longest fer ter dry up de ocean,
But he foun' dat it didn't pay.

He sot up dar, a-swing-a-ling swingin',
An' study what he kin do,
When he hear his daughter a-sing-a-ling singin',
Which her name wuz Looty-ootle-Lou;
She wuz cleanin' house, kaze Spring wuz a-springin',
An', sezee, "What's de matter wid you?"
"Nothin' 'tall, Pap; I'm a-fling-a-ling flingin'
Some trash up de chimley flue."

Mr. Sun, sezee, "I knew'd it an' know'd it,
Kaze you can't fool ol' Mr. Me!
Does you 'member dat Comic, how you rid it an' rode it,
An' scrape all de skin fum yo' knee?
You still got de marks whar de Doctor sew'd it
Wid his shiny little stingaree —
Dat Comic would 'a' ruint you ef I hadn't 'a' slow'd it
Wid my grabbity-abbity-ee!"

"Well, Pap," se' she, "I'm a-bleeze an' a-blize ter
Make way wid some er dis trash;
I draps it in de chimley, an' I dunner whar it flies ter —
All I know it's gone in a flash;
Does you reely-eely think dat I don't 'spize ter
Des waller in sut an' ash?
Eve'ything I does, I truly-ann tries ter
Keep you fum thinkin' I'm brash!"

Mr. Sun, sezee, "You nee'nter rip an' r'ar up —
I'm gwine fer a holiday;
Go ahead, go ahead, wid yo' flip-flop an' flar'-up;
You kin have yo' will an' way:
Des make um put my Twingle-little-Star up
In de stable an' gi' 'im some hay;
An' min' you don't have too much uv a t'ar-up,
Kaze I dunner how long I'll stay.

"No wonder I'm hot, an' a-heaty-et-hettin',
Kaze in all dese years er mine
I been doin' nothin' but a-risin' an' a-settin'
An' thinkin' I wuz mighty fine."
Sez Looty-ootle-Lou, "You ez well stop yo' frettin',
Kaze you sho knows how ter shine!"
"Thanky, honey! you gi' my pride a-whettin',
An' I'll fetch you de fust frock I fin'.

"I'll go down yan' on my planty-anty-ation,
An' spen' de Fo'th-er-July."
So said, so done. Wid a great flutteration
He let hisse'f down fum de sky,
An' sot on de groun' wid a big splutteration,
An' roll'd his big roun' eye:
"Granny Goodness!" sezee, "'tain't nothin' but a Nation,
An' I'm glad I lives so high!"

He look at place whar he live, whar he live at,
An' he seed ol' Sis Moon smile,
An' den at de place whar he 'riv', whar he 'riv' at —
He must 'a' drapped ten mile! —
An' he 'low he oughter watch'd whar he driv', whar he driv' at,
Kaze 'twan't skacely wuff his while
Fer ter fall on a spot whar dey ain't no give at —
Good luck he ain't had a bile!

Now, right in de middle er all dis, all dis,
De folks dunner what ter do;
Dey holler an' ax, "Now, what does you call dis?"
An' "I dunner what de matter, does you?"
An' dey went ter de oldes', an' likewise de baldes',
An' ax ef dey'll y'ever pull thoo,
An' den dey run twel dey fall, twel dey fall des
Like deyer dead fer true!

Sis Moon wuz up dar, a-shiny-ine-shinin',
Des like she do at night,
An' de creeturs all wuz a-howlin' an' a-whinin',
An' runnin' 'roun' huntin' fer a light;
An' de folks dey wuz rushin' like dey gwine ter a dinin'
Whar dey'd dish out red wine and white —
Dey wuz all mighty skeered, kaze it look like de linin'
Wuz ripped outer ever'thing in sight!

Mr. Sun, he smolder'd, scratchin' at a chigger,
An' roas'n' a big punkin yam;
White man run in him, an' come out a nigger,
A-huggin' his bottle er dram!
Mr. Sun, sezee, "You does well ter snigger,
Atter hittin' er me, *ker-blam!*
But black you'll stay, an' yo' work'll git bigger,
An' you'll never fergit who I am!"

An' de creeturs, de creeturs, went scootin' thoo de whin'le
Des ez hard ez dey kin run;
Dey shuck der shanks, bofe splay an' spin'le,
An' lit out fum dat place, mon!
Look like Mr. Sun had a big fire kin'le',
An' 'twan't burnin' dar fer fun,
Kaze de creeturs what totch 'im come way brin'le,
Er black, er brown, er dun!

When dey stop, when dey stop, dey fan'd and fan'ded,
An' try ter git cool ez dey kin;
An' dey try ter clean deyse'f, but dey wuz branded
Wharsomever Mr. Sun totch de skin;
An' when he got tired his han's he sanded —
Atter he felt er his shin,
De shin what he skunt — an' he clum overhanded
Ter de place what he been livin' in!

chapel. I had listened carefully to him and had treasured up in my heart what he had said from time to time. Now I was teaching it to others. I felt I was to this little community what Mr. Washington was to Tuskegee. So I made the people whitewash their fences, and fix up their houses and premises generally. They were very poor, and when the school closed they could not pay me. I told them I would take corn, peas, potatoes, syrup, pork, shucks, cottonseed — in fact, anything with which they wished to pay me.

Wagons were secured and loaded, and for several days all sorts of provisions were hauled to my mother's house and stored away for winter. I went to the house of one good widow who said:

"'Fessor, I ain't got nothing to pay you wid but dis 'ere house-cat, and he's a good'n. I owes you twenty-five cents and I wants to pay it. You done my little gal good — more'n any teacher ever did. She ain't stop' washin' her face yet when she gets up in de mornin'."

"Very well," I said; "I'll take the cat with thanks, and call the debt square."

Another said: "'Fessor, I heard you was coming, and I hid all my meat in de smokehouse, and says, 'I'll tell him I ain't got none'; but when I seed you coming I told de children to go open de smokehouse. Anybody who do my childrens as much good as you can get every bit de meat I got."

From that woman I got fifty pounds of meat.

Another good woman wanted me to take her only pair of scissors, and when I refused to do so she put them into my coat-pocket, saying the man who taught her child so much must be paid.

For three years I taught school, with one personal object in view — the support of my mother and her family. Mother was not satisfied at this, as she wanted me to be educated. Finally she married again, for no higher reason than to permit me and the other children, growing up, to go to school. My hopes for an education were now again renewed and I went back to Tuskegee.

Nearly everybody had forgotten that I had ever been there. Notwithstanding I had been out nearly three terms, I had kept pace with my class, making one class each year, the same as if I had been in school. Upon a very critical examination, in which I averaged ninety-three for all subjects, I entered the B Middle Class in the day-school.

Financially I was very little better off than when I left, but I had learned how to manipulate things in such a way as to make it possible to remain in school. I knew a trade at which I could easily make a dollar a day in credit, and I could teach during the vacation. Things went smoothly for one year, and then my brother came. I had to support him, in part. Just about the time when I was getting myself adjusted to this condition my sister came: I knew I should have her to support almost wholly, so at times I felt like giving up under such a triple burden, but I held on.

During my last year at Tuskegee I was made a substitute salaried teacher in the night-school. My financial burdens were now lifted, and my school life became one great pleasure. Toward the end of my senior year I decided to try for the Trinity Prize of twenty-five dollars, given for the best original oration. I remembered what Mr. Washington had so often said: that a man usually gets out of a thing what he puts into it. I determined to put one hundred dollars' worth of effort into this contest. I won the prize.

A place was offered to me at Tuskegee as academic teacher, but I declined it. I had settled in my mind that I would go to the State of Mississippi, which I had found from two years of investigation was the place where services were most needed. I could not go to Mississippi at once. I had not money to pay my way, so I accepted a position with my friend, William J. Edwards, at his school in Snow Hill, Alabama, where I worked for four years, never losing sight of my Mississippi object. While at Snow Hill I married Miss Mary Ella Patterson, a Tuskegee graduate of the class of '95. We put our earnings together and built us a comfortable little home. One child, William Sidney, was born to us, but lived only six months.

It took me just two years to convince my wife that there was any wisdom or judgment in leaving our little home and going to Mississippi, where neither of us was known. But finally she gave herself soul and body to my way of thinking.

The way was now clear to make the start. Just before I left for Mississippi one of my old teachers from Tuskegee visited me. He inquired about Mississippi, and when I explained the scheme to him, he said jestingly: "You know, there is no God in Mississippi." I simply replied that then I would take "the one that Alabama had" with me.

I could not take my wife, for she was under the care of a physician at that time. I decided to leave nearly all my ready cash with her. I did not take quite enough for my railroad fare, for I had expected to sell my wife's bicycle when I reached Selma, the nearest town, and thus secure enough money to finish my trip. But when I got to Selma the wheel would not sell, so I boarded the train without money enough to reach Utica, the place in Mississippi to which I was bound.

I had not got far into the State of Mississippi when my purse became empty. I stopped off at a little town, late at night, where there were no boarding-houses, and no one would admit me to a private house to sleep. I wandered about until I came upon an old guano house, and crawled into this and slept there until the break of day. Then I crawled out, pulled myself together, jumped astride my bicycle and made my way toward Utica, through a wild and unfrequented part of Mississippi. But before I could reach Utica my wheel broke down, whereupon I put it on my shoulder, rolled up my trousers' legs and continued the journey to Utica. I soon met a young man who relieved me of my burden by trading me his brass watch for the wheel, and giving me two dollars in addition.

Soon I succeeded in obtaining the necessary license to teach in the public schools of the State.

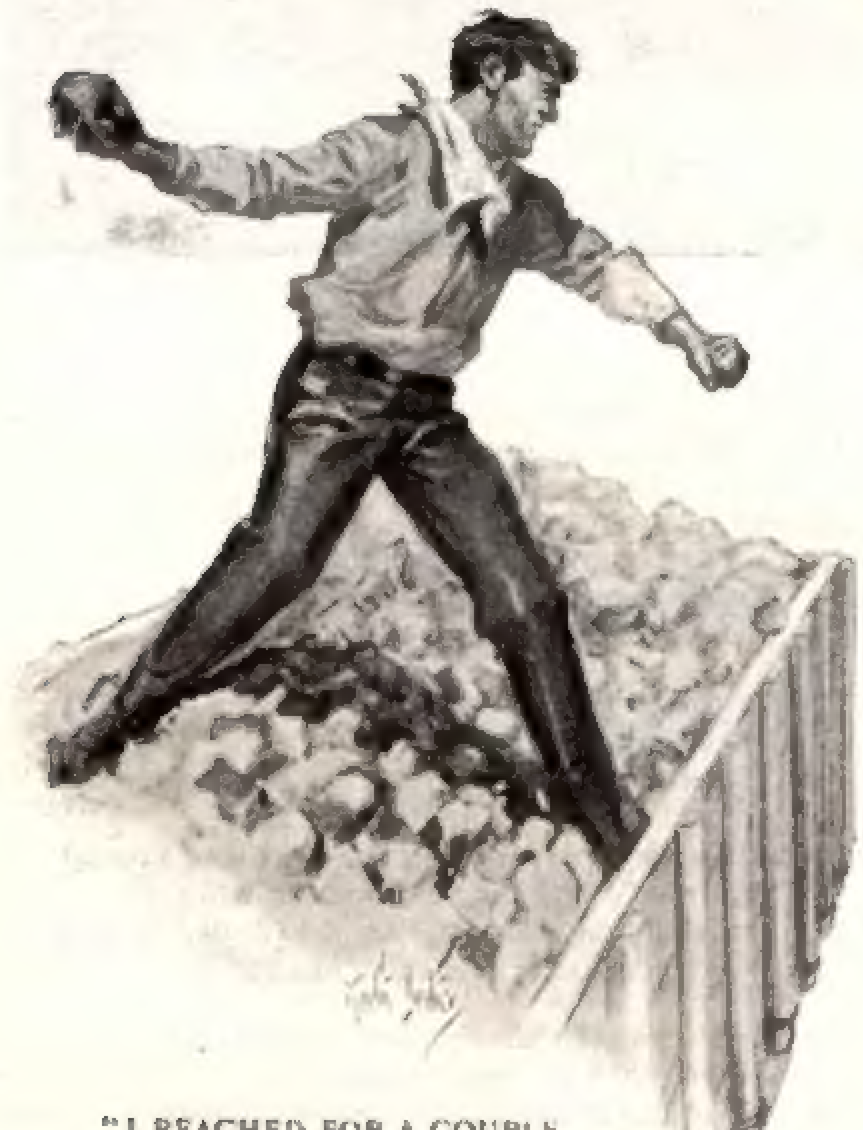
The little schoolhouse where the school had been theretofore was so much out of repair that we could not risk having

(Concluded on Page 37)

A Meteorological Misadventure

Wherein it is Shown that Nothing Fails Like Some Successes

By Kennett Harris



"I REACHED FOR A COUPLE OF CHUNKS OF COAL"

"I MET the Professor at Long Pine," said Jimsey McMullen, brushing the glossy black cowlick from his eyes and rolling a too tight cigarette between his palm and the green baize of the deserted table. "I took him for a palmist, or a hypnotist, or something in that line at first, but I was away off. He was a meteorologist. He told me so, and I didn't see any reason why I should disbelieve him, seeing he had staked me to a meal and had promised to exert his influence with the clerk of the American House to get me a night's lodging. I was up against a touch of the real thing at that time and I could appreciate a little courtesy.

"'I'm not going to pauperize you,' says the Professor; 'I intend to make you earn this. I'm in need of an assistant.'

"'What's the graft?' I asked him.

"'Strictly scientific,' he says. 'I'm a meteorologist, as I told you.'

"'If you could tell me something easier I could tell better whether the job would suit me,' I says. 'Is it connected with gas works?'

"'Well, yes, in a way,' he says. 'I produce certain gaseous elements for the amelioration of atmospheric conditions.'

"'You'll have to come down a step or two lower,' I says.

"'I have an apparatus for the condensation and precipitation of moisture in the upper air strata,' he explains.

"I shook my head. 'If I only had an unabridged dictionary about my clothes I might follow you,' I says.

"'I'm a rainmaker,' he says. 'I visit parched and arid regions where the crops are languishing for liquid nourishment and I make the farmer's heart rejoice within him by bringing the reluctant humidity from the cloudless sky. If you want to come with me there's board and lodging and a small rake-off in it for you. My partner has just quit me.'

"'It's a go,' I says. 'I'm with you.'

"And that's how I came to be a scientist.

"He explained to me that his outfit consisted of a wagonload of box kites and an explosive chemical composition that made nitroglycerine and lyddite seem like they were afflicted with nervous debility. He claimed that there was always plenty of rain in the air in layers — like currant jelly in spongecake, which same he called strata for short — and that the thing was to fly your kite up to it and jar it loose by setting off his bombs. It looked about as easy as falling off a log, but the Professor used up more six-syllable words in explaining it than I ever guessed a little man like him could hold.

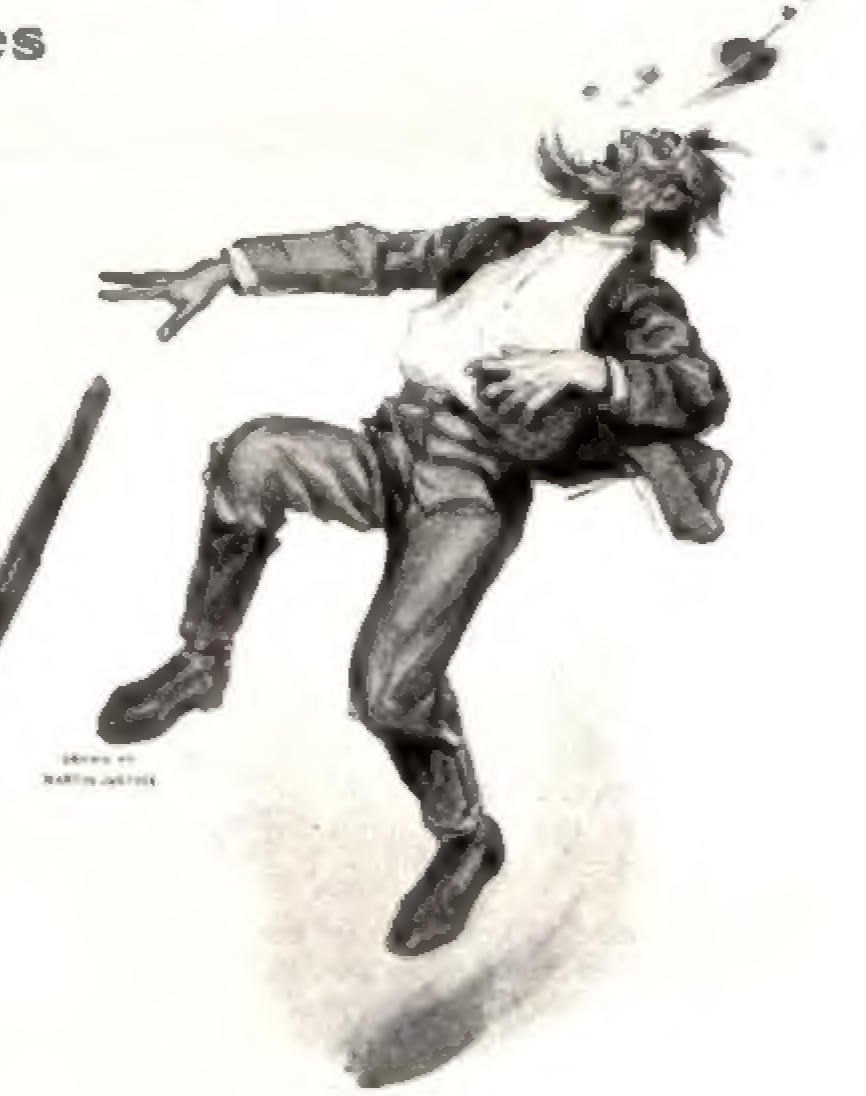
"The morning after I took the job we loaded a couple of packing-cases of apparatus on to a light wagon and set out for Hyattstown — a place of about four thousand population, and the county-seat of Vernole. Before we went, the Professor hikes off to the telegraph-office and comes back with a telegram and a pleased expression of countenance. He handed me the telegram, which was from Chicago. It read:

> "'Planks set ever for pictures. Garland warped readily, but Mary ten candles gold binding.'

"'That's good news,' he says.

"'I congratulate you,' I says. 'Is it a boy or a girl?'

"'It's a tip,' he says. 'It comes indirectly from the Auditorium tower in the great metropolis of the West, where my fellow meteorologist, Professor Cox, gets advance notices of various waves. A friend of mine sends me these reports, which I find of great assistance to me in locating the strata.'



"'How will the strata be around Hyattstown?' I asked.

"'Hades would be humid beside them,' he replies.

"When we got into the burg we found that something was evidently doing. The population was in its Sunday clothes, and flags was fluttering from all the buildings. It seemed that Congress had just passed a bill appropriating half a million for deepening the waters of Jim Creek, and they were about to celebrate with a picnic and barbecue and clambake, combined with noted orators from all over the State, in the grove a mile out of town. It was going to be simply the time of Hyattstown's life. I thought the situation was unfavorable to rainmaking, but the Professor only chuckled when I told him so. He had made his arrangements beforehand, it seemed, and an hour from our arrival there was a scene of wild excitement in the sample-room of the hotel. On the one hand there were eight or ten sunbrowned farmers who wanted rain, and wanted it right off, on a contract with the Professor for a precipitation of not less than four inches, which they had made three days before; and on the other there were the

Mayor and a number of prominent citizens, who wanted the cataclysm postponed until the day following.

"They hadn't expected the Professor until the next day. He had given them to understand that he would arrive then; but he explained that his contract said 'on or before' that date, and that circumstances over which he had no control made it necessary for him to get to work right away. They masticated the textile fabric there for the best part of an hour, and the upshot was that the rainmaking was called off in consideration of $150 to the Professor in hand paid and a new contract for a rainfall within three days from date.

"'I'm afraid,' says the Professor, as we started out again — 'I'm afraid that circumstances over which I have no control will prevent me from filling the return engagement. In that case,' he says, 'I shall lose the $300 which I should get for my four-inch contract. It's too bad to lose that much money.' And he gave his breast-pocket a slap and winked.

"Well, we made quite a number of towns and farm-settlements through the arid belt. Sometimes we arrived just in time for a celebration like the Hyattstown one, and sometimes, if the telegrams from Chicago and the barometer readings were propitious, we sent up a few kites and exploded some bombs in mid-air. Sometimes we got rain and sometimes we didn't, but we generally came out with a little bunch of money.

"One fine morning we got a telegram that said: 'Leather inside sing strawstack farewell combined liverwing,' and the Professor chuckled and said we should have some kite-flying. We hitched up to make a date with a grange about four miles from where we were staying, and on the way the Professor consulted his barometer frequently. 'We'll have to hurry,' he says. 'There's going to be the dickens' own storm break loose in a little while, or I'm no meteorologist, and we don't want it to get in ahead of us.'

"It didn't look that way to me. As I observed, the weather was fine — for a person suffering with rheumatism. The climate around in that part of the wheat-belt had taken to spitting cotton most of the time, and for a month past it had been drier than a brake-beam tourist on a through trip in August. The prospect of crop failure wasn't the worst the farmers had to face. There wasn't hardly a farm that hadn't shrunk from five to forty acres, and the holders of the mortgages were getting anxious about their security. If there was any change imminent it wasn't so that it was visible to the naked, unscientific eye. Thermometer up to ninety-three and working up the scale to so-la-si-do, the landscape shaking like a kinetoscope view, and not a cloud in the sky. I studied on it as we plowed along through the dust, and I couldn't help thinking that the Professor had got what is technically known as a bum steer.

"'Professor,' I says, 'if the operator has balled things up and got liverwing for gizzard or merrythought, would it make any diff?'

"'Not any essential difference,' he says; 'the code is susceptible to a certain elasticity of formulation, but the corelation or interdependency of its component parts renders the accuracy of its interpretation open to no admissible dubiety.'

"'Oh!' I says.

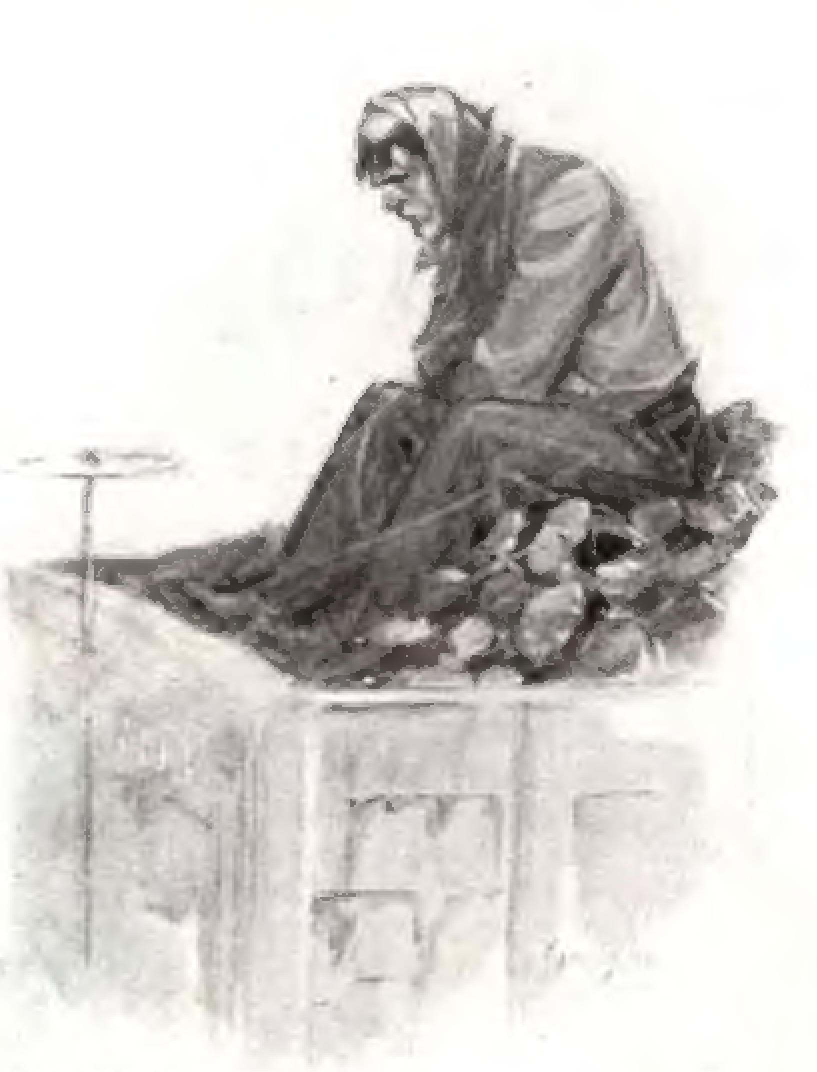
"They were waiting for us — a crowd of about a hundred, I should say — all men. The scene of action was what kindly Nature had intended for a pasture, but the grass was dried on it till it rubbed off like singed hair and left bald spots underfoot. There was a house close by and a stackyard and a barn, with a windmill for pumping dishwater for the house. I can shut my eyes and see the whole scene yet.

"We got busy and soon had three kites and the tackle spread out, the little windlass fixed and the explosive out of the wagon. I felt a sort of sense of impending disaster and depression of spirits and disinclination for society, somehow, when I looked over that crowd. It may have been symptoms of a lack of wild honeysuckle and huckleberry bitters, or it may have been a hunch from my guardian angel. They certainly did look as if they would hate to be disappointed, though, and I feared me we should have to disappoint them. There was one sturdy tiller of the soil, with a bad eye and a red billy-goat lambrequin, in particular, that I didn't like the look of. He had a sassy way of spitting his tobacco-juice, and he looked me over as if he had met me somewhere before. I asked him if he had.

"'You look like a feller that tried to sell me a gold brick in Omaha last fall,' he says, taking another careful look at me. 'I reckon I'm mistaken, though; you're too bow-legged and your mouth is too big.'

"'You'd probably find out that my knuckles were harder, too, you ginger-whiskered botch job, if I had time for you!' I remarked, and then the Professor stepped in and says, 'Tut, tut!' and other observations of a like nature.

"'Here,' he continued, 'help me with the battery now; and gentlemen, I must request you all to stand back and afford me room for my operations. Jimsey,' he said in an undertone, 'look over in the southwest and tell me what you see.'



DRAWN BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"I TRAVELED ON THAT COAL-CAR CLEAR INTO OMAHA"

"'A cloud no bigger than a man's hand feels to the kid across his knee,' I says, taking a hasty squint. 'I guess we'll make good yet.'

"'Don't rubber at it, or the jays will get wise,' says the Professor, lapsing into plain English. 'Is the wire free on the spools? Then send her up — quick!'

"The big kite with a two-pound can of the Professor's concentrated essence of guncotton sailed majestically up into the empyrean until it became a mere black speck against the blue. The Professor didn't waste much time in the usual monkey-business. He just turned the handle of the windlass once or twice, looked at the barometer, and touched the button.

"'Ker bang!' she went — a good one — and the crowd scattered a moment and then began to cheer. The Professor set me to hauling in the kite. 'Hurry!' he says, 'it's coming. Feel that breeze? Barometer down to twenty-eight inches. I've got to make a little talk to get their attention occupied until we get off another blast. Then, if I'm not mistaken, we'll have to run for shelter.'

"He raised his hand and began to spiel while I examined the connections and tacked another can on to the kite.

"'Gentlemen,' says the Professor, 'I take this opportunity of explaining to you the phenomena you are about to witness. The aqueous vapor held in suspension above us, and which we are about to precipitate, is to a great extent impervious to both solar and terrestrial radiation. It must, therefore, be plainly evident to your comprehension that the deprivation of the atmosphere of this ——'

"I looked up as he stopped just in time to see about forty rods of rail fence and two Hereford cows, that I had noticed coming along, go whirling up into the wiggling tail of an enormous black pollywog that was sweeping along toward us at the rate of an express train. Before I could yell the house and barn were licked up in a spinning tangle of wreck, dust and cloud, and a driving sheet of rain slapped our white faces. We all turned to run, but with a roar, a shriek and a howl it struck. Perhaps you'd like to know how it feels to ride on the wings of the storm. I'd tell you my sensations if I could. The only reason that I can't is that I didn't have any. I infer that I was gathered in from the fact that I was luxuriously pillowed on a fine, large, pedigreed Percheron and some other débris when I came to, and the horse could hardly have crawled under me without my knowledge, being defunct. Furthermore, we were lying within half a mile of the town the Professor and I had left to stir up this disturbance. The town seemed to be entire. The cyclone must have avoided it, and I don't blame it. I wished I had, before long.

"It was morning, as near as I could gather — a bleak, chilly, cloudy morning. I was drenched to the skin with aqueous matter and I felt a pressing need of something of a spirituous nature. I felt my bones cautiously. They were sore, but they seemed to be whole, so I raised myself from my first premium couch and limped toward the burg. I struck the main street and was approaching the hotel when I heard a yell behind me. I looked back and saw the tomato-colored Turk who'd indulged in gayety with me during the meteorological preliminaries, as the Professor would have called 'em. He had been engaged in conversation with an admiring group of jays on the other side of the street. I guess the cyclone didn't think he was worth picking up. As soon as he saw me he yelled: 'That's one of 'em! — one of the fellers that started the cyclone! Stop him!'

"I wouldn't have bet on myself for place in a foot-race a minute before, but I certainly missed everything but the high places when that mob came pounding down the street behind me. I had a picture of myself held in suspension from one of the tall telegraph poles that were whizzing by me so fast they had the aspect of a picket-fence — and that helped me. A half a brick that came hurtling by my ear helped me some more.

"I hadn't any clear idea of where I was going until I heard a bell jingling ahead of me and saw a long train of coal-cars running along the railroad track at the crossing at about twelve miles an hour. My relentless pursuers whooped in triumph. They thought they had me blocked, but I knew better. I kept straight along until I almost ran into the train. Then I turned like a flash and flipped.

"As I clambered up, I saw my red-whiskered friend panting along within ten yards of me, losing ground, but game, and with a thrill of joy and gratitude I reached for a couple of chunks of that coal and turned loose. One chunk took him on the jaw and knocked him backward, and the other landed neatly in the abdominal region and doubled him forward. It was the loveliest thing ever seen.

"Within five minutes it was raining hard again, and I had no umbrella; the coal was the lumpiest, hardest kind of anthracite ever blasted out of a mine, and I was sore enough before I sat on it; I was hungry and sore athirst; at any moment an unsympathetic brakie might come along and boot me into sudden contact with the right-of-way; but the thought of that beautiful double shot filled me with a glow of happiness that was a dead ringer for ecstasy.

"It soaked out in time, though. I traveled on that coal-car clear into Omaha, and it rained every holy minute of the time. It was midnight when I dropped off at the yards and made my way to my friend Michael O'Carroll's place. Mike was standing behind the mahogany when I floated in on the bosom of the stream that ran from my garments, my teeth chattering.

"'Mix me a hot one, Mike, and I'll take one at normal temperature while you're doing it, to save time,' I says, reaching for the bottle with one hand and for the cheese sandwiches with the other.

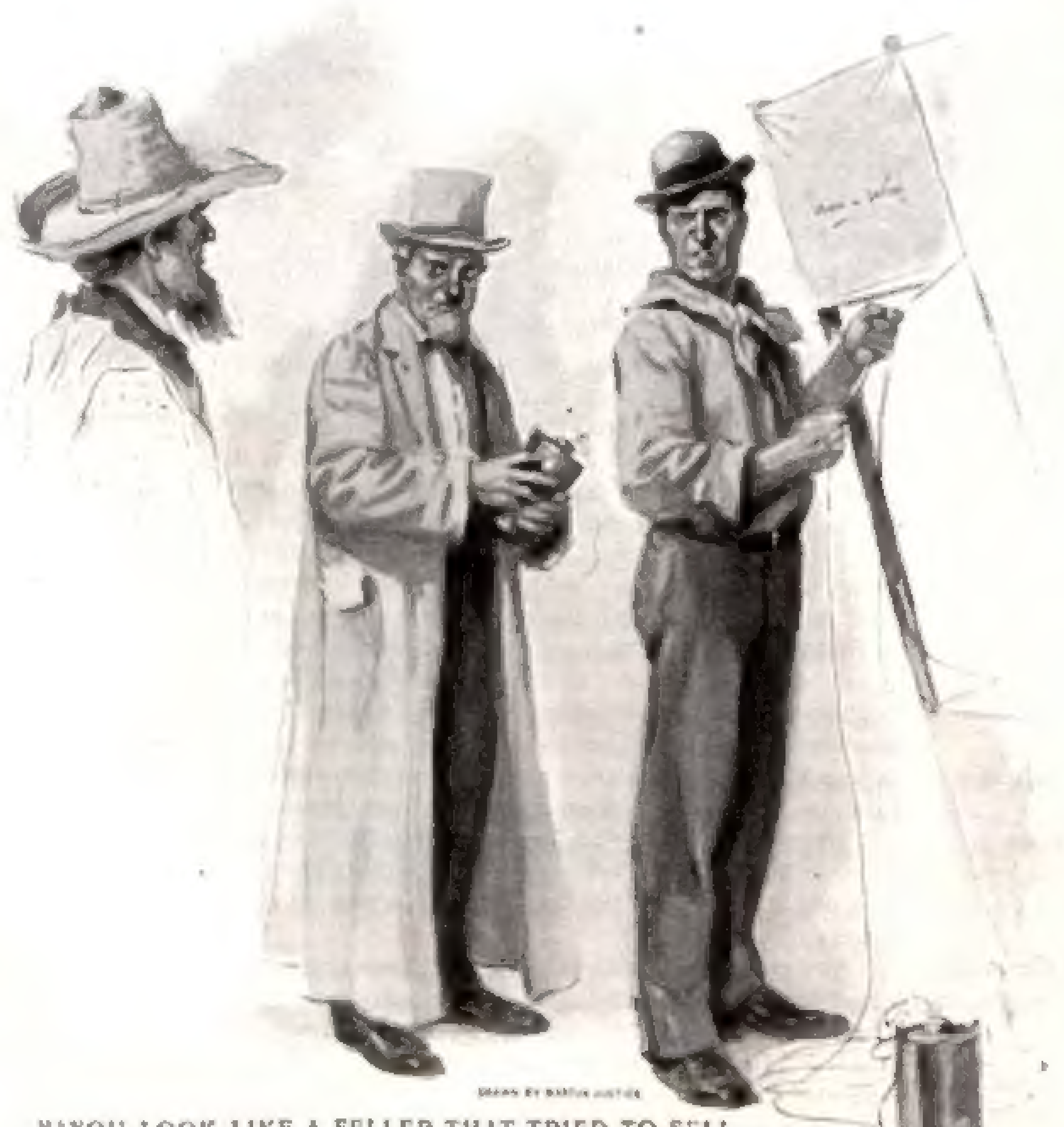
"'F'r Hivin's sake!' says Mike, his eyes bulging. 'Where have yez been?'

"'Rainmaking,' I says, with my mouth full, backing up against the stove, which by good luck he'd lit.

"'Ye've sthruck yer gait, Jimsey,' says Mike. 'Ye're a howlin' success at it.'

"'You don't know how successful I have been,' I said. 'This is only a small sample.'

"I got into a dry wardrobe that Michael furnished me, and went down to my regular abiding-place. The next morning I met another old friend who had a good mail-order proposition, and I gave science the shake, for the time being, for a conservative commercial rake-off of ninety-eight per cent. of net receipts. I worried about the Professor for quite a while, until I read a newspaper account of where he'd sued the grange for the amount of our contract, and recovered. Then I saw that I need never worry about *him*."



DRAWN BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"'YOU LOOK LIKE A FELLER THAT TRIED TO SELL ME A GOLD BRICK IN OMAHA LAST FALL'"

THE WOOD FIRE IN NUMBER THREE—By F. Hopkinson Smith

In Which the Gentle Art of Dining is Variously Described

"MOVE back, Lonnegan, and let me get at it!" cried MacWhirter. "You jab a fire as if it were something you wanted to kill! Coddle it a little, like this——" And Mac laid the warm cheeks of two logs together and a sputtering of hot kisses filled the hearth.

"Don't call him 'Lonnegan,' Mac, in that rude and boisterous way," said Boggs. "It jars on his Royal Highness' finer sensibilities. Say: 'Mr. Lonnegan, will you have the kindness to remove your beautiful and well-groomed and fashionable carcass until I can add a stick or two to my fire?' Lonnegan has been in society—out every night this week, I hear."

Mac replaced the tongs and straightened his back, his face turned toward Lonnegan.

"Were you really on exhibition, Lonny?" Mac's impatience never lasts many seconds.

The architect nodded, then answered slowly:

"Five dinners and a tea!"

"All rich houses, I suppose?"

"Very rich."

"And all wanted plans for country seats, of course?"

"Some of them—two, I think."

"Extra-dry champagne, under-done canvasbacks and costly terrapin served every five minutes?"

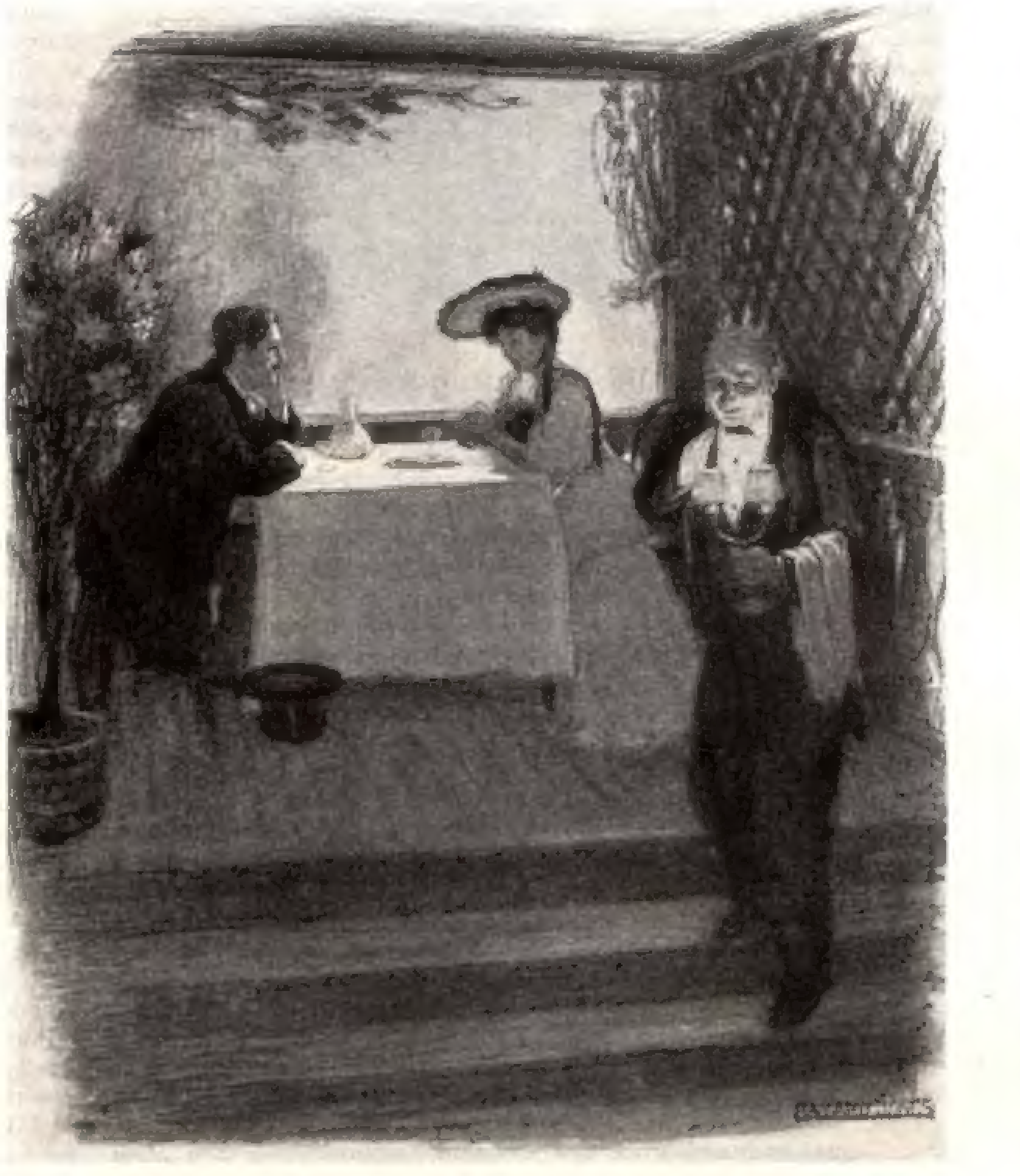
"No. Extra-dry canvasbacks, done-to-death terrapin and cheap champagne served but once."

"Wore your swell clothes, I presume?"

"Yes, swallowtail on me every night and a head on me every morning," answered Lonnegan with a grave face. "Why do you ask, Mac?"

"Oh, just to keep in touch with the history of my country, old man."

While the two men talked Pitkin and Van Brunt walked in—the latter a Dutch painter in New York for the winter, just arrived by steamer. The atmosphere of No. 3 was evidently congenial to the man, for, after a handshake all round, the Hollander produced his own pipe, filled it from a leather pouch in his pocket, and sat down before the fire as unconcerned and as contented as if he'd been one of the fire's circle from the day of its lighting. Good Bohemians, so called, the world over have an international code of manners, just as all club men of equal class agree upon certain details of dress and etiquette, no matter what their tongue. The brush, the chisel, the trowel and the test-tube are so many open sesames to the whole fraternity.



"'PLEASE TAKE THE CANDLES AWAY—WE PREFER THE TWILIGHT'"

The Hollander had overheard the last half of Mac's sally and Lonnegan's grave rejoinder.

"Yes, the terrapin and the canvasbacks, I hear much of them. What does a terrapin look like, Mr. Lonnegan?"

"A terrapin, Van Brunt," interrupted Boggs, "is a hide-bound little beast that sleeps in the mud, is as ugly as the devil, and can bite a ten-penny nail in two with his teeth when he's awake. When he is boiled and picked clean and served with Madeira he is the most toothsome compound known to cookery."

"Correctly described, Boggs. 'Compound' is good," cut in Lonnegan. "The up-to-date-modern-millionaire-terrapin, Mr. Van Brunt, is a reptile compounded of glue, chicken bones, chopped calves' head and old India-rubber shoes. When ready for use it tastes like flour paste served in hot flannel. I may be wrong about the chopped calves' head, but I'm all right about the India-rubber shoe. I've been eating them this week, and part of a heel is still here," and he tapped his shirt-front.

"And the canvasback?" continued Van Brunt, laughing. "It is a duck, is it not?"

"Occasionally a duck—I speak, of course, of tables where I have dined—but seldom a canvasback."

"And they live in the marshes, I hear, and feed on the wild celery, do they not?"

"No, they live in a cold storage six months in the year, and feed on sawdust and ice," replied Lonnegan with the face of a stone god.

"Hard life, isn't it?" remarked Boggs to the circle at large.

"For the duck?" asked Pitkin.

"No, for Lonnegan. Orders for country houses come high."

"Serves him right!" ventured Marny. "No business eating such messes; ought to get back to——"

"Hog and hominy," interrupted Lonnegan, still with the same grave face.

"Of course. That's what most of these millionaires were brought up on."

Pitkin sprang from his seat, adjusted his eyeglasses, unbuttoned his short bob-tailed coat, and thrusting both hands into his pockets burst out with:

"Gentlemen, you really don't know what good eating is. The taste for terrapin and canvasback is part of the degeneration of the age; so is it for truffles, mushrooms, caviares and a lot of such messes. The English raise the highest standard of man on the toughest bread and the most insipid boiled mutton in the world. The French turn out a lot of flat-chested spindleshanks on sauces and ragouts. We'll go to the devil in the same way if we follow their cooks. What we want to do is to get back to our old-fashioned kitchens. The best dinner I ever had in my life was when I was sixteen years old, and even now, whenever I get a whiff from a kitchen where they are cooking the same combination I can no more pass it than a drunkard can pass a rum-mill."

"Drunk on pork and beans," growled Boggs in a low voice to Marny. "I knew you'd come to no good end, Pitkin. You ought to sign a pledge and join a non-adulterated food society."

"Something better than pork and beans, you beggar," retorted Pitkin; "something that makes my mouth water every time I think of it, and hungry!—the prodigal son was an overfed alderman to me—real, gnawing, empty kind of hunger."

Ford, a new man who had the studio next to Pitkin's, stood up and faced the circle:

"The great sculptor, gentlemen, is about to tell us what he knows of Biblical history. Silence!"

"I had been out gunning all day——"

"I didn't know you were a sportsman," interpolated Boggs.

"I had been gunning all day," Pitkin repeated firmly, ignoring the chronic interrupter, "and had lost my way over the mountains. Just about dark, I reached the valley and made for a small cabin with a curl of smoke coming out of the chimney. As I came nearer I got a whiff of a smell from a fry-pan that made me ravenous—one of those smells you never forget to your dying day. As I opened the gate I could see the glow of a fire in the stove; the smell getting stronger every minute. Inside I found a man sitting in his shirt-sleeves by a table. The table had two plates on it, two knives, two forks and two big china cups. Bending over the hot stove was his wife. She was stirring a large bowl filled to the brim with buckwheat batter. On the stove was a hot griddle and a fry-pan, and coiled in the fry-pan, trim as a rope coiled flat on a yacht's deck, lay a string of link sausages, with the bight of the line sticking up in the centre like Mac's thumb.

"'Are you Pitkin's boy?' the man said, after I had explained.

"'Yes.'

"'Sit down and eat.'

"The old man had two cakes and I had two cakes. They were griddled in fours, and we both had a link of sausage with each installment. I never moved from my chair until the tide-mark on the bowl had gone down five inches and the coil of sausages looked as if a solid shot had struck it. That smell, and the way it all tasted, and the little brown frazzlings around the edges of the celestial cakes, and the sizzlings of fat on the sausages, and the boiling hot coffee that washed it all down! Oh, go to with your Delmonico messes! Give me the days of my youth. If I had but four breaths left in me, and if somebody should pass that pan of sausages under my nose, I could rise up and whip my weight in wildcats. And yet that smell doesn't bring to my memory the way my hunger was satisfied, nor how the food tasted. What I recall is the low-ceiled room and the glow of the fire; the warmth and comfort everywhere, and the high light on the old Frau's face bending over her griddle. You'd just love to have painted that old woman, Mac."

The Hollander had listened quietly and without comment, both to Lonnegan's badinage and to Pitkin's enthusiastic recital.

"Ah, yes, you are quite right, Mr. Pitkin—after all, it is the imagination that is fed, not the stomach."

The measured tones of the speaker's voice at once commanded attention—even Boggs twisted his head to catch his words:

"It is his imagination, too, which suffers when a man loses his money and becomes poor. What he misses most, then, is not the horses and carriages and fine house—it is the table, and the clean napkins and the linen, and hot plates, and the quite thin glasses: is it not so? I can think of nothing more satisfying than a well-appointed table, with the servants about and the dishes properly served and with the flowers, silver and glass—the better wines coming later—the coffee and the cigar at the end. And I can think of nothing more pitiful than for a man who has had all this to be obliged to stand at a cheap counter and eat a cheap sandwich. My father used to tell me a story about the spendthrift son of an old baron who lived in my town by the name of De Ruyter, and who spent in just two years every guilder his father left him. Then came roulette, and at last he was a tout for gaming-houses—so poor that he had but one coat to his back. All this time, having been born a gentleman, he kept himself clean, his clothes brushed and mended, and his shirt and collar ironed. That is quite difficult for a man who is poor.

"One day an old friend of his dead father—a very rich man—took pity on him and asked him to call at his house so that he might arrange to get him work. He received him in his library and rang for cigars and brandy, which his servant

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, each complete in itself, but all told beside The Wood Fire in No. 3. The next story will appear in an early number.

brought on a silver plate The brandy the poor fellow drank, but the cigar he begged permission to put in his pocket to smoke later in the day It was one of those great cigars the rich Hollanders smoke, about as long as your hand and thick like two fingers This one had a little band around it, with the coat of arms of the gentleman stamped in gold—not a cigar you can buy even in Amsterdam, but a cigar made especially for very big customers like this one

"When young De Ruyter went out from the library he carry a letter to a merchant on the dock, which made for him a situation at ten guilder a week—and this big cigar. All the way to his lodgings in the garret he keep his hand on it as it lay flat in his waistcoat pocket At every street corner he take it out carefully to see that it is not mashed nor broken. When he push in his room door he begin to look around for a place to put it. He was afraid to carry it with him around for fear of crushing it. At last he saw a crack in the plaster just above the bed, showing two open laths He most carefully wrapped it in paper and lay it in the opening; here it would be dry and out of danger; here he could always be sure that it was safe. Then he present his letter and go to work for the merchant on the dock. All that week he wait for Saturday night when he would get his first ten guilder, and all that week before he went to sleep he would take a look at the cigar to be sure it was there. Every morning when he woke he did the same thing When Saturday night came, and the money was laid in his hand, he ran to his garret, wash himself clean, brush the only coat he owned, took out the precious cigar, laid it on his bed where it would be safe while he finished dressing, put his hat on one side of his head in his old way, gave a look at himself in the broken glass, and downstairs he goes humming a tune to himself. He was very happy. Now he would have the best dinner he had had for months, and feel like a gentleman once more. And the cigar! Ah, that would end it all up! You see, gentlemen, with us the whole dinner is only the cigar: everything is arranged most carefully that it should end it all up

"De Ruyter walks into Van Hoesen's—the largest café we have in my town; stands until the head waiter recognizes him and comes over to his side; orders with his old magnificent manner the wines, the soup, the entrées—even the anchovies after the sweets—that is a custom of ours—the whole costing ten guilder, with one guilder to the waiter. When it was served he put himself down, opened his napkin, tipped the newspaper where he could glance at it, and eat very slowly like a great man

"When the coffee was passed the head waiter bring to him an assortment of cigars on a tray, some one guilder each, some five cents. De Ruyter pushes them away with a contemptuous wave of the hand, saying, 'There is nothing you have to my taste; I will smoke my own.'

"The great moment had now come. He paid his bill, ordered a fresh candle, waited until the head waiter, whose guilder had made him all the more obsequious, had lighted it and stood waiting where he could see, and then slipped his hand into his inside pocket for the cigar. It was not there! Then he remembered that he had not taken it from the bed!

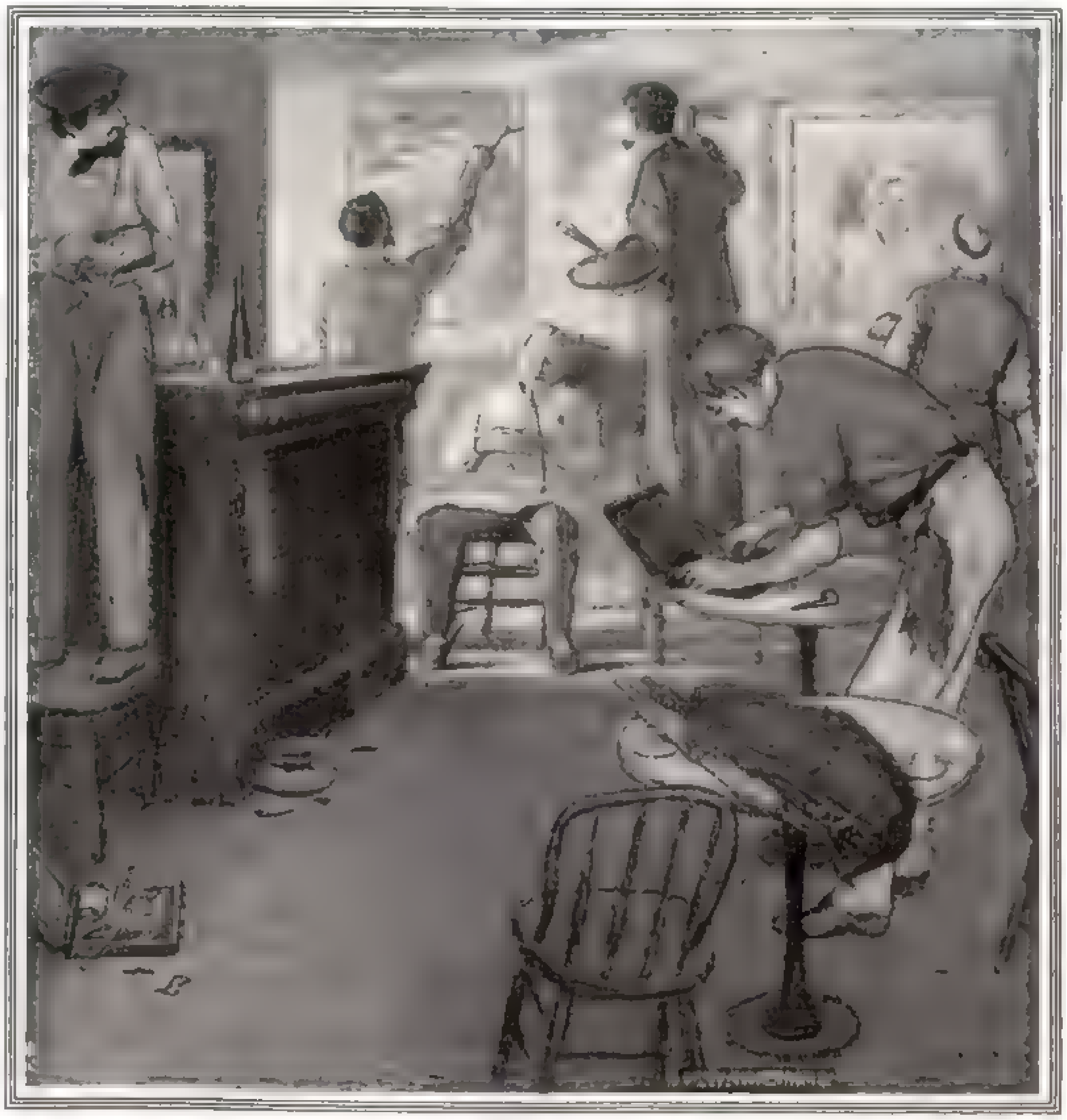
"He ran all the way home; there lay the cigar on the blanket. The next instant it was on the floor and under his heel

"'Lie there, d——n you!' he said, crushing it to pieces. 'You have spoiled my dinner!'

"You see, gentlemen, it was not the hunger of the empty stomach nor the hunger for the smoke, it was a starved imagination that was ravenous like a wolf. Ah, cannot you feel for the poor fellow? All the week hungry, one great idea of the dignity of rank in his mind, and then to have his triumph spoiled, and under the eyes of the head waiter, too! And such beasts of waiters they are at home, with their eyes seeing everything and their tongues never still. My father, when he would tell the story, would tap his chair and say, 'Ah, poor devil! Such a pity: such a pity he forgot it! It would have tasted so good to him!' That was a word of my father's when he reproved us. 'He forgot it—he forgot it,' he would say, shaking his finger at us

"All to the credit of your father, Van Brunt," burst out Marny, pushing back his chair to escape the heat of the live, crackling logs; "but if you want my candid opinion of your blue-blooded busted baron, I think he was a selfish brute without the first glimmer of what a gentleman should have done under such circumstances, and I leave it to everybody here to decide whether I'm right or wrong. What he ought to have done was to hunt around for one of his friends, order a dinner for two, hand his friend the cigar and take a cheap one from the waiter for himself. What you call 'fine eating' has nothing to do with either the stomach or with the imagination. Fine eating is an excuse for good fellowship; when you don't have that it is a 'stalled ox' and the rest of it—I'm not good on quotations. What you want at a dinner is to open it with a laugh and eat straight through to that same kind of music. But it takes two to laugh. All the good dinners in the world were jolly dinners—all the poor ones were so many funeral gatherings. I'll give you an idea of what a good dinner ought to be. None of your selfish, solitary-confinement sort of meal like this self-centred Dutchman's, but a rip-roaring, vest-swelling, breath-catching, hilarious feast which began with a hurrah, continued with every man singing psalms of thanksgiving over the dishes and the company, and ended with everybody loving everybody else twice as much for having come together."

"Chowder club, of course," growled Boggs, "with a brass band, a cord of firewood to roast the clams, and three-legged stools to sit down on while they gorged themselves."



EVERY SQUARE FOOT OF THE WALLS WAS COVERED WITH SKETCHES

Marny glared at the chronic interrupter, made a movement with his hand as if to compel his silence, and continued:

"We had eaten nothing since breakfast but five raw clams apiece, and——"

"Where was all this, Marny, anyhow?" asked Boggs.

"Down at Uncle Jesse Conklin's on Cap Tree Island," retorted Marny impatiently.

"All right. Sounded as if it might be at a summer boarding-house. Go ahead."

"No—down on Great South Bay. The Stone Mugs had an outing and I went along. These clams coming on an empty stomach and being right out of the salt water, and fresh and cold——"

"Mixed in your statements, old man—can't be salt and fresh at the same time. But go on. So far we've only got five clams to be hilarious on——"

Marny reached over and grabbed Boggs by the collar.

"Will you shut up, or shall I throw you over the banisters?"

"I'll shut up—like your clam—won't say another word, so help me——" And Boggs held up one hand as if to be sworn.

"These clams continued Marny, releasing his hold on Boggs' collar, coming as they did on empty stomachs, made every man ravenous. French shrimps, Dutch pickles and Swedish anchovies—all the appetizers you ever heard of—were mild compared to them. Uncle Jesse had opened them himself, the ten men standing around taking the contents of each shell from the end of Uncle Jesse's fork and then waiting their turns until the fork came their way again. All this was under a shed in full view of the harbor and the old man's boats and buildings.

"When the sun went down we went into the barroom and Uncle Jesse compounded a mixture which made an afternoon call on the five clams, and by that time we could have eaten each other. Six o'clock came, and no signs of anything. Half-past six, and not a smell of fried, boiled or roast; no hurrying waiters in sight; no maids in aprons; nothing indicating any preparation or any place for it to occur in unless it was a room behind a small white-pine door leading from the bar to we knew not where, and which door Uncle Jesse had locked himself in full view of the hungry crowd. Only once did he explain this mystery—that was when he jerked his thumb in the direction of the vacancy on the other side of the panels and remarked sententiously: 'Won't be long now.'

"Soon a wild misgiving arose in our minds. Had anything happened to the cook, or would the simple repast—we had left the details to Uncle Jesse—consist of only clams and cocktails?

"All this time Uncle Jesse was patient and polite, but as obdurate as he was mysterious. Bets now began to be made in whispers by the men: it would be thin oyster soup, pumpkin pies and cider—or cold corn beef and preserves—or, worse still, codfish balls and griddle cakes. Seven o'clock came: seven-five—seven-ten—— Then a gong sounded in the next room, and Uncle Jesse sprang to the door, raised one hand while the other fumbled with the lock, and shouted as he swung back the door

"'Solid men to the front!'

"You should have seen that table! One long perspective of bliss—porter-house steak and broiled bluefish—porter-house steak and broiled bluefish—porter-house steak and broiled bluefish down to the end of the table, and between each plate a quart of extra dry frappéd to half of a degree, and a pint of Burgundy about the temperature of your sweetheart's hand! All about were heaps of home-made bread and flakes of butter, and Oh, that table!

"We stood paralyzed for a moment, and then sent up a roaring cheer that nearly lifted the roof. Uncle Jesse wouldn't sit down, but we grabbed him by the shoulders and started him on the run for the end of the table, and there he sat until only heaps of bones and dead bottles marked the scene of action. Whenever a man could get his breath he broke out in song, everybody joining in. 'Oh, dem golden fritters!' was chanted to an accompaniment of clattering forks on empty plates, the cook and his staff craning their heads through the door and helping out with a double shuffle of their own

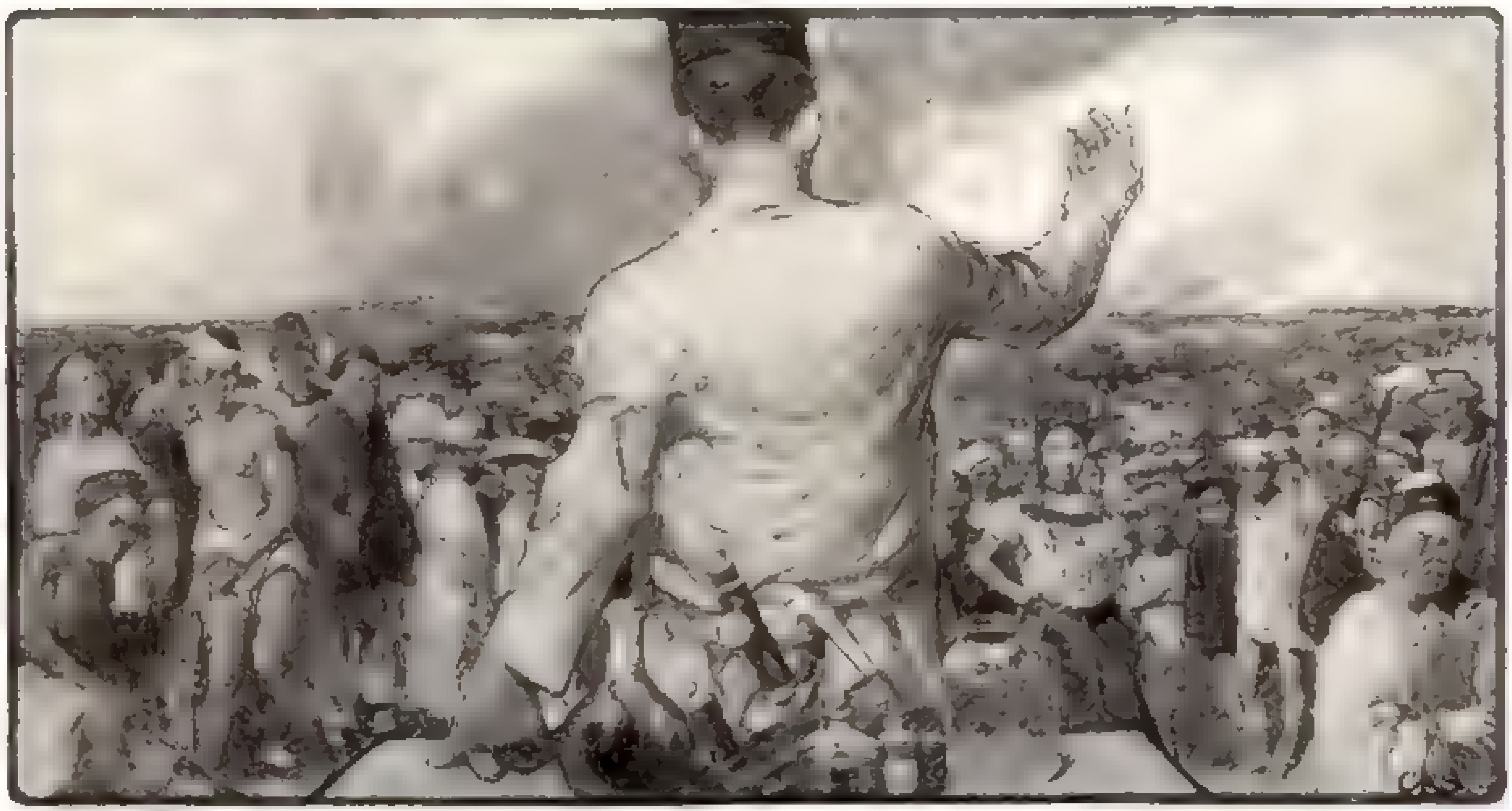
"Coffee was served in the barroom, and all filed out to drink it, every man full to his eyelids and saturated with a contentment that only Long Island bluefish and Fulton Market steak, with the necessary fluids and solids, can produce

"While we smoked on and sipped our coffee Uncle Jesse's silences became more frequent, and soon the old fellow dozed off to sleep. He was over seventy then, and used to having a nap after dinner

"Now came the best part of the feast. Every man tiptoed out of the room, overhauled his sketch-trap, took out charcoal, color tubes and brushes, red chalk—whatever came handy—and started in to work—some standing on chairs above where the old man sat sound asleep; others working away like mad on the coarse whitewashed walls, making portraits of him, sketches of the landing and fish-houses we had seen during our waiting, outlines of the bar and background—no one breathing loud or even whispering, so afraid they would

(*Concluded on Page 30*)

MEDICAL MIRACLES



An Evangel to the Asiatics

By Arthur E. McFarlane

IT WILL be remembered that Doctor Roux's first collaborator in his researches into the nature of diphtheria was a certain Doctor Yersin. Yersin was at that time, 1889, little more than twenty, and he had been only a few months at the Pasteur Institute. But he was already "the master's" favorite pupil. "He is as silent as a Trappist," he said. "He works like a monk in his cloister!" In truth, during those years the outside world seemed a desert to this Pasteurian, and microbes his only loves.

Yet, curiously enough—perhaps because he was still very much of a boy—early in 1893 he solemnly announced his intention of putting aside the microscope and the "plate culture": it had been borne in upon him that Nature had really meant him for an explorer. So, forthwith, he sailed away to French China. He mounted the Mekong to the great forest regions and the upper plateaus. And for month after month he explored with the scientific earnestness of the Parisian "*petit bourgeois*" spending his bank-holiday in the park of Fontainebleau.

Alas, though the youthful explorer was not yet fully conscious of it, Pasteur had long ago drawn and colored his real world-map for him. And perhaps, too, having crossed from Chung-king to Kowloon, Yersin himself arrived at the conclusion that, after all, even the Empire of China is an inn-yard or a kitchen-garden when compared with "the master's" empire of the "infinitely little." Certainly, in the matter of spaces still to be explored, the latter is richer than Northern Brazil, Equatorial Africa, Tibet and Labrador all in one. And our present explorer, sitting in his tent-door, could further reason that the discoverer of the North Pole itself will have a tin-trumpet glory in comparison with him who first reaches full knowledge of tuberculosis. At any rate, Doctor Yersin now decided that what interested him in Asia was its microbes. He got him another microscope and began the search for the causes of both rinderpest and bubonic plague.

Of the former the story must be told elsewhere. The chronicle of the latter was here to have the beginning of its modern chapter. For, after three months of study, Yersin had discovered, isolated and cultivated in bouillon, the bacillus of "*la peste*." This can be said in a few colorless syllables; but it would probably be impossible for any written language to express what it meant to the discoverer. The old similes of the finding of gold-reefs or diamond gravel are for effeminate romance. Those liquid nests of teeming organisms, like microscopic ant-eggs with the power of motion and increase, explained the greatest of all earth's migratory epidemics. We speak of "bubonic" plague as if it were one plague of many. There is no other. Cholera never appeared west of Arabia before the nineteenth century.

Yersin knew that he had beneath his lens the secret workers of the scourge which afflicted Pharaoh and his people as periodically it has afflicted their descendants. He knew it was "The Sickness" described by old Procopius, aghast before it. Compared with its invasions, those of Attila and the Goths were mere plays at terror. It was the "Black Death" and the "Great Plague" of the Middle Ages. In the fourteenth century it swept away one-fourth of the population of Europe alone. It left behind a new word for fear and calamity. War and famine alone were mentioned with it. While this article was in preparation at Florence, sometimes after nightfall, under the writer's windows, there would hurriedly pass a cluster of black-robed, black-masked figures carrying a litter. These were funerals. And the custom of night burials and covered faces goes back to certain frightful years when only by allowing the bearers completely to hide their identity from their fellowmen could any one be induced to perform such offices at all. The plague was horror incarnate. And now, almost as if by chance, in Indo-China Yersin had found the eggs of it. Pasteur had spoken of his pupil as a young monk in his cloister; it was as if the monk had found for the material world a kind of origin of evil.

He sent his first cultures of bacilli home to the Institute, remained in Asia long enough to gather more and confirm the identity of the plague in the rat and man, and then returned for a year's work in a laboratory and among bacteriologists such as at that time were to be found only in one place in Europe.

There was formed the regular working group. This time Doctors Borrel and Calmette were its second and third members, and they followed the same method which, a year before, had given such world-famous results in the case of diphtheria. First they sought a means of weakening the virulence of Yersin's cultures, now virtual compound poisons of the bacilli and the toxins which the bacilli had secreted. They found that a temperature of 137° sterilized the virus. It did not destroy its essential properties, as, for example, boiling would have done; but by killing the microbes it ended the living activity of the poison. A minute quantity of the modified virus was injected into a rabbit; it gave it a malady which, though lacking the "buboes," was evidently of the same nature as plague. But the rabbit recovered. A second injection had a much less pronounced effect upon it; and succeeding injections came in time to have no effect at all. The rabbit had been rendered immune. And, as in the case of lockjaw and diphtheria, when from the immunized animal a small quantity of blood was drawn, purified to the serum state, and used as a hypodermic injection, it conferred almost as decided an immunity upon a second rabbit.

Doctor Yersin's Wonderful Studies

BUT in the case of diphtheria the horse had proven the invaluable producer of serum, and a young cab hack was now put at the disposal of the experimenters. It received a moderately strong injection of sterilized virus. The reaction was a sort of mild fever, lasting almost a week. Twenty days after recovery a second and a more powerful dose was administered. This time the reaction was more intense, but of shorter duration. And the rest of the story was the parallel to the immunization of the rabbit. In the end the horse became proof against the plague, and its blood developed the wonder-working serum quality when brought to bear upon other horses.

Yet it is one thing for an animal to have the power of immunizing its own species, and another for that immunity to be transmissible to species widely different. White mice had shown themselves extremely sensitive to the plague. As a fair test the horse serum was tried upon them. Science was therein asking a double question: Would the serum prevent the bacilli from attacking the system? And would it, if the bacilli had already begun their attack, counteract their venomous inroad? Both answers were full of joy to Yersin and his fellows. One-tenth of a cubic centimetre of serum—say, one drop—proved to be a sure preventive vaccine. And, giving the plague a twelve-hours' start, fifteen drops proved to be an equally certain cure!

This was not treating men, however. Much more light was needed upon the precise action of the disease in the human organism. In 1895 Yersin once more left for Indo-China. The plague was now epidemic at Hongkong, and to Hongkong the French Government sent him in the capacity of "colonial physician," with the mission of studying "bubonic" at close quarters.

It may be said with truth that he acted upon his instructions. He went to work to install himself and his traveling laboratory in an old straw hut outside the gates, and in the mean time he was learning from the other white doctors in the European quarter what it was that had blocked all previous efforts to study the Hongkong outbreak: the natives did not merely refuse white aid while living, but their kinsmen threatened death to any one who should profane the pest-stricken corpses. Yersin sat baffled for a time, and then he made up his mind that the good of humanity called for a great deal of such profanation.

He took measures accordingly. It is not a pretty story—it is one of conspiring with grave-diggers and the drivers of dead-carts—but the saving of men's lives is very frequently not pretty work. It is enough to say that, in the end, Yersin obtained what he desired. And even then, so great was the danger of surprise, he was forced to make all his investigations in the depth of night. It was a ghastly business, one which our instincts tell us at once was wholly incompatible with any inherent delicacy and nobility of spirit. Yet, again, it is, perhaps, good for us to remember that the young Frenchman was doing that midnight work in the midst of the swiftest, the most deadly and the least understood of all diseases. A few years later Doctor Camera-Pestana, of Oporto, handling merely laboratory cultures of the "bacillus of Yersin," received his death from them. The same thing happened to three investigators at Vienna and to six at Tokyo.

But Fate guarded Pasteur's pupil in his straw hut at Hongkong. He went ahead, did his grisly work, and doubled the world's knowledge of the bubonic plague. He could report that here it is not the familiar case of the blood-system being the medium for the microbe. The pest bacillus works through the lymphatic glands. And the great "buboes" which form in the ganglia of groin or armpit are not of necessity one of the characteristics of the disease. In almost forty-five per cent. of its victims they are absent, and when this is the case matters are worse for the patient. For the attacking microbes have not rested half-way in any horrible ulcer caravansary. They have spread at once throughout the whole organism. When there were "buboes" the microscope showed their contents to consist of "a veritable purée of bacilli."

Again Yersin returned to do more work in the laboratories of the home Institute. The horse serum was intensified, was tested and gauged. "If so many grams would protect so many hundred grams of guinea-pig then a certain multiple proportion of quadruple intensity would protect so many thousand grams of man." But this was all theory. The first trial upon man still remained to be made.

Early in 1896 the "explorer" for the third time set forth for China. He had with him many bottles of the precious liquid. A branch of the Institute had been established at Nha Trang, near Saigon, and he was named its chief. He did not stay at Nha Trang, however. He went directly on up to Amoy, where there had broken out an epidemic which, if it had not yet become widespread, was killing eighteen out of every twenty it attacked.

Yersin's first patient—as were practically all his Amoy patients—was an adherent of the Roman Catholic mission, a Chinese novice of nineteen. Some extracts from the diary of the case may best tell the story.

"26TH JUNE.—I saw him first at three in the afternoon. His state was bad. Fever had obliged him to go to bed, and he was suffering greatly. He had developed a bubo excessively sensitive to the touch. . . . At five I was ready to make my first serum injection. By this time he was much worse. He was very weak, his fever had heightened,

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles on the work of Pasteur and his disciples.

and he was beginning to be delirious. For those familiar with plague cases it meant that death would almost certainly ensue within another twelve hours. I made my injection under the skin of the right side, using ten cubic centimetres. Immediately after the injection the patient was taken with a violent nausea, a familiar symptom in the gravest examples of the disease

"6 P. M.—He was somewhat better, his eyes were brighter, and he said he felt less weak. I gave him a second injection, as before

"7.30 P. M.—The fever has increased once more, the patient is excited, his mind is wandering, and there is a return of the nausea

"9 P. M.—I have made a third and last injection, ten cubic centimetres, as before. At the moment the fever is still violent, and the patient delirious

"MIDNIGHT.—A notable improvement. The fever has gone down, the patient has returned to full consciousness and tells me he feels better. . . . From midnight to three in the morning he sleeps calmly

"6 A. M.—The fever has departed, and strength is returning. The bubo is less painful and is diminishing in volume

"11 A. M.—The patient says he is cured. . . . The points of injection are still sore, however

"28TH JUNE.—Yesterday and last night have gone excellently. The patient has regained his appetite. . . . The points of injection are now represented only by small, hardish lumps.

"29TH JUNE.—The patient was to-day able to take a short walk in the garden."

The rapidity of the recovery had been equaled only by the rapidity with which the disease, after its manner, had begun to do its work. Within the same week Yersin had treated twenty-three mission cases in all, and he had obtained twenty-two cures

But in the mean time, as always, our Pasteurian was not alone in this new field. In the study of lockjaw and diphtheria there worked with Von Behring a very earnest, silent young Jap, Kitasato by name. He had an equal part with the Teuton in his discoveries, but he seems to have been given shabbily little recognition by the German medical reviewers. However, according to his national tradition, he confined his reflections to the bottled sort, and, after a time, he quietly betook himself back to his own country. There, almost simultaneously with Yersin, he went to work upon "bubonic." And since Pasteur and Roux had shown the road to both of them, both alike arrived together—if wholly unconscious thereof—at the same open gateway. No doubt what we speak of as the "bacillus of Yersin" is in Japan known as the "bacillus of Kitasato." And if I must confess myself unable to transcribe the latter's account of his first cure, we at least know that very shortly afterward he was appointed chief of the Japanese Department of Public Health. If the Teutons had attempted to deny him fame his Emperor had given him something vastly more to his liking: opportunity. And since then the annual secretary's reports of that particular Health Department have been invariably compelled to begin by "pointing with pride."

In 1899 plague was brought to Kobé and Osaka. These are cities of 230,000 and 750,000 inhabitants, respectively. In the former the disease had nineteen victims, in the latter thirty-seven. Yet, when we speak of that, it must be acknowledged that a simple and most novel hygienic measure, taken at Kitasato's suggestion, did much more than any injections of serum could ever have done. A bounty equivalent to about two cents apiece was put upon rats. In Kobé more than 20,000 were killed; in Osaka more than 15,000. In some wards, where infection had shown itself, upon not less than twenty per cent of the vermin so destroyed the plague bacillus was discovered. The inference could be drawn without any moralizing. In 1902 "bubonic" attempted another invasion. This time the slaughtered rats numbered almost a million. And—a detail typically Japanese—their hides, carefully disinfected and warehoused, have served as eartabs for the present army wintering in Manchuria!

Meanwhile, in British India, another force was being turned against "bubonic." Doctor Haffkine, shortly after his first famous work upon cholera, had taken up the sister scourge. His initial studies—in which two fellow Russians, Zabolotny and Wyssokowitz, had a great part—were confined to the method of transmission of the plague bacillus. They found that, just as for diphtheritic infection, a slight abrasion of the membranes of the throat was necessary, so any insignificant break or rawness of the skin whatever at once furnished the point of entry for the bubonic microbe. As for the question of how it lived when outside the body the three investigators discovered it not only embedded in the walls of "pest huts," but as much as four inches below the surfaces of their earthen floors. Mere disinfectants were not enough, then; it was necessary to burn such microbe hives and to see that the fire baked deep. Haffkine was working, too, in his laboratory, and presently, while Yersin and Kitasato had been making use of the serum method, he brought into play a pure vaccine

Now, since between the vaccine creed and the serum faith all Pasteurians, save those who favor both, are religiously divided, it is worth while trying to draw some clear distinction. A serum is simply clarified blood taken from a creature upon which, *by vaccination*, there has been conferred immunity

DR. A. E. WRIGHT, WHO TAMED TYPHOID ENTERIC

from the disease under consideration. That in serums there are forces of the most mysterious and marvelous nature needs no saying, but these forces have been adopted within the system by the pure, living blood itself. On the other hand, all true vaccines consist either of cultures of bacilli, or of their poisonous products—for the life-work of bacilli is to store up and throw off poisons, or toxins, even as bees do honey. The bacilli themselves, as used for vaccines, may be enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of unhappiness; or they may be killed—"sterilized"—by heat, exposure to light and air, or by the action of some chemical—carbolic acid, for example. Their products may be administered either in a state of full venomousness or in some attenuated form

In his plague treatment Doctor Haffkine used a vaccine consisting of sterilized cultures. He sowed the "bacillus of Yersin" in large glass globes filled with peptonized bouillon, and then spread over the surface of the liquid a layer of butter or coconnut-oil. The whole was kept at a temperature of eighty-five degrees. The microbes multiplied with incredible rapidity, hanging from the butter or oil in great clusters like beards of Spanish moss. At the end of seven weeks the contents of the globe were turbid with bacilli, and their secretions. Thereupon all active life was destroyed by heating to one hundred and fifty-five degrees; and the liquid was drawn off and ready for use. To men he decided to administer a subcutaneous injection of three cubic centimetres; to women and children from two to two and one-half

In 1897 he had his first opportunity to make a test. Plague had broken out at Damam, one of the miniature colonies still left to Portugal north of Bombay. Of the entire population of 8210, somewhat more than a quarter, 2177, submitted to the vaccination. The other 6033 refused. Among the first there occurred thirty-six fatal cases; among the non-vaccinated

DR. YERSIN, WHO FOUGHT THE PLAGUE IN CHINA

there were 1482—that is, the vaccinated individual had fifteen times the better chance of life. And a short time afterward results hardly less favorable were obtained at Undhera, Hubli, and other points in India proper

Immediately there sprang up a medical controversy which at least brought out the weak points of both serum and vaccine. And these weak points will, on the surface, probably seem much weaker than they really are. The believers in serum could point to the fact that vaccine is not a "cure" at all; it is simply a "preventive." More than that, it bestowed no protection until from five to eight days after the injection. And if the patient had already contracted plague the effects of the vaccine might be extremely dangerous. So much could be said against the Haffkine remedy. In its favor there was the fact that vaccine, unlike serum, could be simply and cheaply prepared, and the immunity it conferred lasted for months, while that conferred by serum was potent only for nine to twelve days—though it could, it was true, be made of indefinite duration by a painful series of successive injections. Again, the Haffkine vaccine did not "keep well in the bottle"; the serum, once prepared, kept practically forever.

But there are two points in favor of serum which are much more vitally important. The first is that, as was shown with sufficient clearness in the quotations from Yersin's diary at Amoy, it goes into effect with full curative force almost within an hour. The second point is that it can be applied in mathematical proportion to the intensity of the disease momentum, if one may so express it. Yersin believed in the beginning that forty cubic centimetres was the greatest quantity of serum that could be given with safety. The experience of succeeding epidemics gradually raised this maximum. Zabolotny, working in Tiflis in 1900, used 100 cubic centimetres in certain extremely threatening cases, and with almost invariable success. In 1903, during an outbreak at Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, to one patient, who was especially despaired of, there was given an amount of serum totalling in all to more than 300 cubic centimetres. Substitute teaspoonfuls for cubic centimetres—it was heroic treatment! Yet it was just this that saved the life.

But for long enough the believers in vaccine had now had a second prophet, not less strong than Haffkine. At first, however, he might seem to have been crying in the wilderness. Early in 1900, in a letter sent to the London Daily Mail by a correspondent at the seat of war in the Transvaal, there appeared the following (I give the copy as joyously edited by the Medical Journal)

> The Imperial Yeomanry are receiving their first wounds for their country. . . . The doctor makes the wound a good-sized one [*sic*] and then pumps in some new South African serum from a diseased animal [*sic*]. . . . It is supposed to inoculate them against enteric fever, or typhoid, or something of the kind. . . . It would be interesting to know what this new serum is, and whether its effects have really been scientifically proved; for it is evidently a very potent lymph [*sic*]. At any rate, is it right to inoculate a man with such stuff, after he has been shooting in the cold all day and is tired and chilled?

While this sapient arraignment of the "new medicine" is crushing in general, it is somewhat lacking in the secondary matter of explanatory details. It is therefore necessary to say that it referred to the wholesale vaccinations against typhoid enteric, undertaken by Dr. Almroth E. Wright, of Netley Medical School, assisted by Major Leischman, of the same institution

Doctor Wright had begun his experiments in 1896; and his method can best and most briefly be described as the application to "enteric" of the method which Doctor Haffkine was simultaneously, or a little later, applying to plague. The typhoid bacilli were sown in peptonized broth, kept at blood-heat for from fourteen to twenty-one days, and then sterilized in a "Kitasato flask." Like the vaccines against smallpox, or cholera, or bubonic, it was purely a preventive; it claimed no potency whatever as a cure.

In 1898 its elaborator was attached to the Indian Plague Commission. He not only studied the results obtained by the two new treatments of bubonic, but, together with a certain Major Semple and Colonel Faucet, he traveled slowly back and forth among the Indian garrisons seeking centres where typhoid was rife. And to all those in the immediate neighborhood who would take the anti-typhoid treatment he gave it freely and without price. His standard dose ran from one to one and a half cubic centimetres—"the latter being the minimum quantity fatal to 100 grams of guinea-pig"—of which small martyrs to science he was compelled always to carry a large number along with him.

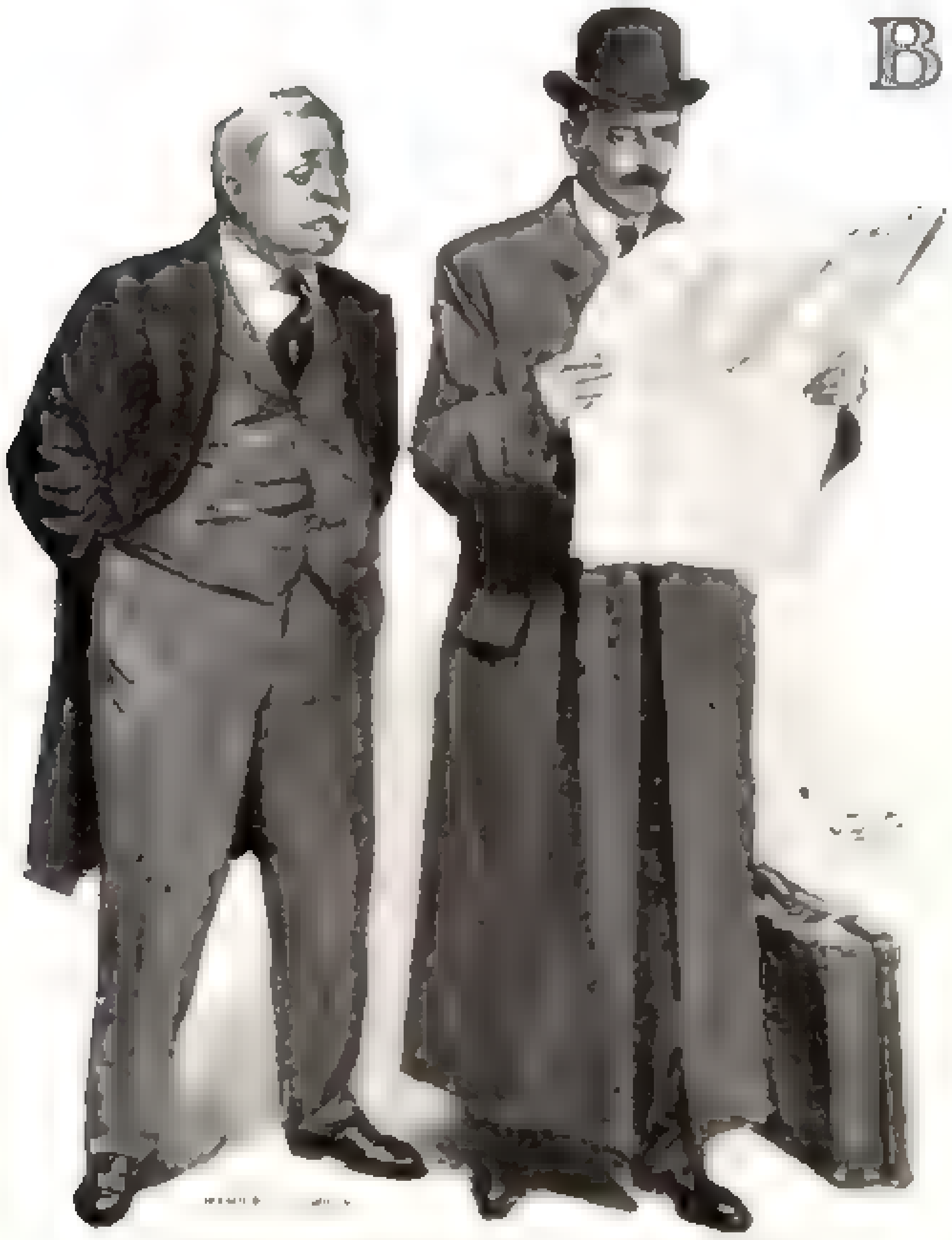
The majority of the subjects he treated were English troops, their wives and the attendant supernumeraries. In some garrisons there were few volunteers, for Doctor Wright made it plain in the beginning that his vaccination was not altogether a painless process. The immediate effects were a bad "kink in the side," along with thirty-six hours of dizziness and light fever. When, however, typhoid was hitting a regiment hard the vaccinator commonly had to make no very long exhortation. . . . A year later he compiled his table of results. The garrisons he had visited counted in all 11,293 heads. He had vaccinated 2833, the remainder had

(*Continued on Page 34*)

TALES OF THE ROAD

BY CHARLES N. CREWDSON

Tactics in Selling



"IN BIG HEADLINES ON HIS PAPER I READ 'GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO!'"

THE man on the road is an army officer. His soldiers are his samples. His enemy is his competitor. He fights battles every day. The "spoil of war" is *business*.

The traveling man must use tactics just as does the general. He may not have at stake the lives of other men and the success of his country; but he does have at stake—and every day—his own livelihood, a chance for promotion—a partnership, perhaps—and always the success of his firm.

Many are the turns the salesman takes to get business. He must always be ready when his eyes are open—and sometimes in his dreams—to wage war. If he is of the wrong sort, once in a while he will give himself up to sharp practice with his customer; another time he will fight shrewdly against his competitor. Sometimes he must cajole the man who wishes to do business with him, and at the same time, especially when his customer's credit is none too good, make it easy for him to get goods shipped—and, hardest of all, he must get the merchant's attention that he may show him his wares. Get a merchant to *look* at your goods and you usually sell a bill.

In the smoking room of a Pullman one night sat several of the boys who, as is usual with them when they get together, were telling of their experiences. On every train every night are told tales of the road which, if they were put in type, would make a book of compelling interest. The life of the traveling man has such variety, such a change of scene, that a great deal more comes into it than mere "buy and sell." Yet, on this night of which I speak, the stories told were about tussles that my friends had had to get business.

"I remember," said a New York hat man, 'one bill of goods that pleased me, I believe, more than any other order that I ever took. I was over in the mining district of Michigan. That's a pretty wide-open country, you know. My old customer had quit the town, and I had been selling him exclusively so long that I thought I was queered with every other merchant in the town. But the season after my customer Hodges left there, much to my surprise, two men wrote in to the house saying that they would like to buy my goods. My stuff had always given Hodges' customers satisfaction, and after he left his customers drifted into other stores and asked for my brand. Now if you can only get a merchant's customers to asking for a certain brand of goods you aren't going to have trouble in doing business with him. This is where the wholesale firm that sells reliable merchandise wins out over the one that does a cutthroat business.'

In the Enemy's Country

"WELL, when I went into this town I thought I would have easy sailing, but I felt a little taken aback when I walked down the street and sized up the stores of the merchants who wished to buy my goods. They both looked to me like tidbits. Each was new in the town, one of them having moved into Hodges' old stand. I said to myself that I didn't wish to do business with either. 'I'll see if I can't go over and square myself with Andrews, the biggest man in town,' I said. 'While I've never tried to do business with him, he can't have anything against me. I've always gone over and been a good fellow with him, so I'll see if I can't get him lined up.'

"Three or four more of the boys had come in with me on the same train. When I went into Andrews' store two of them were in there. Pretty soon afterward I heard one of them say: 'Well, Andy, as you want to get away in the morning I'll fall in after you close up. It'll suit me all the better to do business with you to-night.' Andrews said: 'All right; eight o'clock goes.'

"This man saw that I had come in to see Andrews and having made his engagement, knew enough to get out of the way. The boys, you know, especially the old-timers, are mighty good about this. I don't believe the outsiders, anyway, know much about the fellowship among us.

"The other man who was in the store was out on his first trip. He was selling suspenders. It was then half past five. I joked with the clerks in the store for a few minutes. Andrews, meantime, had gone up to his office to look over his mail and get off some rush letters. The new man, who sold suspenders, was a good fellow, but he had lots to learn. He trailed right along after Andrews as if he had been a dog led by a string. He stood up in the office a few minutes without having anything to say. Had he been an old-timer, you know, he would have made his speech and then moved out of the way. After a few minutes he came down and said to me: 'That fellow's a tough proposition. I can't get hold of him. I can't find out whether he wants to look at my goods or not. I don't know whether I ought to have my trunks brought up and fool with him.'

"'Let me tell you one thing, my boy,' said I, 'if you want to do business get your stuff up and do it quickly. If he doesn't come to look at your goods bring 'em in. Go after him that way.'

"'All right, I guess I will,' said he; and out he went.

"As soon as Andrews came down from his office I said, 'Hello,' but, before I could put in a word about business, in came a customer to look at a shirt. Well, sir, that fellow worried over that four-bit shirt for half an hour! I'd gladly have given him half a dozen dollar-and-a-half shirts if he would only have got out of my way and given me a chance to talk business. Just about that time, when Andrews wrapped up the shirt, back came the new man again, having had his trunks brought up to the hotel. I knew then that my cake was all dough, so I skipped out, saying I would call after supper. I felt then that, as Andrews was going away the next morning, I wouldn't get a chance at him, and, being in the town, I thought the best thing to do was to go over and pick up one of the other fellows who was anxious to buy from me."

An Easy Capture

"I WENT over to see the man who had taken Hodges' old stand. As soon as I went in he said: 'Yes, I want some goods. I've just started in here. I haven't much in the store, but I'm doing first-rate and am going to stock up. When can I see you? It would suit me a good deal better to-night after eight o'clock than any other time. I haven't put on a clerk yet and am here all alone. If you like we'll get right at it and take sizes on what stock we have. Then you can get your supper and see me at eight o'clock and I'll be ready for you. I want to buy a pretty fair order. I've had a good hat trade this season. I've been sending mail orders into your house—must have bought over $400 from them in the last three months. I s'pose you got credit for it all right?'

"This was news to me. The house hadn't written me anything about having received the mail orders, and I'll say right here that the firm that doesn't keep its salesmen fully posted about what's going on in their territory makes a great big mistake. If I'd known that this man had been buying so many goods I wouldn't have overlooked him. As it was, I came very near passing up the town. And I'll tell you another thing. A man never wants to overlook what may seem to him a small bet. This fellow gave me that night over $700—a pretty clean bill in hats, you know, and has made me a first-class customer.

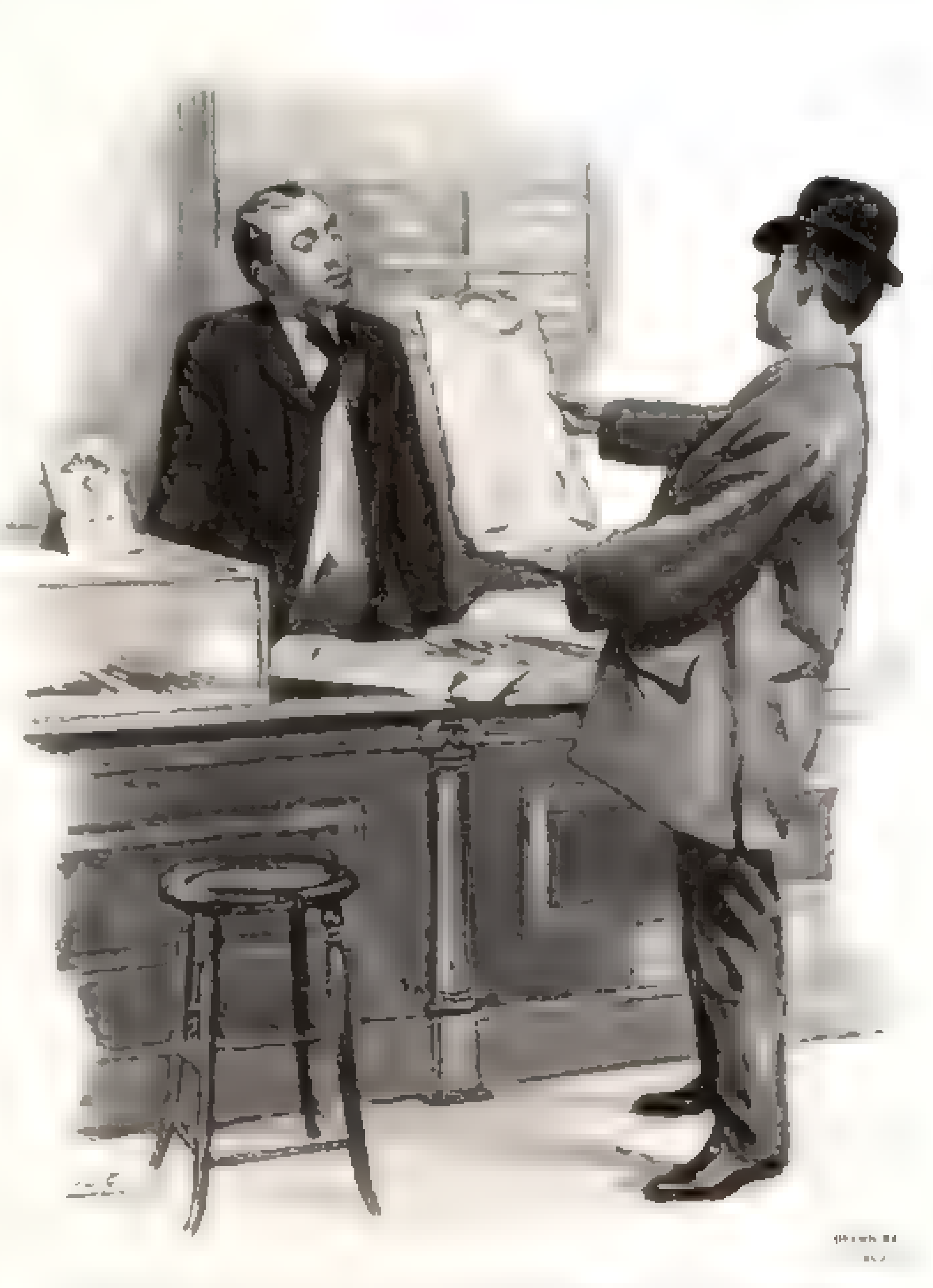
"But I'm getting a little ahead of my story. After supper that night, I dropped into Andrews' store again. The suspender man was still there. He had taken my tip and brought in some of his samples. While Andrews was over at the dry-goods side for a few minutes the suspender man said to me:

"'I don't believe I can sell this fellow. He says he wants to buy some suspenders, but that mine don't strike him, somehow—says they're too high-priced. I've cut a two-dollar-and-a quarter suspender to a dollar and ninety cents, but that doesn't seem to satisfy him, and I'll give you a tip, too—you've been so kind to me—I heard him say to his buyer that he wasn't going to look you over. He said to let you come around a few times and leave some of your money in the town, and then maybe he'd do business with you. I just thought I'd tell you this so that you'd know how you stood and not lose any time over it.'

"'Thank you very much,' I said, but I made up my mind that I was going to do business with Andrews anyway. You know, there's lots more fun shooting quail flying in the brush than to pot them sitting in a fence-corner.

"After I'd sold my other man that night I sat down in the office of the hotel. Andrews was still in the sample-room, just behind the office, looking over goods. I knew he'd have to pass out that way, so I sat down to wait for him. It was getting late, but I knew that he was a night-hawk, and if he got interested he would stay up until midnight looking at goods.

"After a little bit out came Andrews, his buyer and my other traveling-man friend. He asked me up with them to have cigars. He was wise. Only that morning we'd had to double up together in a sample-room in the last town. We were pretty much crowded, but were going to divide our space—the boys, you know, are very good about this sort of thing; but when I went down the street I learned that my man was out of town—I sold only one man in that place—so I went right back to the sample-room and rolled my trunks out of his way so that my friend could have the whole thing



"WELL, SIR, THAT FELLOW WORRIED OVER THAT FOUR BIT SHIRT FOR HALF AN HOUR!"

to himself. This didn't hurt me any, and it was as much on account of this as anything else that I was asked up to take a cigar where I could get in a word with Andrews.

As the clerk was passing out the cigars, Andrews took off his hat. As he dropped it on the cigar case he rubbed his hand over his head and said, 'I've got a headache.'

"I picked up his hat. Quick as a flash I saw my chance. It was from my competitor's house. I could feel, in a second, that it was a poor one. Getting the brim between my fingers, I said to Andrews: 'Why, you shouldn't get the headache by wearing such a good hat as this. It is a splendid piece of goods.'

"With this I tore a slit in the brim as easily as if it had been blotting paper. Then I gave the brim a few more turns, ripping it clear off the crown. In a minute or two the brim looked like checkers made out of black pasteboard.

"'The cigars are on me,' said Andrews, as everybody around him gave him the laugh.

"I went up to my room soon, leaving Andrews that night to wear his brimless hat. But I knew then that I could get his attention when I wanted it — next morning, about nine o'clock, for my train and his left at 11:30. This would give me plenty of time to do business with him if we had any business to do, as he was a quick buyer when you got him interested. I went into his store with two hats in my hand. They were good clear nutrias, and just the size that Andrews wore. I'd found this out by looking at his hat the night before.

"'I don't want to do any business with you, Andrews,' said I, 'but I'm not such a bad fellow, you know, and I want to square up things with you a little. Take one of these.'

"The hats were beauties. Andrews went to the mirror and put on one and then the other. He finally said: 'I guess I'll hang on to the brown one. They are daisies!'"

Landing His Man

'YES,' said I, striking as quickly as a rattlesnake, 'and there are lots more where these came from! Now look here, Andrews, you know mighty well that my line of stuff is a lot better than the one that you're buying from. If you think more of the babies of the man you are buying your hats from than you do of your own, stay right here; but if you don't, get Jack, your buyer, and come up with me right now. I'm going out on that 11:30.'

"'Guess I'll go you one, old man,' said Andrews.

'He bought a good-sized bill, and as I left him on the train when I changed cars he added: 'Well, good luck to you. I guess you'd better just duplicate that order I gave you, for my other store.'

"That," spoke up one of the boys, "is what I call salesmanship. You landed the man that didn't want to buy your goods. The new man let him slip off his hook when he really wanted to buy suspenders."

"I once landed a $3400 bill up in Wisconsin in a funny way," said a clothing man as we lighted fresh cigars. "I'd been calling on an old German clothing merchant for a good many years, but I could never get him interested. I went into his store one morning and asked him if he wouldn't come over and just look at my goods — I could save him money and give him a prettier line of patterns and neater-made stuff than he was buying.

"'Ach, dot's de sonk dey all sink!' said the old German. 'I'm sotisfite mit de line I haf. Sell 'em eesy und maig a goot broft. Vat's de use of chanching anyway, alretty?'

"I'd been up against this argument so many times with him that I knew there was no use of trying to buck up against it any more, so I started to leave the store.

"The old man, although he turned me down every time I went there, would always walk with me to the front door and give me a courteous farewell. This time in came a boy with a Chicago paper just as we were five steps from the door. And what do you suppose stared me in the face? In big headlines on his paper I read:

'GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO'

The paper also stated that flames were spreading toward my house. I at once excused myself and went down to the telegraph office to wire my house exactly where I was, so that they could let me know what to do. As I passed to the operator the telegram I wrote, he said: 'Why, Mr. Leonard, I've just sent a boy up to the hotel with a message for you. There he is! Call him back.' The wire was from the house, saying: 'Fire did us only little damage. Keep right on.'

My samples were all opened up, and I had to wait several hours for a train anyway, so an idea struck me. 'I believe I'll fake a telegram and see if I can't work my old German friend with it.' I wrote out a message to myself: 'All garments on second floor are steam heated. They are really uninjured, but we will collect insurance on them. Sell cheap.'

Armed with this telegram I walked into the old German's store again.

'Eny noos?' said he.

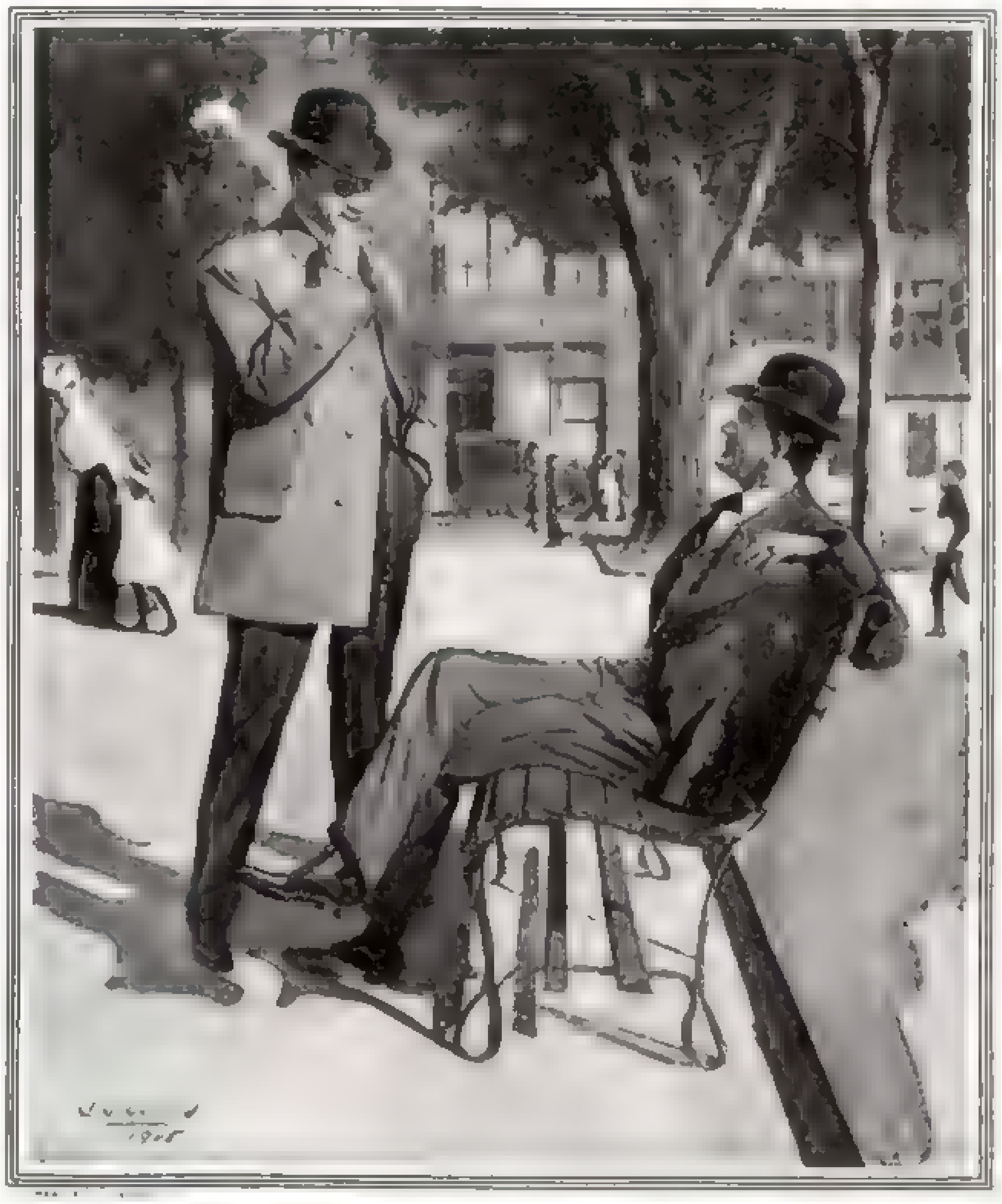
"'Yes; here's a telegram I've just received,' said I, handing over the fake message.

"'Sdeam heatet?' said the old man. 'Vell, dey gan be bresst oud, nicht? Vell, I look ad your goots.'

"He dropped in right after dinner. I had laid out on one side of the sample-room a line of 'second floor' goods. Among them were a lot of old frocks that the house was very anxious to get rid of. When I got back to the old man's store he was pacing the floor waiting for me to come. He had on his overcoat ready to go with me.

"'Vell,' said he, before giving me a chance to speak, 'I go right down mit you.'

"He was the craziest buyer I ever saw. It didn't take more than twenty minutes for me to sell the $3400.'



"'WELL, WOODY,' SAID HE, 'YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING THE WORLD PRETTY EASY'"

"But how did you get on afterward?" asked one of the boys.

"Don't speak of it," said Leonard. "The joke was so good that I gave it away to one of the boys after the bill had been shipped, and do you know, the old man got on to me and returned a big part of the bill! Of course, you know I've never gone near him since. Retribution, I suppose! That cured me of sharp tricks."

"A sharp game doesn't work out very well when you play it on your customer," spoke up one of the boys who sold bonds, "but it's all right to mislead your competitor once in a while, especially if he tries to find out things from you that he really hasn't any business to know. I was once over in Indiana. I had on me a good line of six per cents. They were issued by a well-to-do little town out West. You know, Western bonds are really A1 property, but the people in the East haven't yet got their eyes open to the value of property West of the Rockies.

"Well, when I reached this town one of my friends tipped me on to one of my competitors who, he said, was going to be in that same town that afternoon. There were three prospective customers for us, and we were both in the habit of going after the same people. Two of them were bankers — one of them was pretty long-winded; the other was a retired grain dealer who lived about a mile out of town. He was the man I really wished to go after. His name was Reidy and he was quite an old gentleman, always looking for a little 'inside' on everything. I didn't wish to waste much time on the bankers before I'd taken a crack at the old gentleman. I knew he'd just cashed in on some other bonds that he had bought from my firm and that he was probably open for another deal. I merely went over and shook hands with the bankers. One of them — the long-winded one — asked me if I had a certain bond. I told him I didn't think I had — that I'd 'phone in and find out. I got on the line with my old grain dealer friend and he said he'd be in town right after dinner. I would have gone out to see him, but he preferred doing his business in town.

By that time, I knew, my competitor would have reached town, so I ate dinner early and took chances on his still being in the dining-room when Reidy would drive in. After dinner I sat down out in the public square, smoking, and apparently taking the world at ease — but I was fretting a good deal inside. My competitor saw me from the hotel porch. He came over and shook hands — you know we're always ready to cut each other's throats, but we do it with a smile.

"'Well, Woody,' said he, 'you seem to be taking the world pretty easy. Business must have been good this week.'

"'Fair,' I answered — but for several days it had really been about as bad as it could be.

"My competitor went in to dinner. About the time I knew he was getting along toward the pie I began to squirm. I lighted two or three matches and let them go out before I fired up my cigar. Still no Reidy had shown up. Pretty soon out came my competitor over into the park where I was. I knew that, if he got his eyes on Reidy, I'd have to scramble for the old man's coin. So I managed to get him seated with his back toward the direction from which Reidy would come to town. The old man always drove a white horse. As I talked to my competitor I kept looking up the road — I could see for nearly half a mile — for that old white horse.

'Well, have you left anything in town for me?' asked he directly.

'About that time I saw the old man's horse jogging slowly but surely toward us."

Bonded Strategy

'WELL, now, I'll tell you,' I said to him, 'I believe that if you'll go over to the bank just around the corner you can do some business. I was in there this morning and they asked me for a certain kind of paper that I haven't any left of. If you can scare up something of that kind I think you can do some business with them there. I'll take you over if you like.'

"I didn't want him to turn around, because I knew that then he, too, would see that old white horse and that, if he did, I'd never get him to budge an inch until he had spoken with Reidy — and the old horse was coming — trot, trot, trot! — closer every minute.

"'That'll be good of you,' said my rival, 'but I hate to leave you out here all alone resting and doing nothing.'

"'Oh, that's all right!' said I. 'Come on.' And with this I took him by the arm in a very friendly manner, keeping his back toward that old white horse, and walked him around the corner to the bank where I knew that he would be out of sight when the old man reached the public square.

"Just as I came around the corner after leaving my competitor, Richards, in the bank, there came plodding along the old man. Luckily he went down about a block to hitch his horse. I met him as he was coming back and carried him up to my room in the hotel. I laid my proposition before him and he said:

"'Well, that looks pretty good to me, but I'd like to go over here to the bank and talk to one of my friends there and see what he thinks of it.'

"'Which bank?' thought I. And, by good luck, it was the other bank!

"'Very well,' I said. 'I'll drop over there myself in a few minutes and have the papers all with me. Then we can fix the matter up. I'm sure the people in the bank will give this their hearty indorsement.'

"As the old man walked across the park two or three people met him and stopped him. My heart was thumping away because, even though the banker around the corner was long-winded, it was about time for him to get through with Richards. But the old man went into the bank all right before Richards came out. Then I went over and sat down in the park. In a few minutes Richards came over where I was.

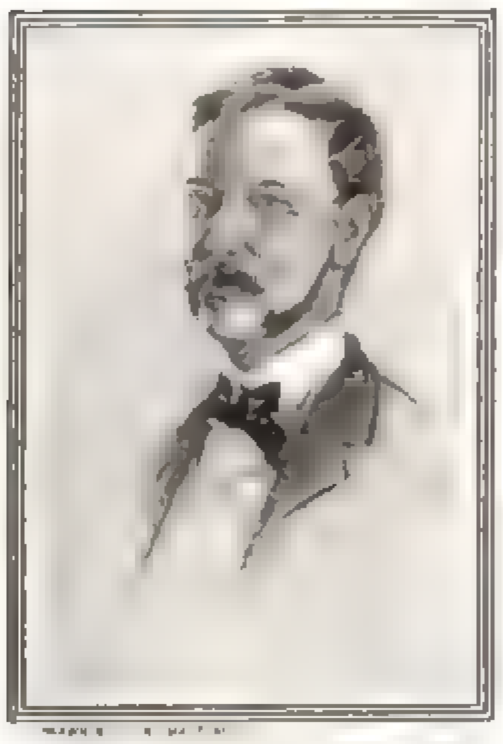
"'Say, that was a good tip you gave me,' said he. 'I think I'll be able to do some business. I want to run in the hotel a few minutes, if you'll excuse me, and get into my grip. You seem to be taking things easy! I wish I could get along as well as you do without worrying.'

(Concluded on Page 40)

The Memoirs of an American

BY ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc



"WON'T THE OLD WOMAN'S FOOD TASTE SLICK TO-NIGHT?"

CHAPTER VIII

THE morning after the fourth of May the city was sizzling with excitement. From what the papers said you might think there was an anarchist or two skulking in every alley in Chicago with a basketful of bombs under his arm. The men on the street seemed to rub their eyes and stare up at the buildings in surprise to find them standing. There was every kind of rumor flying about: some had it that the police had unearthed a general conspiracy to dynamite the city; others that the bomb-throwers had been found and were locked up. It was all a parcel of lies, of course, but the people were crazy to be lied to, and the police, having nothing better, fed them lies. At the Yards men were standing about in little groups discussing the rumors: they seemed really afraid to go into the buildings.

In front of our office there was a brougham drawn up—an unusual sight at any time, and especially at this hour. It was standing close to the door, and as I picked my way through the mud I looked in at the open window. My eyes met the eyes of a woman, who was leaning against the cushioned back of the carriage. She was dressed in a white, ruffled gown that seemed strange there in the Yards, and her eyes were half closed, as if she were napping or thinking thoughts far removed from the agitated city. But when I came closer she gave me the sharpest look I ever saw in a woman's eyes. It was a queer face, dark and pale and lifeless—except for that power to look into you. I stopped and my lips opened involuntarily to speak. As I went on upstairs I wondered who she could be and what she was doing there.

My desk was just outside the manager's private office, and, the door happening to be ajar, I could see Mr. Dround within, striding up and down in great excitement. Carmichael was trying to quiet him down. I could hear the chief's high, thin voice denouncing the anarchists.

"It is a dastardly crime against God and man! It threatens the very foundations of our free country——"

"Yes, that's all right," big John was growling in his heavy tone. "But we don't want to make too much fuss; it ain't any good to poke around in a nest of rattlers."

"Let them do their worst! Let them blow up this building! Let them dynamite my house! I should call myself a craven, a poltroon, if I wavered for one moment in my duty as a citizen!"

Carmichael sighed and bit off the end of a fat cigar that he had been rolling to and fro in his mouth. He seemed to give his boss up, as you might a talkative schoolboy.

Henry Iverson Dround was a tall, dignified gentleman, with thick gray hair, close-cut gray whiskers, and a grizzled mustache. He always dressed much better than most business men of my acquaintance, with a sober good taste. The chief thing about him was his manners, which, for a packer, were polished. I knew that he had been to college; there was a tradition in the office that he had gone into the business against his will to please his father, who had begun life as a butcher in the good old way and couldn't understand his son's prejudices. Perhaps that explains why all the men in the house thought him haughty, and the other big packers were inclined to make fun of him. However that might be, Mr. Dround had a high reputation in the city at large for honorable dealing and public spirit. There was little set afoot for the public good that Henry I. Dround did not have a hand in.

I had met the chief once or twice, big John having called his attention to me, but he never seemed to remember my existence. To-day Mr. Dround blew out of the manager's office pretty soon and brushed against my desk. Suddenly he stopped and addressed me in his thin, high voice.

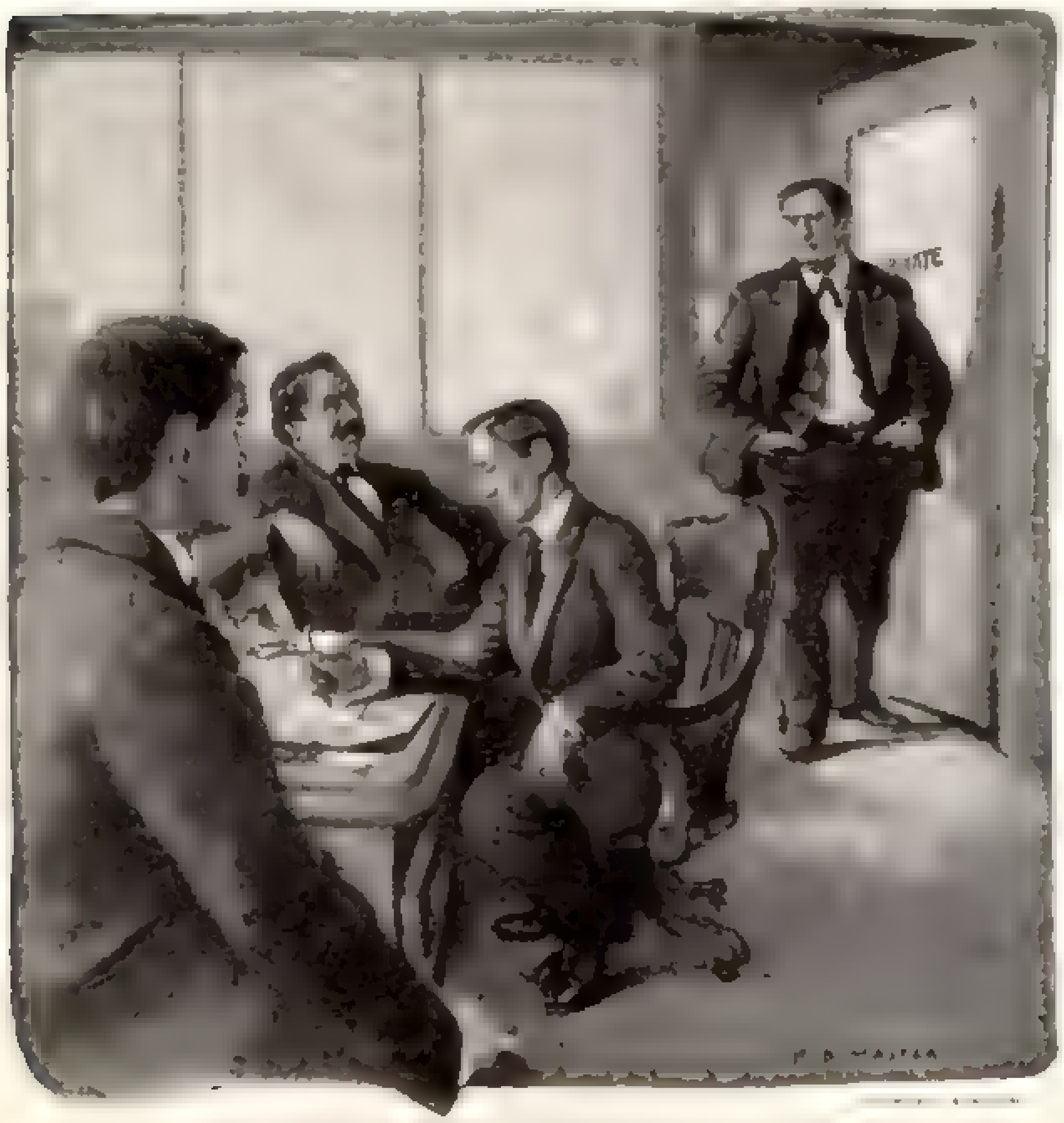
"What do *you* think, Mr. Harrington, of this infernal business?"

My answer was ready, pat, and sufficiently hot to please the boss. He turned to Carmichael, who had followed him.

"That is what young America is thinking!"

Carmichael put his tongue into his cheek instead of spitting out an oath; but after Mr. Dround had gone he growled at me:

"That's all right for young America, but I am no d——n fool, either! My father saw the riots back home in Dublin. It's no good sitting too close on the top of a chimney—maybe you'll set the house on fire. The police? The police are half thieves and all blackguards! They got this up for a benefit party, most likely. Why, didn't they kill more'n twice as many men over at McCormick's only the other day, just because they were making a bit of a disturbance? And nobody said anything about it! What are they kicking for, anyway?"



AND STRAUSS HIMSELF WALKED INTO THE ROOM

Mr. Dround's view, however, was the one generally held. That very evening there was a meeting of the prominent men of the city to take counsel together how anarchy might be rooted out. We little people heard only rumors of what took place in that gathering, but it leaked out that there had been two minds among the wealthy and powerful men—the timid and the bold. The timid were overridden by the bolder hearted. Good citizens, like Strauss and Vitzer, so Carmichael told me with a sneer, talked strong to encourage the district attorney to do his duty.

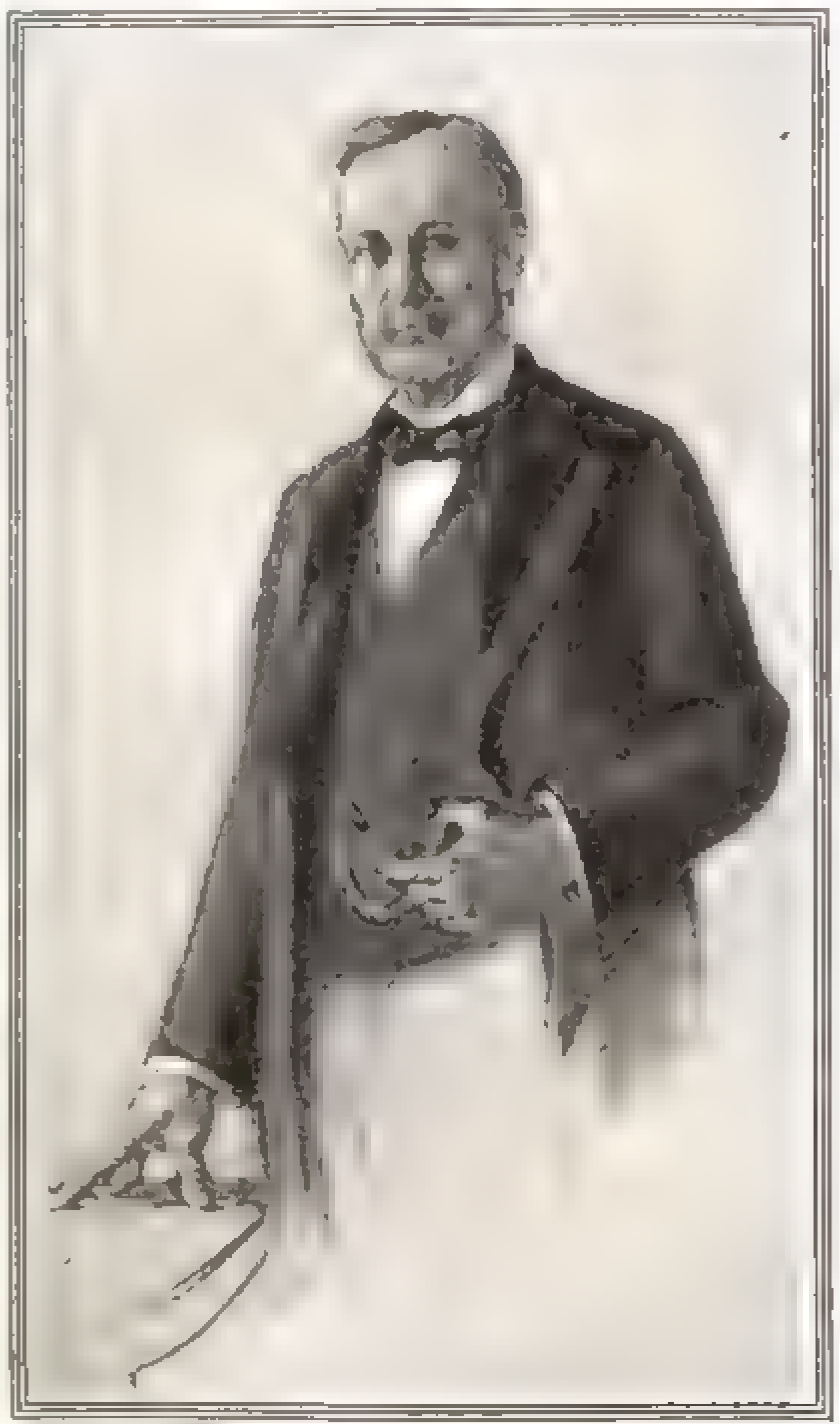
"It means that some of those rats the police have been ferreting out of the West Side saloons will hang to make them feel right. The swells are bringing pressure to bear, and some one must be punished. It's grand!"

He chuckled bitterly at his own wit. But the swells meant business, and when Henry I. Dround was drawn for the grand jury, to indict those anarchists that the police had netted, big John swore.

"He needn't have done that! There are plenty to do the fool things. It's his sense of duty, I s'pose, d——n him! It's some of his duty to come over here and help us make money."

The Irishman thought only of the business, but Henry I. Dround was not the man to let any personal interest stand in the way of what he considered his duty to society. Perhaps he was a little too proud of his sacrifices and his civic virtue. Some years later, he told me all about that grand jury. All I need say here is that this famous trial of the anarchists was engineered from the beginning by the big fellows to go straight.

The hatred and the rage of all kinds of men during those months while the anarchists were on our hands, before they were finally hanged or sent to prison, is hard to understand now at this distance from the event. That bomb in its murderous course had stirred our people to the depths of terror and hate: even easy-going hustlers like myself seemed to look in the face an awful fate. The pity of it all was—I say it now openly and advisedly—that our one motive was hate. Stamp this thing out! that was the one cry. Few stopped to think of justice, and no one of mercy. We were afraid, and we hated.



FROM ANOTHER MAN IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST SLOBBER, BUT HENRY I. DROUND MEANT IT

Finally it came time for the trial; the venire for the jury was issued. One night, to my consternation, I found a summons at the house. When I showed it to a fellow-clerk at the office the next morning he remarked:

"I thought I saw the bailiff in here yesterday, looking around for likely men. They are after a safe jury this time, sure."

I asked Carmichael to use his influence to get me excused, as I knew he usually did for the boys when they were summoned on jury duty. But all he said was:

"You're a nervy youngster. You'd better do the thing if you are accepted."

"It means weeks, maybe months, off," I objected.

"We'll make that all right: you won't lose nothing by it. But you mustn't mind finding a stick of dynamite under your bed when you go home after the trial," he grinned.

"I guess there's no trouble with my nerve," I replied stiffly, thinking he was chaffing me. "But I don't want the job, all the same."

"Well, you'll have to see the old man this time. Maybe he can get you off."

So I went into Mr. Dround's private office and made my request. The chief asked me to take a chair and handed me a cigar. Then he began to talk about the privileges and duties of a citizen. From another man it might have been just slobber, but Henry I. Dround meant it every word.

"This is a young man's duty," he said among other things. "And I understand from Mr. Carmichael that you are one of our most energetic and right-minded young men, Mr. Harrington."

He stood facing the window and talked along for some time in a general way. His talk was rather simple and condescending, but kind. He spoke of the future before me, of having the right influence in the community. When I left him I knew perfectly well that the house expected me to serve on that jury if I was chosen, and that Mr. Dround would take personally the warmest interest in a young man who had the courage to do his duty "in behalf of society," as he kept saying.

Still I hoped to escape. I was tolerably far down the list. So day after day I listened to the wrangle between the lawyers over the selection of the jurors. It was clear enough from the start that the State wanted only one kind of man on that jury—an intelligent, well-to-do clerk or small manufacturer. No laboring man need apply. His class was suspect. As a clerk in Steele's store said to me:

"That bailiff came into our place and walked down past our department with the manager. I heard him say to Mr. Bent, 'I'm running this case. Let me tell you right here there won't be no hung jury.'"

"Do you want to serve?" I asked the man from Steele's.

"Well, I do and I don't." Then he leaned over and whispered into my ear: "It looks to me that there might be a better place for me at Steele's if everything goes off to suit and I am a part of it!" He nudged me and pulled a straight face. "I guess they ought to be hanged, all right," he added, as if to square himself with what he was ready to do.

After the defense had used up its challenges, which naturally was pretty soon, the real business of getting the jury began. Much the same thing happened in every case. First the man said he was prejudiced so that he couldn't render a fair verdict on the evidence. Then his Honor took him in hand and argued with him to convince him that his scruples were needless. His Honor drove him up and down hill until the man was forced to admit that he had some sense of fairness, and could be square and honest if he tried hard. And then he was counted in. In every case it went pretty much as it did in the case of the man from Steele's.

"I feel," so the man from Steele's said, "like any other good citizen does. I feel that some of these men are guilty; we don't know which ones. We have formed this opinion by general report from the newspapers. Now, with that feeling it would take some very positive evidence to make me think that these men were not guilty. That is what I mean. But I should act entirely upon the testimony."

"But," so said the defense, "you say that it would take positive evidence of their innocence before you could consent to return them not guilty?"

"Yes. I should want some strong evidence."

"Well, if that strong evidence of their innocence was not introduced, then you want to convict them?"

"Certainly."

Then the judge took the man in hand, and after a time his Honor got him to say:

"I could try the case on the evidence alone, fairly."

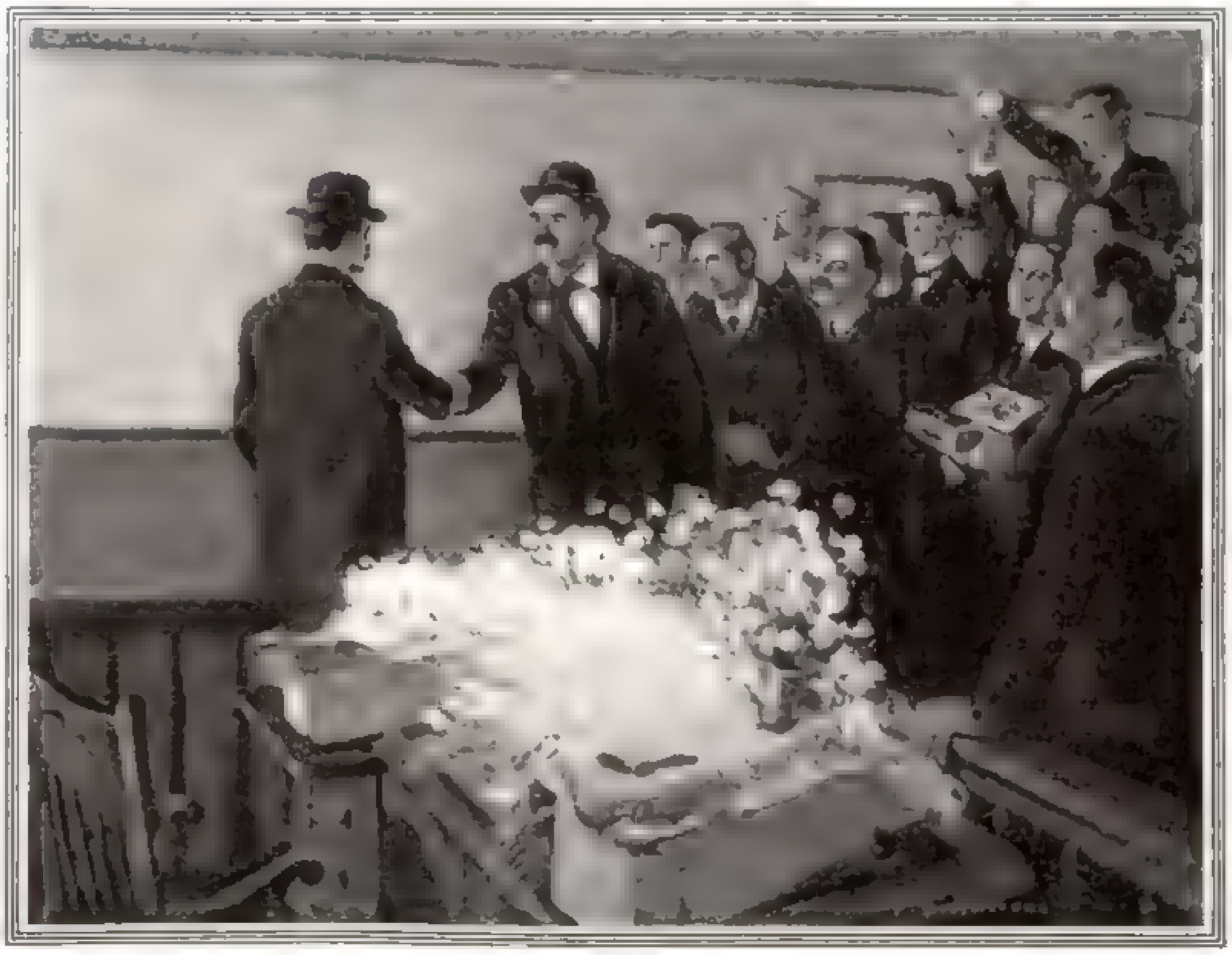
And so they took him, and they took me, in the same way when it came my turn.

This is scarcely the place to tell the story of that famous trial. It has kept me too long as it is. The trial of the anarchists was an odd accident in my life, however, which coming as it did, when I had my foot placed on the ladder of fortune, had something to do with making me what I am to-day. Up to this time I had never reflected much upon the deeper things of life. The world seemed good to me—a stout, hearty place to fight in. I had made money in the scheme of things as they are, and I found it good. I wanted to make more money, and I had little patience with the kickers who tried to upset the machine. But I had not reasoned it out. There in the courtroom, and shut up in the jury quarters, cut off from my usual habits, I thought over some of the real questions of our life, and made for myself a kind of philosophy of it all.

To-day, after the lapse of eighteen years, I can see it all as I saw it then: the small, dirty courtroom; the cold, precise face of the judge; the faces of the eight men whom the police had ferreted out of their holes for us to try. There wasn't much dignity in the performance: some pretty, fashionably dressed girls sat up behind the judge, almost touching elbows with his Honor. They came there as to the play, whispering and eating candy. There was the wrangling among the lawyers, snarling back and forth to show their earnestness. But my eyes came back oftenest to the faces of those eight men, for whose lives the game was being played. Two were stupid, three were shifty, but the other three had an honest glow, a kind of wild enthusiasm, that came with their foreign blood, maybe. They were dreamers of wild thoughts, but no thugs!

From the start it seemed plain that the State could not show who threw that fatal bomb, nor who made it, nor anything about it: the best the State could do would be to prove conspiracy. The only connection they could establish between those eight men and the mischief of that night was a lot of loose talk. His Honor made the law—afterward he boasted of it—as he went along. He showed us what sedition was, and that was all we needed to know. Then we could administer the lesson. Now that eighteen years have passed, that looks to me like mighty dangerous law. Then I was quick enough to accept it.

When we filed into the courtroom the last morning to listen to the judge's charge, the first face I saw was that of Hillary Cox. A big, red scar, branching like a spider's web, disfigured her right cheek. It drew my eyes right to her at once. All her color and the plump, pretty look of youth had gone for good. She looked old and sour and excited. And I wished she hadn't come there: it seemed as though she was waiting for her revenge for the loss of her youth and good looks. She was counting on me to give it to her! Ed sat beside her, holding her hand in a protecting way. He was an honest, right-feeling sort of fellow, and her loss of good looks would make no difference in his marrying her.


BIG JOHN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO WELCOME ME BACK

Near the district attorney sat Mr. Dround. He listened to the judge's charge very closely, nodding his head as his Honor made his points and rammed conviction into us.

"In behalf of society"—Mr. Dround's phrase ran in my head all through the trial. That was the point of it all—a struggle between sensible folks who went about their business and tried to get all there was in it—like myself—and some scum from Europe, who didn't like the way things are handed out in this world. We must hang these rebels for an example to all men. To be sure, the police had killed a score or two of their kind—"rioters," they were called: now we would hang these eight in a proper, legal, and ordinary way. And then back to business! I suppose that the world seemed to me so good a place to hustle in that I couldn't rightly appreciate the complaint of these rebels against society. At least we sensible folks who had the upper hand could not tolerate any bomb foolishness. "In behalf of society"—yes, before we had left our seats in the courtroom my mind was made up: guilty or not, these men must suffer for their foolish opinions, which were dead against the majority.

Thus I performed my duty to society.

When our verdict was ready, and we came in to be discharged, I saw Hillary Cox again. As the foreman rose to give our verdict, her scarred face flushed with excitement and an ugly scowl crept over her brow. I turned away. Queer thoughts came into my mind—for the bad air and the weeks of close confinement had made me nervous, I suppose. The judge was making his little speech about the protection of society. Society! I seemed to see old Strauss with his puffy, ashen face, and his broad hands that hooked in the dollars, dirty or clean, and Vitzer, who kept our honorable counsel on his pay-roll for convenience, and the man who had been with Lou Pierson that night, and many others. Were they better men before the eye of God than these eight misguided fools whom we were about to punish? Who did the most harm to society, they or that pale-faced Fielden, who might have been a saint instead of an anarchist?

The judge was still making remarks; the jury were listening restlessly; the prisoners at the bar seemed little interested in the occasion. I kept saying to myself: "Society! In behalf of society! I have done my duty in behalf of society." But what is this almighty society, anyhow, except a lot of fools and scamps with a sprinkling of strong souls, who are fighting for life—all of them fighting for what only a few can get? My eyes rested on Hostetter's face in the crowd. His jaw was hanging open, and he was staring at the judge, trying to understand it all. Poor Ed! He wouldn't have much show in the general scramble if society didn't protect him. Suddenly a meaning to it all came to me like a great light. The strong must rule: the world is for the strong. It was the act of an idiot to block the way. Yes, life is for the strong, all there is in it! I saw it so then, and I have lived it so all my life.

The man from Steele's nudged my elbow.

"My! I tell you I'll be glad to get home. Won't the old woman's food taste slick to-night? You bet!"

"The jury is discharged."

The play was over! At the door my friends were waiting for me. Hillary Cox stretched up a thin hand. The spectators were moving from the crowded room.

"Thank you, Van!" said Hillary.

"You fellows did just right," Hostetter added.

Slocum said nothing, but there was an ironical smile on his lips.

"We're going to blow you off for a dinner at the Palmer House, the best you ever eat," Dick Pierson called out loudly. Then he added for the benefit of the onlookers: "To h—l with the anarchists!"

"Quit that!" I said sharply, some of those queer doubts about the justice of the act I had been concerned in coming over me afresh. "It's over now, and let's drop it."

It was good to be out on the streets once more, knocking elbows with folks, and my heart began to feel right. In the lobby of the hotel men I didn't know, who recognized me as one of the famous jury, came up to me and shook hands and said pleasant things. Before the dinner was far along I was quite myself again, and when Slocum set up the champagne I had got to feel rather proud of the part I had taken in public affairs. After all, it was a fine thing to live and hustle with your neighbors for the dollars. I had done my duty to have the game go on. At the Yards, the next morning, it was the same thing: my desk was covered with flowers, and the boys kept me busy shaking hands and taking in the cigars until I thought I was at a church presentation party. Big John was one of the first to welcome me back.

"Say!" he exclaimed, shaking my hand, "do you want a vacation? The old man thinks a month or two would be the right thing. Enjoy yourself, my boy, after your arduous duty!"

"Shoo!" I said. "What would I do with a month's vacation, John? I've just pined to be back here at work. What do I want to light out for now?"

"Supposing some of 'em should try to fix you?" he grinned.

"I guess we've fixed *them* for good and all!"

"Well, your nerve is all right."

So I sat down to my desk, quite the cock of the walk, and felt so pleased with myself that you would think I had saved the whole town from being blown up. I was for society as it is, first, last, and all the time, and I felt good to be in it.

Once, some months later, I saw those eight men again, when they were brought into court to be sentenced. They were all speechifying—and I listened to their talk for a time. I didn't take much stock in Spies and Parsons—long-winded, gassy fellows. But the others, who weren't as

(*Continued on Page 38*)

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When Courtesy Pays

THE thing which Americans are most backward in learning about courtesy is the one which, if they deserve their reputation, they should be first to appreciate, namely, that it pays.

In one of our big cities a crowded car was lately blocked by a truck from which the driver was unloading a load of empty boxes. The motorman set his brakes, jumped from the platform and rushed up to the truck, followed by the conductor. The passengers smiled in the expectation of a flow of language which would make a Billingsgate fishwife seem like a nursery governess. But the motorman and conductor turned to and helped unload the truck. In a jiffy the way was clear, and the carful of passengers bowled on, amazed but rejoicing.

The newspapers got hold of the incident and related it as a joke But like most good jokes, it has an excellent moral. This is a world of give and take, and those who give most take most. Those who consider the courtesy due to their fellow-passengers generally avoid even the conductor's irritating "Step lively."

What Mrs. Chadwick Did

CASSIE L. CHADWICK deserves commemoration — in addition to the ten-year sentence that the court gave her the other day. She demonstrated a theory which may soon prove of the highest sociological benefit.

It has long been known that the one infallible way of getting other people's money is to start a get-rich-quick scheme. There is not a case on record of the failure of such a scheme to accomplish its purpose, no matter how transparent its pretenses, how badly the fraud sticks out all over it, how many thousands of times similar concerns have been exposed, or how often people are warned that any enterprise that promises to pay a hundred per cent. interest must be a swindle. The latest get-rich-quick venture, like the first, repeats its magic formula: "Give us a dollar to-day and we'll give you two to-morrow" — and the money rolls in. Stone walls and iron bars could not keep out the dupes. There seems to be something hypnotic and irresistible about that formula of two dollars for one. Until very recently, however, get-rich-quick concerns have confined their operations to the masses.

Now that the testimony is in, we see that Mrs. Chadwick simply lifted the get rich-quick principle to a higher plane of finance. That silly hocus-pocus about the sealed package of securities and the Carnegie notes had no more to do with the success of her plans than the flimsy fairy tales about operations in cotton and wheat have to do with the success of the vulgar concerns. What counted was her promise to pay a hundred per cent. interest. It was merely the magic get-rich quick formula in larger terms. The man of millions was as helpless before it as the janitor and scrub-woman are before the twenty per cent a month on their eighteen dollars that the vulgar operator offers.

After a man becomes really very rich his case seems hopeless. He can't get rid of his money. Mr. Carnegie gave away libraries day and night for three years, but his three hundred million dollar Steel bonds were drawing interest, and to-day he is as pathetically wealthy as ever. For the mere hoi-polloi millionaire there is always the cheering prospect that Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Gates or somebody in that class will take away his money. This is happening constantly. But there is nobody able to perform this helpful office for Mr. Rockefeller. He must stay rich. Many people, especially at election time, point to this fact with a horrid apprehension, and declare that some way to remedy it must be found

Mrs. Chadwick shows the way. The get rich-quick principle will do it. Let us construct a gold brick the size of Pike's Peak and Mr. Rockefeller will mortgage the Tarrytown farm. Offer Mr. Carnegie, for his Steel bonds, a mortgage on the Northwest Passage with a hundred per cent. interest and he will never again have to bother about giving away libraries. The formula is irresistible. If universally applied it will bring about an equal distribution of wealth — every man swindling every other out of what he has.

Shakespearean Sideshows

TO THE native Briton, the traveling American is a worm, but the latest manifestation of insular arrogance is calculated to make the worm turn a handspring. The "American" window in the church in which Shakespeare lies buried in Stratford has not yet been paid for, and the authorities there have roundly summoned us to make up the deficiency. On inquiry, it has been found that no American or Americans ever ordered or undertook to pay for that window; and if any one ever expressed a preference for it the fact is not on record. It was dubbed the "American" window in the hope that, inspired by our national vanity and our national love of Shakespeare, we would pay the expense. The degree of Americanism in the project may be gauged by the fact that, according to a legend in the glass, the window is to commemorate "Charles the Martyr." What next? Perhaps a stained glass "American" tribute to his Gracious Majesty, George III! It cannot be too generally made known that for decades the town in which Shakespeare was born and died has been run by its thrifty inhabitants as a sideshow to catch the sixpences of pious but unwary travelers — a vast majority of whom are from across the Atlantic. All sorts of fake relics are exhibited for gain, from "Shakespeare's ring" to the lignum-vitæ balls with which he played skittles. In the so-called birthplace there is, if it has not lately been removed, a portrait of the poet — the "Stratford" portrait — which the authorities know to be a fabrication, but which is inclosed in the mummery of a fireproof frame as if it were the one priceless relic in the town. The chairman of the board of trustees explained its presence on the ground that the shopkeepers thought it an effective exhibit. Meantime, a portrait which bears the strongest possible evidence of being from life, the Ely Palace portrait, was, until lately, skied in the dingy peak of a wooden gable, the certain prey to any chance conflagration.

Now is the time when Americans who "long to go on pilgrimages" are planning their travels. Thousands will honor themselves and their country by paying homage to the chief glory of their race. They will see the house in which — perhaps — Shakespeare was born, the town in which he lived, the fields across which he wandered as a youthful lover, the cellar hole of the house in which he died, and the grave in which he lies buried, with the portrait monument erected to his memory. It is an experience to be sought, and never to be forgotten. But the traveler will do himself and the poet great injustice if he does not add his voice to the protest against those who have desecrated Stratford by turning it into a dime museum of freak exhibits.

Medical Half-Education

THE so-called medical press exists for the doctors, and that is why it affords such admirable reading, at times, for the rest of us. In extolling the advantage of hospital practice for the newly graduated M. D., The Medical News lately told a few plain truths about the worthlessness of the best theoretical instruction: "This instruction is not a completed edifice; it is a mere assemblage of building material — valuable if ultimately cemented together by clinical experience, but little more than useless rubbish if not supplemented by the binding-power of knowledge gained at the bedside "

The examinations for hospital positions are, of necessity, competitive, and more than half of each year's graduates begin a general practice with little or nothing more than theoretical knowledge to work with: "Some will ruthlessly trample over the bodies of poor and helpless victims, and thus at last will escape from the mazes of their enlightened ignorance and attain real proficiency Others, beginning with deeply-rooted misconceptions, are doomed to perpetual blunders which will cost the public dear." The worst of it all is that the old doctors also are likely to err through ignorance of recent advances in a profession that is rapidly developing new fields

There are times, of course, when the worst physician is better than none at all. But it may fairly be said that more people die from too much treatment than from too little. In most cases regular habits, time and the body's own recuperative strength are the best of physicians. The wisest doctors, when they talk in confidence with one another, are frankest in owning to the difficulties of their art and the futility of much of what passes for treatment

An Elusive Evil

DAILY and hourly we are warned against gambling What is gambling? or, rather, what is not gambling? You think you know; but you don't. The Chicago Board of Trade, which is rather vitally interested in the question, has been trying to find out for some years, with such incomplete success that it is even now besieging the Illinois legislature for help.

There is an institution called a bucket-shop in which people make bets on the prices of grain and stocks. This institution flourishes to the injury of public morals also to the detriment of the commissions of members of the Board So some time ago the Board put on a black coat and white tie, went to Springfield and got the legislature to pass a law for the extinguishment of bucket-shops. This law prohibited the keeping of an office in which commodities were bought or sold on margin without any intention on the part of the buyer or seller to receive or deliver the commodity named Pretty soon the Supreme Court of the State, after thoughtfully considering the evidence, decided that the Board of Trade itself was the kind of institution which its own law prohibited. The court's idea was that, as the great majority of transactions on the Board are, in fact, closed without any delivery of the commodity, the whole business is tainted with gambling. The question has been presented to two branches of the circuit court of the United States. One branch held with the State court that in its general character the business was illegitimate. The other branch held the opposite.

The law draws the line between the legitimate and the gambling transaction according to the presumption as to the intention of the parties to deliver and to receive the actual commodity involved. When Mr. Joseph Leiter was running that wheat deal whereby he gained renown and lost his money, he took in and paid for millions upon millions of bushels of actual wheat. So that was legitimate; although it was the greatest gamble in a foodstuff on record.

The desire to get something without working for it or giving a return persists cheerfully in the human breast and displays itself in various ways, among which the law may solemnly determine what are legitimate and what are not

The South's Exposed Prosperity

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S latest visit to the South directs attention to the very remarkable gains the Southern States have made in the substantial things of modern progress. The South has been unfortunate in more ways than one. The war long ago passed; the land boom afflictions came like the mumps and subsided, the one-crop planters have learned wisdom in the school of bitter experience; but there have remained numerous statisticians who have never tired of producing amazing figures which caused more weariness than conviction. Their intentions may have been good, but their zeal o'erleapt itself and fell in a heap on the other side.

It isn't really necessary to lie about the South, even in statistics, for the story of its recent uplift can be found in the increase in the tax basis. States do not increase their tax bases to fool strangers, for Americans fight taxes as though all of them were forever thinking of the tea thrown overboard in Boston harbor. Since the last census was taken, the taxed property of the Southern States has increased over a half billion dollars — the increase has averaged over a hundred million dollars a year. So President Roosevelt can grasp what has happened down South since he has been in the White House, and his fellow-citizens can share his pride in the showing. It seems incredible — but the figures are facts and not mere statistics.

Only a decade ago a large section of the South was asleep — its fences falling, the shingles looking uncertain and discouraged, and the people as run-down as the houses. This spring it is hard to believe the testimony of the eyes. There is newness all around: a succession of good crops paid for it. "You even have exposed plumbing!" was recently remarked to the judge of a Southern court. "Of course," he replied with a touch of dignity. "We have exposed plumbing, exposed windmills, exposed porcelain lined bathtubs, exposed telephones, exposed typewriters, and in fact, sah, we have all the concomitants and appurtenances of exposed prosperity."

"Unfair Railroad Regulation"

The Case for the Companies

BY WALKER D. HINES

Lately First Vice-President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad

GOVERNOR Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, has contributed to recent numbers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some articles entitled Fair Railroad Regulation. Governor La Follette is one of the ablest and most prominent, and presumably one of the best-informed, leaders in the present agitation which seeks the rate-making power for the Interstate Commerce Commission. His articles on the subject, therefore, possess unusual interest, because they may properly be regarded as fairly typical of the methods and attitude of those persons who are most potent in developing and sustaining this agitation.

Although Governor La Follette has undoubtedly given this subject much more attention than has been given it by most of those who are in sympathy with his views, I find that his assertions regarding it are characterized by numerous striking errors.

He declares that when the Interstate Commerce Act was passed, that law was believed in Congress and throughout the country to empower the Commission to declare what rates should be. The fact is, the Congressional debates preceding the enactment of the law demonstrate that it was perfectly well understood in Congress, and repeatedly avowed by the champions of the legislation, that the proposed Commission had no rate-making power. The same thing was clearly shown by the printed report of the Senate Select Committee in 1886, which substantially drafted the Interstate Commerce Act, and the same thing is convincingly proved by a simple reading of the Interstate Commerce Act itself.

Again, the Governor says that the authority of the Commission has been narrowed by the courts, and that in 1897 the Supreme Court decided the law was not at all what Congress had declared it to be. On the contrary, the courts have upheld every power given the Commission by the Interstate Commerce Act, and the Supreme Court simply gave the language of the Act its fair and natural meaning, which was in strictest accord with the intention of Congress as disclosed by the Senate Committee and the Congressional debates.

Mr. La Follette announces that no power is left in the law to protect interstate commerce. This is undoubtedly the opinion held by many people, but it is palpably erroneous. For the protection of interstate commerce from the secret discriminations—which have caused many times more complaint and which are many times more injurious than all other existing railroad evils put together—the law provides the fullest possible protection. It explicitly declares every such secret discrimination to be unlawful; it provides the fullest means of ascertaining the existence of such discriminations, which means have been emphatically upheld in their widest extent by the Supreme Court; and it provides every possible method of enforcement, both by criminal prosecution and by injunction in suits in equity. All that is needed to correct the secret discriminations is the persistent enforcement of the present law by the Commission and the Department of Justice. The Commission itself concedes the sufficiency of this part of the law, merely suggesting changes in minor respects—to which changes no railroads have offered the slightest objection. It is therefore somewhat startling to read Mr. La Follette's announcement that no power is left in the law to protect interstate commerce.

How the Railroads are Held Accountable

ASIDE from the prevention of secret discriminations, another branch of rate regulation, and an entirely distinct branch, is the prevention of tariff rates which unjustly discriminate or which are unreasonably high. As to this branch of regulation also, the statement that there is no power left in the law to protect interstate commerce is erroneous. The Commission has the express power, under the law, to condemn and order the discontinuance of any unjust discrimination in tariff rates, or any rates which are unreasonably high, and it is made the duty of the courts to enforce such orders of the Commission, unless those orders themselves are unreasonable. When a circuit court decrees the enforcement of such an order of the Commission, the carrier must forthwith comply with the circuit court's decree. No appeal by the carrier can suspend or postpone the decree's taking effect, unless the circuit court itself believes that the ends of justice will be promoted by suspending its decree pending an appeal, and so orders. Ample provision is made, upon the application of the Attorney-General of the United States, for the earliest possible decision by the circuit court of any such case, which the law provides shall, upon such application, be given precedence over all other cases, and in every way expedited and assigned for hearing at the earliest practicable date before not less than three circuit judges of the circuit.

Such enforcement by the circuit court of an order to discontinue a rate adjustment which is unjustly discriminatory, or a rate which is unreasonably high, is a substantial and effective remedy, and no case can be cited where the railroads have failed to comply with such an order in a substantial way as directed by the court's decree. Indeed, in a great many instances the carriers comply in a substantial way with the orders of the Commission requiring the discontinuance of rates which are unjustly discriminatory or unreasonably high, without any necessity on the part of the Commission for going into court to secure enforcement of its orders. The statement, therefore, that railroads can not only maintain their present rates but can at pleasure continue to advance them, without any power in the law to protect against such course, is radically erroneous. On the contrary, the enforcement of the present law through the machinery now provided is all that is needed to prevent any railroad company from unreasonably advancing its rates, or from continuing to maintain unreasonably high rates, or rates that are unjustly discriminatory.

Governor La Follette also dwells at great length upon the alleged general advance in rates between 1899 and 1903. He bases this part of his argument principally upon a report made to the Senate by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which sought to show that the gross freight earnings for the year ending June 30, 1903, were $155,000,000 greater than they would have been if the same traffic had been carried at the rates in effect in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899. The unfair and misleading character of this report has been repeatedly demonstrated, and numerous serious errors in it have been pointed out from time to time. The Commission itself realized the untrustworthy character of its computations, as is shown by its statement in the report: "From what has been stated it must appear that no accurate or even approximate estimate of the actual effect of specific changes in rates upon the revenues of the carriers can be made."

The basis used by the Commission in arriving at its estimate of $155,000,000 is clearly defective, but, even accepting that basis as a proper one and correcting the figures of the Commission's calculation so as to correspond with the figures shown by it in its complete statistical report for 1903, it is found that the increase in the average rate per ton from 1899 to 1903 was only seven and one-half cents, instead of twelve and three-quarters, or an increase of only seven per cent., instead of an increase of thirteen per cent., as stated in the report and by Governor La Follette, and that the increase in revenue due to this source was only $96,000,000, instead of $155,000,000 as stated by the Governor. But if we take the figures which the Commission itself gives in its statistical reports and declares to be the most trustworthy figures as to the total freight tonnage, and divide such total freight tonnage into the total freight revenue for the corresponding year, we find that the increase in the average rate per ton from 1899 to 1903 was an increase of only one and three-tenths per cent., and that, if the traffic of 1903 had been carried at the rates of 1899, the total freight revenue would have been only about $17,000,000 less than it actually was, instead of $155,000,000 less, as stated by the Commission and repeated by the Governor.

Governor La Follette also refers to the "careful investigation" of the Industrial Commission, and then quotes that Commission's statement: "Summarized, we conclude that the advance in the published freight rates upon all the roads of the country is probably not less than twenty-five per cent." This ridiculous blunder of the Industrial Commission has been repeatedly exposed. It has been shown that the Commission had before it certain data tending to show, according to one basis of calculation, that various changes in classification had brought about an advance of twenty-five per cent. in the tariff rates upon the particular articles whose classification was changed, and the Industrial Commission jumped at the remarkable conclusion that there had been a corresponding advance on all the great bulk of the traffic in the country where there had been no change in classification at all.

Mr. La Follette, moreover, announces that all the elements of cost in transporting freight have been greatly reduced, and his reasoning is not only that there should be no advances in freight rates, but that existing rates should likewise be greatly reduced. Although it may be easy to arrive theoretically at the conclusion that the cost of transporting freight decreases as the volume of traffic increases, it is impossible to make that conclusion harmonize with the facts. We find that the increase in operating expenses not only keeps up with the increase in gross earnings, but grows at relatively a greater rate, and that the percentage of operating expenses to gross earnings for the year ending June 30, 1904, was greater than it has been for any year since 1894, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the volume of traffic and consequent large increase of gross earnings. Not only is Governor La Follette wrong in his conclusion that the operating cost of railroad transportation has been greatly reduced, but he seems to ignore entirely the fact that enormous additions have been necessarily made to railroad capital so as to make the improvements and betterments of roadbed, track and terminal facilities, and so as to furnish the larger, heavier and more costly equipment rendered absolutely necessary by the increasing demands of commerce. Is not this new capital put into the railroads entitled to a return as well as the capital originally invested in them?

To put in concrete form some of Governor La Follette's ideas, let us avail ourselves of his premises. His contention is that the alleged advance in rates between 1899 and 1903, amounting to $155,000,000, was unreasonable and should have been prevented. Let us assume, therefore, that the gross earnings of the railroads in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1903, had been reduced, as Governor La Follette clearly thinks they ought to have been, by the sum of $155,000,000. Obviously, the net earnings of the railroads would have been reduced by the same amount. This would have reduced the net earnings per mile in 1903 to $2377. Deduct from this the taxes per mile, of $290, and we would have left $2087 per mile with which to pay interest on bonded debt and dividends to stockholders, and to provide a surplus to aid in carrying the properties through the years of depression that may come at any time; and on investigation we find that this is less per mile than was realized in 1890, 1892 and 1893, and only thirty-one dollars more per mile than in 1891.

Concerning Secret Rebates

GOVERNOR La Follette's contention, after thorough investigation, is therefore that the railroads of this country to-day should have no more per mile as compensation for the capital now invested in them than was realized in 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, although those returns were far from excessive on the actual capital then invested in railroads, and although enormous additional capital has since been put into the railroads for their improvement and enlargement, for additional tracks, reduction of grades and curves, improvement and extension of terminal facilities, increased and heavier and better rolling stock—all of which additional capital would seem to be left without any return whatever if the methods of "fair" railroad regulation now under consideration were adopted. If we take the $155,000,000 from the gross earnings for 1903, we find that operating expenses are more than seventy-two per cent. of the remaining gross earnings, whereas the very greatest percentage of operating expenses to gross earnings since the Interstate Commerce Commission began to publish statistics in 1888 was 68.14 per cent., in 1894. This is strangely at variance with Governor La Follette's declaration that the cost of transportation must necessarily fall as the volume of traffic increases.

One of the most serious and influential fallacies in connection with this subject is Governor La Follette's idea that secret rebates are due to the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no power to make rates. Undoubtedly the giving of secret rebates has created far more discontent and far more public injury than all other actual or imagined railroad evils combined. The demand for the rate-making power for the Interstate Commerce Commission has received more impetus, and now secures more support, from the discontent and the sense of injury growing out of secret rebates than from all other sources put together. Yet the subjects have absolutely no connection. Secret rebates are in no sense due to the fact that the Commission has no rate-making power, and could in no way be abated or corrected by the exercise of that power. The Commission itself—at least in more recent

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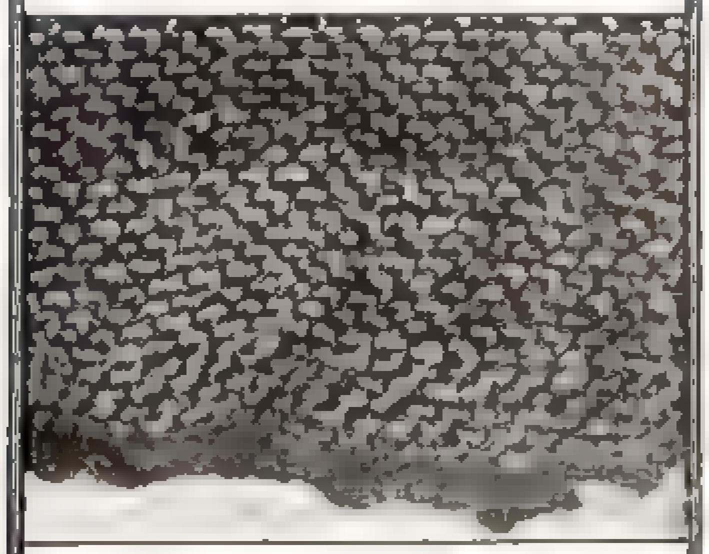

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years — has made this reasonably plain; and yet the same fallacy continues to exert its widespread influence and continues to be the principal force behind the present movement.

Turning to another phase of the matter, Governor La Follette evinces a very peculiar theory of the attitude of railroads toward commercial and industrial prosperity. He announces:

> It is of the highest importance for the State that there should be many thrifty towns and cities of moderate size well distributed over it. It best serves the interests of the railway company that the products of the State should be carried by the long haul to remote markets.

Now, the fact is that to-day every railroad company, through all the representatives of its traffic department, from its traffic managers to its traveling freight-agents, is striving to build up industries at local points and to develop the local or short-haul traffic. It is inconceivable that any State or any statesman can have a more direct and immediate interest in the upbuilding of every part of the country and in the widest possible dissemination of commerce, industry and prosperity than has the railroad, which is irrevocably located in that country, which is bound to run whether traffic is great or small, and which can only expect increasing prosperity by steadily developing all the traffic that is susceptible of development at any and all points on its line. Any legislation which proceeds on the idea that local points can be more rapidly built up and developed by the reversal or the abandonment of present rate adjustments will end in disappointment to the local points and in serious injury to the commerce of the country and to its railroads.

What the Agitators Want

In brief, Governor La Follette's arguments show that the real purpose of those responsible for the present agitation of this question is not, as is so frequently avowed by some of them, to provide simply a method of correcting specific instances of injustice by the railroads while leaving to the railroads full initiative to originate and carry out those policies best calculated to develop the traffic of the country, but that, on the contrary, the purpose is to get and use a power which will enable some Government tribunal to assume the affirmative direction and rearrangement of the railroad policies of the country, to make radical changes in the systems of railroad rates, to attempt to "build up local points," and to try to rearrange the present relative importance of the ports and the commercial and industrial centres of the country. The Governor does not think merely that there are specific and occasional errors to be corrected; he seems to think the whole system is radically wrong, and that the policies of the railroads must be revised and re-made along entirely new lines by a governmental bureau.

Nor does Governor La Follette think this new and affirmative governmental dispensation of commerce and prosperity should be restricted merely to the matter of rates and the strictly traffic side of railroad operations. He thinks railroad commissions should also have the power to prescribe proper station accommodations, adequate train service and reasonable connections with other lines, and, in all important matters, the power to prescribe adequate and efficient service and facilities — "always taking into consideration the circumstances and conditions with respect to the towns, cities and sections of the State concerned." Thus, he thinks, the physical as well as the traffic side of railroad operations must be put in charge of a Government bureau. In other words, he frankly goes the whole length, and the logical effect of his position is that Government initiative must be substituted for private initiative in all matters pertaining to railroads just so far as this Government bureau may choose to take such power of initiative away from the railroads.

Nor must the interests of the investors in railroad securities be overlooked. Governor La Follette's articles show convincingly a purpose to work a radical reduction in railroad income, which must largely reduce the returns now received by the holders of railroad stocks and bonds. No other meaning and effect can be attached to his confident assertion that rates must be greatly reduced because railroad costs of operation have been greatly reduced, and to his vigorous denunciation of the existing standard of railroad rates. He declares that it is the duty of railroad commissions to "reduce the rate as much as possible," and still leave it high enough to stand the test of judicial review. It is well known that rates fixed by a railroad commission will stand the test of judicial

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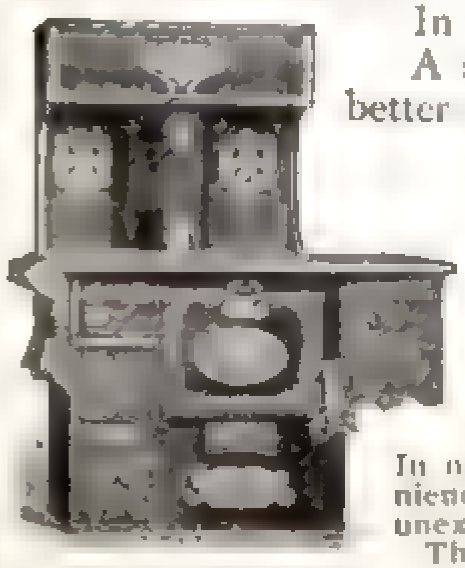

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review unless they are actually confiscatory in character or constitute a palpably unreasonable abuse of the Commission's discretion. Therefore, any railroad commission has a wide margin of discretion within which it can safely reduce rates without fear of judicial interference, and Governor La Follette in effect, exhorts all railroad commissions to reduce rates just as far as they can, within this margin of discretion. It must always be remembered that, although corporations may hold the legal title to railroads, yet, in the last analysis it is individuals who own railroad securities and who have furnished the capital with which railroads have been built and improved. Many such individuals are very wealthy, but greatly larger numbers are in only moderate circumstances, and the vast body of frugal people who have invested their surplus earnings in insurance or savings banks must rely for the security of their investments, to a very large extent, upon the stability of railroad securities owned by the institutions to which they have confided their savings. An attack, therefore, upon railroad securities is an attack not merely upon corporations, but ultimately upon the great number of citizens whose savings are directly or indirectly invested in railroad securities. If Governor La Follette's attitude is fairly typical in this movement, no one can doubt that the movement is, in fact, a direct attack upon the value of railroad securities.

Who Will Make Good the Losses?

Governor La Follette's plan practically has all the features of Government ownership except Government responsibility for the capital invested in the railroads. If, through the enterprise of railroad managers, profits are increased by the increase of traffic or the reduction of costs, rates must be correspondingly reduced; but there is no suggestion of any Government guaranty for losses due either directly or indirectly to mistakes of the Government bureau which is to control railroad affairs, or indemnity to the holders of railroad securities against the losses which they are bound to sustain in years of depression. They must enjoy only minimum profits in years of prosperity, and derive such comfort as they can from knowing that there is no provision against their suffering the maximum of losses in years of adversity.

As stated previously, Governor La Follette's articles are of great significance. They show that the real purpose behind this movement is to create the completest bureaucratic control of every element of railroad management, with a view to a thoroughgoing attack not merely on incidental evils in the present system of railroad rates and policies, but on the system itself, and a progressive and far-reaching reduction of rates. They show further, that the campaign for such bureaucratic control is based throughout upon a most remarkable series of misconceptions as to the history and effect of present national regulation and as to existing railroad conditions. And finally, they show the futility of trusting that the enormous power sought to be conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission will not be exercised or will be but sparingly exercised. If the movement succeeds it will be carried into execution by its friends, and Governor La Follette clearly shows the spirit of its effective supporters. His attitude is not that of an irresponsible and thoughtless agitator; he has rested under executive responsibilities as Governor of Wisconsin and in that capacity has given long study to this subject, and he is now under the prospective legislative responsibilities of a member of the United States Senate. Is there any reason to believe that the average member of the Interstate Commerce Commission will be more able or better informed than is Governor La Follette?

Throughout this discussion it must be borne in mind that at the present day railroads as a rule fully concede the right of governmental regulation and the propriety of such regulation to whatever extent is necessary to prevent any existing evils. They merely urge Congress and the public — not only in the interest of the holders of railroad securities, but, as they believe, in the public interest — not to create a vastly larger power than is necessary to deal with present and prospective conditions; not to give to a commission all the power that Congress has, if a less power would be an adequate remedy. They are firmly convinced that a commission will undoubtedly exercise all the power that is given, and in many instances will make mistakes, irreparable for all time or for a very long time, which will be seriously detrimental to the public as well as to those interested in railroad securities.

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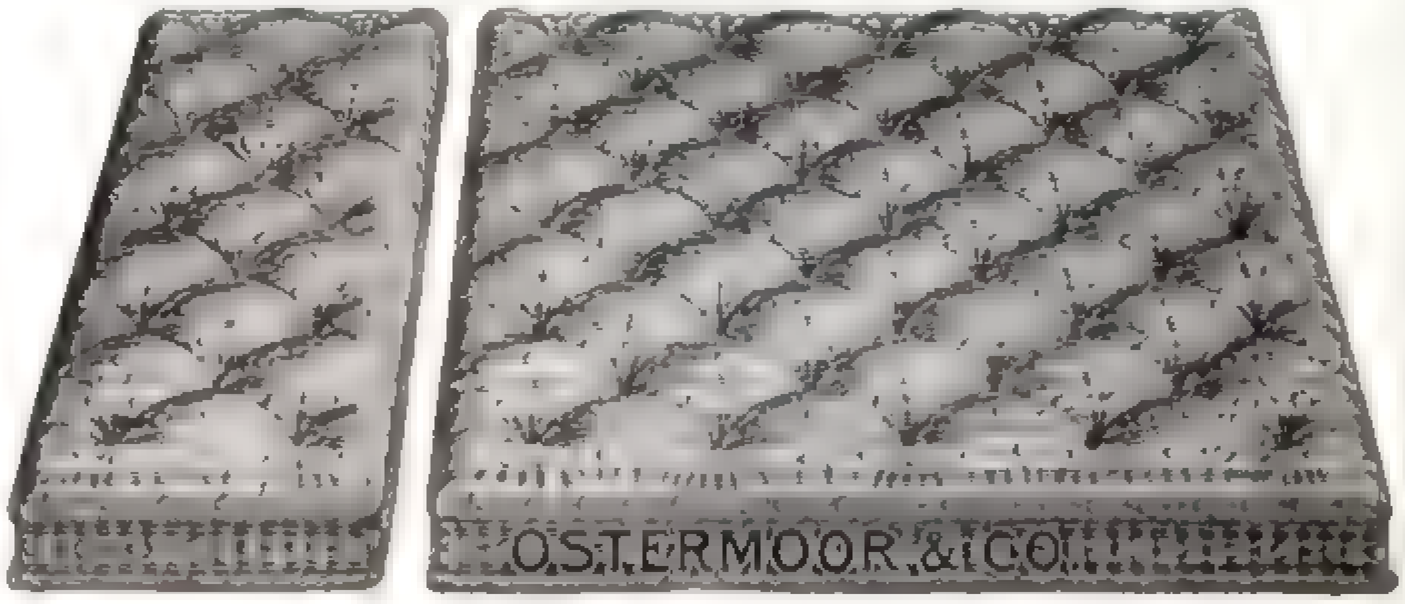
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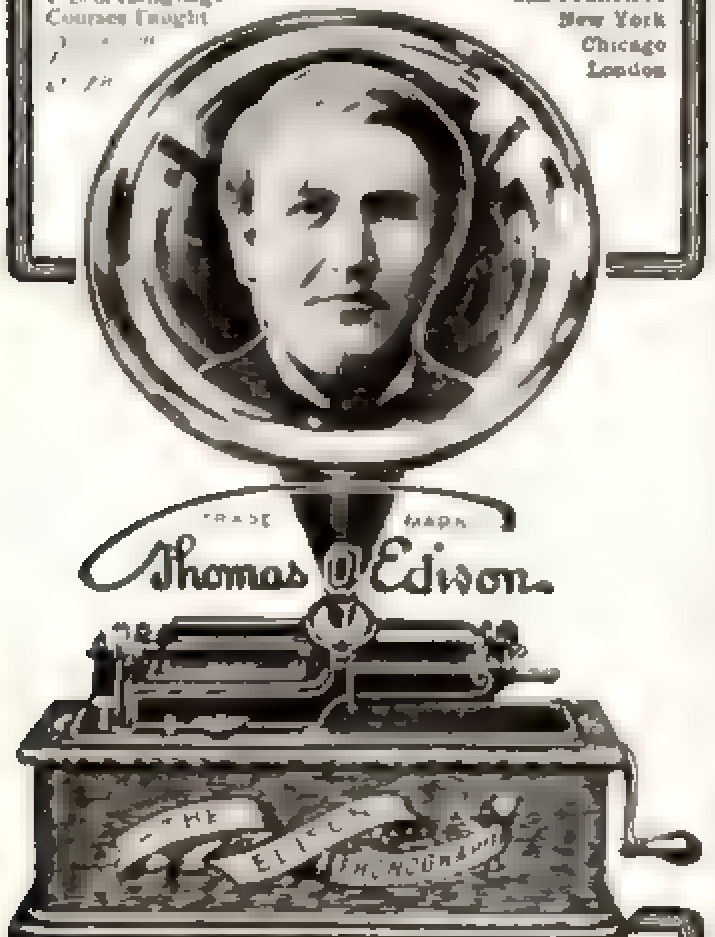

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[illegible] Al Fresco, *Herbert* — Edison Concert Band
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[illegible] Don't You Hear Me Calling [illegible] — Collins & Harlan
[illegible] [illegible] — Bender & Newitt
[illegible] [illegible] — Miss Ada Jones
[illegible] In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree — [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] Birds of a Feather Flock Together — [illegible]
[illegible] Longing For You, Song — Byron G. Harlan
[illegible] [illegible] — Edison Military Band
[illegible] [illegible] — Murray & Roberts
[illegible] [illegible] — Harry [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] Bunker Hill, *Battle Scene* — Harlan & Stanley
[illegible] [illegible] — Edison Male Quartette
[illegible] [illegible] — Sam'l Siegel
[illegible] My Little [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible]
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[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible]
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ROSSINI'S WIFE

By Vance Thompson

LIFE is not quite so simple as it seems. For instance, your wife reminds you that you have a dinner engagement for Wednesday night. You growl a bit and say it is a bore, and ask her where your white ties are, and why they are there, anyhow, and not somewhere else, in fact, you make all the remarks that a self-respecting husband makes under such circumstances, and get into your black clothes Then for half an hour you fume about idly and tease the dog, until your wife comes downstairs, trussed up like a chicken, and says sweetly: "Are you ready, dear?" As you have been waiting only half an hour, you answer in your most genteelly sarcastic manner, "Quite ready, dear," and you take the cloaked and trussed young woman, who doesn't look at all like your every-day wife, and bundle her into the cab.

"Courcelles," you say, and the coachman touches up the brown horse and away you go. The little street lamps glitter to right and left of you. This is the Rue Mozart; then the Rue de la Pompe—haunted with memories of Du Maurier—and the Avenue Henri Martin; here's the Arc de Triomphe, gray against the suave evening sky; it is all very commonplace and familiar. You come to Courcelles; this is the Place Pereire—yonder Sarah Bernhardt lives with her pet lion and her son; the cab whirls round a sharp corner into the Boulevard Berthier and stops in front of an old graystone house. You get out and extract the trussed bundle (which contains your quotidian wife) and lead it to the door. There a white-capped maid takes it away from you. A small, low-browed boy in green and buttons takes your coat and hat You look at yourself in the hall glass, thinking: "Four years ago I was slimmer, but there is a dignity about——"

So you twitch your white tie and settle your coat and enter the drawing room

People say pretty things to you; you grin like a monkey and say pretty things to them, in the far distance you see your wife smiling like an angel—you know she, too, is saying pretty things and you wink at her slyly, as one Roman augur winked at another. Your hostess impresses a woman upon you and you grin this time with the subtle and respectful air of a Cheshire cat and crook your arm and insinuate her graciously to her place at table. You thrust her chair with apparent carelessness, but with deft propriety, just where it should be when she sits down—casually you make a merry remark to show how happy you are; then you sit down by her and say "What charming flowers I think a dinner without flowers is so——"

And she says: "Oh, how true"

This is the regular thing, is it not?

So far our experiences are one; only on this special occasion I was placed quite at one end of the table, between two of the oldest women I have ever met—charming, little, white-haired old women in black silk and lace and diamonds. Next to us was a very stout old lady in lavender silk, and a squat little gentleman, with a huge white mustache, and a tuft of white hair rising nobly from his pink scalp. We talked to each other about this and that and the opera we chattered over again all the flitting gossip of Paris; we ate our soup and crumbled our bread and drank our white wine

"I passed your house the other day," said one of the little old ladies in black

"Indeed," said I

"Yes," she added, "on my way to the Rossini Home."

"And how's poor, dear Louise?" asked the lavender old lady

"Quite well—quite happy!"

"There!" cried the stout gentleman, twirling his mustache, "I was sure of it, dear."

"My husband," the lavender lady replied, "was one of his executors, and really established the Rossini Home"

The little ladies in black said "We knew—of course"

Of course

"Rossini always had his joke," said one old lady in black. "I remember when I went up to his house in Passy—you know I was to sing in Semiramis for the first time and I was very nervous—he came out into the garden in a shocking old coat and glared at me. I said: 'To call you Monsieur would be absurd, and I don't dare to call you Rossini——'

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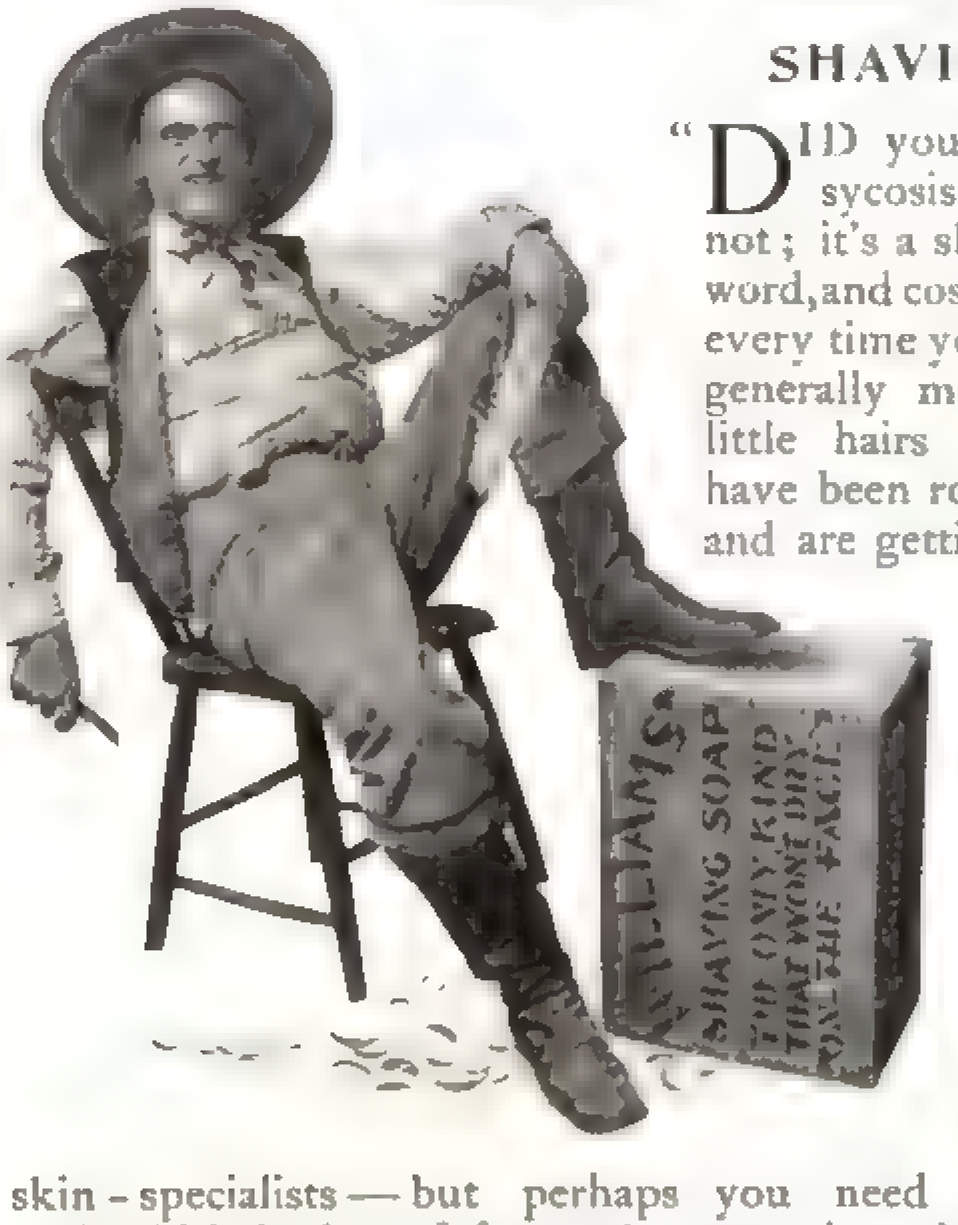
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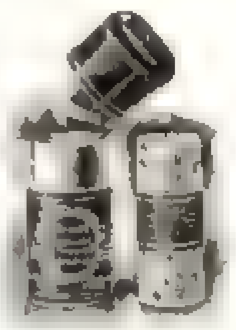

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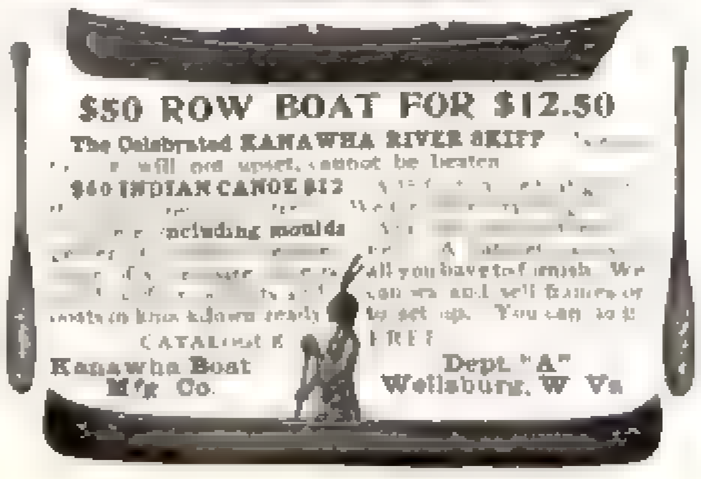

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"'Call me your little rabbit,' said he.'"

When we had laughed, the old gentleman, fondling his mustache, which was first grown in 1850, said: "I'll wager that Madame Rossini wasn't there."

"Oh, she!" cried the little lady in black; the dignified old lady in lavender smiled at her husband.

"Rossini's second wife, you know," said the old gentleman, wagging his fine old head at me, "Olympe Pellisier.

You have seen Horace Vernet's wonderful Judith and Holofernes in the Louvre? She posed for Judith. She was a wonderful girl, rich and of good family — all that — but she was mad on the subject of art.

"Horace Vernet," he went on, "was not a young man in those days. Indeed, he was a timid old man. When he had finished his Judith he was only too glad to get rid of the stormy young society woman who had posed for it. She was of a different mind. She wanted to walk about in the glory of the great painter. Finally, Vernet wrote her a letter forbidding her his studio. A few hours after she got the letter she came and knocked at the door; it was on the sixth floor, by the way. Vernet opened the door.

"'Leave the studio!' he said.

"'I won't!' said the lady.

"'Then I will!' he retorted courageously. He put on his hat and fled downstairs.

"Judith paced the room in anger; suddenly she saw a manikin — one of the life-size figures that hurried artists use. She stripped off her long cloak and fastened it around the manikin, tied her bonnet on the manikin's head, and threw the thing from the window. It fell on the pavement just as Vernet reached the lower floor. He staggered against the door half-fainting; the *concierge* heard him groan: 'Oh, Heavens! What have I done to be loved like this!'"

We laughed — dipping our small spoons into a Roman ice.

"That was before she saw Rossini," said one of the little old ladies in black. "I remember their marriage. It was after the first publication of William Tell. Rossini's father was still alive, and he wanted to go to Italy to see him. The Paris Opera House gave him a salary of $3000 a year, merely that he should not give an opera to any other management. I remember the night I sang in William Tell. The last night before he left, Olympe Pellisier was in a stage box. After the second act some one brought her back and introduced her to Rossini. He came up to me and said: 'Won't you keep that woman away from me? Let me go into your dressing room — anywhere — and turn the key!' Well——"

"It was this way," the old gentleman said, smiling. "Rossini came to Bologna. His old father was very poor. He had been the town trumpeter of Pesaro and was called a 'jolly fellow,' but he was a sad dog. His son didn't like to have him about. So the father was sent back to Pesaro, where he was, in time, to drink himself to death. Rossini took a room on the third floor of an old house. For this he paid sixty cents a week. He had a ragged, dismal servant whom he kept up in the garret. I suppose that cost him something. He was always a miser.

Well, Olympe Pellisier followed him to Bologna. She came with a suite of servants. She took one of the finest palaces in the city. She invited Rossini to dinner. He went there and dined. He went the next day and the next. Then he went to breakfast there. His dismal servant got fat in the kitchen and began to smile. One day Rossini came to me in a downcast mood. He explained that it only cost him sixty cents a day for his own lodging and every week an additional thirty cents for his servant; but said he, 'This won't last.'

"'Why?' said I.

"'As I am an honorable man,' said Rossini, 'I can't allow my servant to take all his meals there—with Mademoiselle Olympe.'

"I thought there was something in that and suggested that he might come to the hotel where I was living — it was not very dear. Poor Rossini shook his head. To him it seemed like giving money away, and he never did that in his lifetime. He went away in his old shabby coat, wagging his dubitative head. Three days later he married Mademoiselle Olympe Pellisier and her dinners and breakfasts and retinue."

"Do you remember when they came back to Paris?" asked one of the little old ladies.

"Do we?" replied the lady in lavender. "We had the fifth floor in the Chaussée D'Antin and the Rossinis had the first. Do you remember, Raoul?" The old violinist smiled and nodded, and told his old wife that he remembered; by this time, I might remark,

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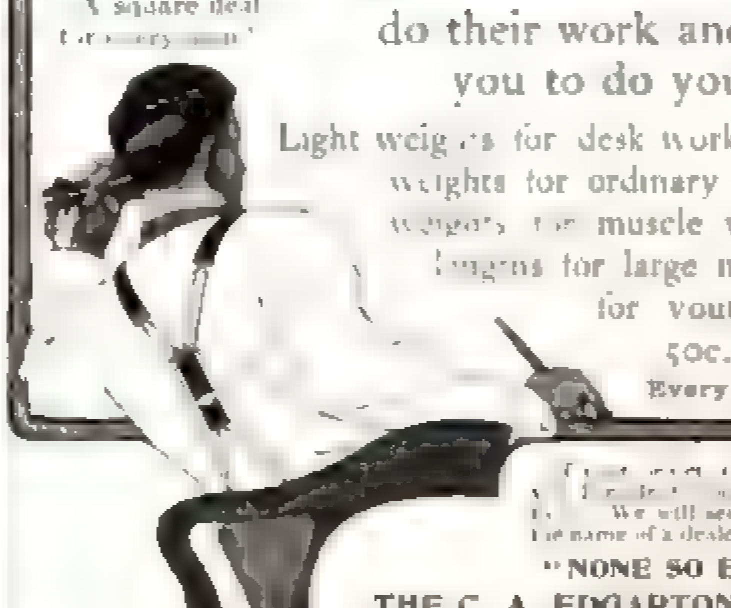

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we were eating *petits fours* and sipping small, sweet glasses of Portugal wine.

"I shall never forget some of those nights," he said. "Our poor, dear, old great man wandered around counting the cost of one of the dinners Madame Rossini was to give."

"And Duprez, of the Conservatoire: did he ever tell you?" the lavender lady began.

"A queer night," said the old gentleman.

(How these good wives do lead up to their husbands' stories!)

"It was this," said the famous old man. "Duprez had asked Rossini to hear his pupils play — a musical evening, you understand — all young folks of genius from the Conservatoire. Rossini, after figuring up the cost of the lamps, consented. Duprez said: 'I'll make up the program — you don't care to see it before the evening?'

'Not I,' said Rossini.

"That evening they came, the lads and lasses of the musical future — with guests there were fifty of them. Duprez gave the program to Rossini; as the old man read it his eyes bulged:

I.	Air from Bianca	*Rossini*
II.	Duo, Othello	*Rossini*
III.	Overture (piano), Barber of Seville	*Rossini*
	Refreshments, Ices and Cakes	
IV.	O Salutario (four voices)	*Rossini*
V.	Air from William Tell	*Rossini*
	Refreshments, Champagne Cups	
VI.	Tantum Ergo (three voices male, piano)	*Rossini*
VII.	Semiramis (end of second act)	*Rossini*
	Supper	

"He was not a bad old fellow, Rossini, after all: he ordered in the refreshments and a good supper from the restaurant over the way — but he never spoke to Duprez again."

"A good man, Rossini," said the lavender wife, pointing the way to what her brave old husband should say next.

"Right," said he; "a miser, if you please, but he saved his millions and left them — so that any old singer, old musician, old composer might find a home against the dark days. Yonder, in the Rossini Home in Auteuil, are eighty good old artists who thank God daily that such a miser was born."

"Do you remember Rossini's will?" asked the lavender wife.

The old gentleman laughed.

"Ah, yes," he said, "it gave me some excited moments. When Rossini died he left his fortune to found the Rossini Home.

"This home was to be for those who had given their lives for music, as he had — and his poor old father, the village trumpeter, before him. The money was there all right — his millions. But Rossini was an Italian. He left his money to establish this home in Paris. So there were legal problems. It all devolved upon his wife. As one of the executors, I was dragged into it. So I had to go to see her — this woman who had been the Judith of Horace Vernet, and the wife of my old friend. Italy, loving its great men, buried him in the church of Santa Croce, in Florence, which is the Pantheon of Italy. They laid him side by side with the ashes of Dante and Petrarch and all the great men of Italy. Think, then!"

I did think; it was as though Chaucer's Wife of Bath had asked to be buried next to him in Westminster Abbey!

"And she insisted," added Rossini's old friend, "and swore she would contest the will unless it were done. Ah, those months between the dead man's wish and the widow's will! I went to the Italian Ambassador in Paris; nothing. Then I went straight to the King of Italy — old Humberto — and asked him to admit Mademoiselle Olympe into the Pantheon. A wise old King! He asked me how old Madame Rossini was. I told him she could not live more than ten years.

"'Good,' said the King — he was a man about my size, and had a big mustache, very much like mine; 'tell Madame Rossini that we will introduce a bill in Congress, permitting her to be buried in our Pantheon — only it may take some time.'

"It took some time; Madame Rossini died quite content and is buried in the outskirts of Santa Croce, near enough to meet her husband when he rises from the dead and comes down the broad aisle to meet her."

"Don't, dear," said the lady in lavender; "it is not good to separate man and wife even in death."

"Well," the old gentleman retorted, "the separation of the Rossinis meant the Rossini Home in Auteuil."

"And Louise is there," murmured one sweet old lady in black.

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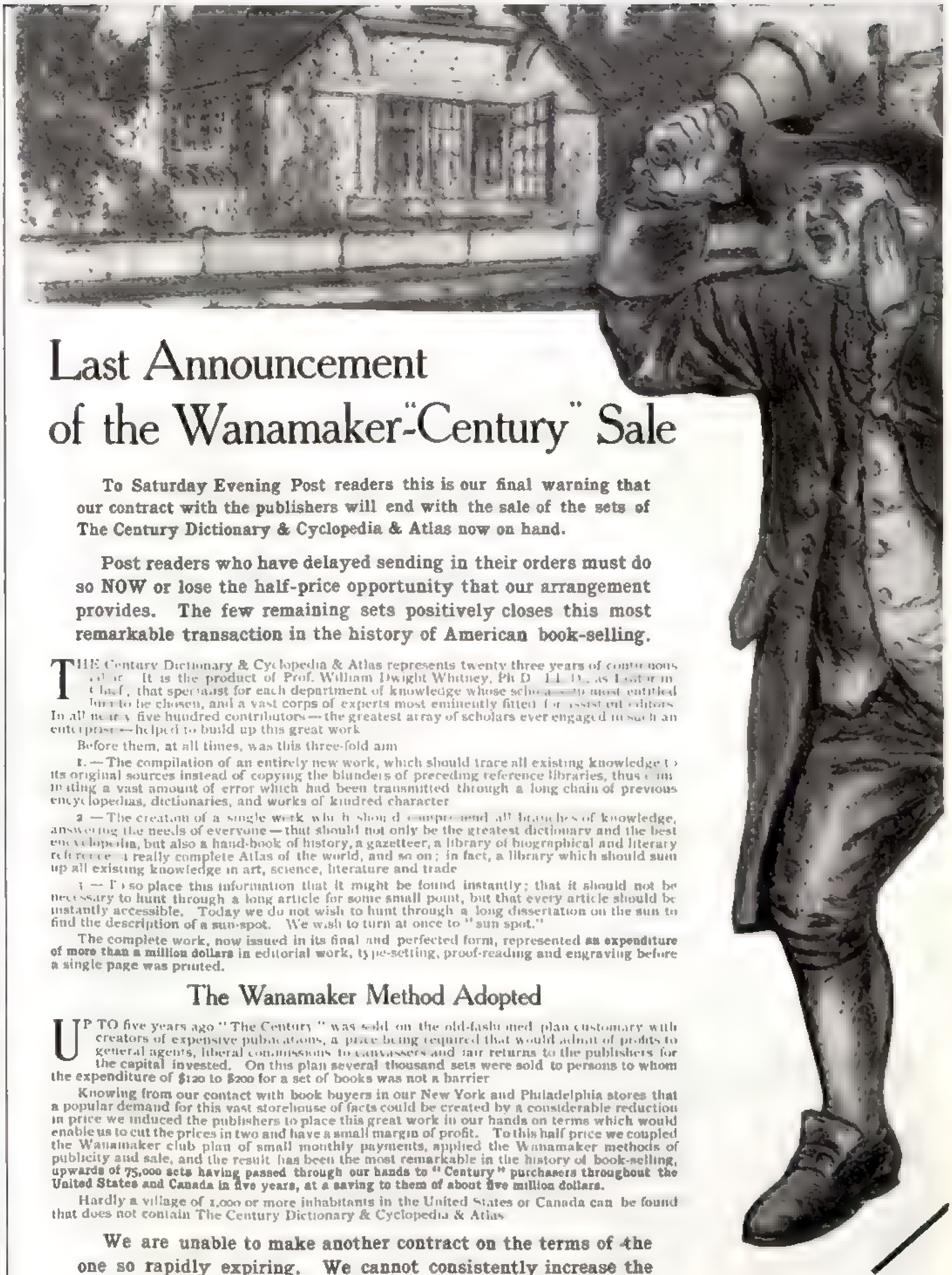

Last Announcement of the Wanamaker "Century" Sale

To Saturday Evening Post readers this is our final warning that our contract with the publishers will end with the sale of the sets of The Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas now on hand.

Post readers who have delayed sending in their orders must do so NOW or lose the half-price opportunity that our arrangement provides. The few remaining sets positively closes this most remarkable transaction in the history of American book-selling.

THE Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas represents twenty three years of continuous labor. It is the product of Prof. William Dwight Whitney, Ph.D., LL.D., as Editor-in-Chief, that specialist for each department of knowledge whose scholarship most entitled him to be chosen, and a vast corps of experts most eminently fitted for assistant editors. In all nearly five hundred contributors—the greatest array of scholars ever engaged in such an enterprise—helped to build up this great work

Before them, at all times, was this three-fold aim

1.—The compilation of an entirely new work, which should trace all existing knowledge to its original sources instead of copying the blunders of preceding reference libraries, thus eliminating a vast amount of error which had been transmitted through a long chain of previous encyclopedias, dictionaries, and works of kindred character

2.—The creation of a single work which should comprehend all branches of knowledge, answering the needs of everyone—that should not only be the greatest dictionary and the best encyclopedia, but also a hand-book of history, a gazetteer, a library of biographical and literary reference, a really complete Atlas of the world, and so on; in fact, a library which should sum up all existing knowledge in art, science, literature and trade

3.—To so place this information that it might be found instantly; that it should not be necessary to hunt through a long article for some small point, but that every article should be instantly accessible. Today we do not wish to hunt through a long dissertation on the sun to find the description of a sun-spot. We wish to turn at once to "sun spot."

The complete work, now issued in its final and perfected form, represented **an expenditure of more than a million dollars** in editorial work, type-setting, proof-reading and engraving before a single page was printed.

The Wanamaker Method Adopted

UP TO five years ago "The Century" was sold on the old-fashioned plan customary with creators of expensive publications, a price being required that would admit of profits to general agents, liberal commissions to canvassers and fair returns to the publishers for the capital invested. On this plan several thousand sets were sold to persons to whom the expenditure of $120 to $200 for a set of books was not a barrier

Knowing from our contact with book buyers in our New York and Philadelphia stores that a popular demand for this vast storehouse of facts could be created by a considerable reduction in price we induced the publishers to place this great work in our hands on terms which would enable us to cut the prices in two and have a small margin of profit. To this half price we coupled the Wanamaker club plan of small monthly payments, applied the Wanamaker methods of publicity and sale, and the result has been the most remarkable in the history of book-selling, **upwards of 75,000 sets having passed through our hands to "Century" purchasers throughout the United States and Canada in five years, at a saving to them of about five million dollars.**

Hardly a village of 1,000 or more inhabitants in the United States or Canada can be found that does not contain The Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas

We are unable to make another contract on the terms of the one so rapidly expiring. We cannot consistently increase the price; hence the closing of the Wanamaker "Century" Club WHEN THE FEW REMAINING SETS ARE SOLD.

Not the slightest reduction in the quality of paper, printing and binding has been permitted in the volumes and EVERY EDITION HAS BEEN REVISED TO THE DATE OF ISSUE.

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IMPORTANT TO WOMEN.—Each of the above booklets contains an interesting and profusely illustrated article on the value of "The Century" To The Women and In The Home. Women, therefore, should select booklets likely to interest some other member of the household also.

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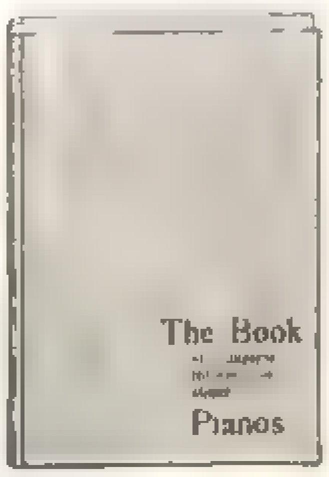

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A NARRATIVE OF TRAGIC ADVENTURE — The story of the ill-fated Hubbard expedition, by the survivor.

¶ A man falls from the housetop, breaks his neck, and gets three lines in the newspapers. He dies, say in an attempt to reach the Pole, and the whole reading public hangs on the last word of his story. It is the love of daring that still warms the coldest dullard of us all.

Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., was during his life a man of no particular note. Other men in the profession of journalism were better known. But he died a tragic death in the heart of Labrador, and now his name is a link in the long chain of adventure against the unknown. He and a young lawyer named Dillon Wallace determined to learn more of Labrador. They both were woodsmen of some experience and lovers of outdoor life, but Hubbard was the enthusiast of the two. He laid out the route across a country never traversed by white men, and it was he who recruited his friend. The fate of the expedition will be remembered. It seems now to have been rashly planned and obstinately carried out. Prophecies of disaster, spoken out of long familiarity with local conditions, were not wanting, but nothing could turn back Hubbard. In the country where they were going it was impossible to carry full rations for the distance, and they deliberately took their chances of living on what they could wrest from the land and the water. If game gave out they starved — and the game gave out.

There were three of them — Hubbard, Wallace and George Elson, their half-breed cook, hunter and canoe-man. Hubbard collapsed first, and Wallace, who was stronger, lost his way in a search for a caché, and, like his friend, yielded to exhaustion. Only the half-breed fought his way on to aid, but fought it too late for Hubbard; he had died. Wallace weighed but ninety-five pounds and his feet were frozen when they found him. Disaster followed the expedition from its inception. There were early hints of it easy to read for the half-breed, and Wallace, too, was not slow to learn their language, but the sanguine Hubbard was high to the last. When he finally realized their extremity he told Wallace, "If you get out of this, and I don't, you'll have to write the story of the trip." It makes a stout book of three hundred odd pages, with photographs and maps. The Lure of the Labrador Wild *(Fleming H. Revell Company)*. At a guess the title is a publisher's choice. It has an artificiality about it foreign to the narrative, which is fittingly clothed in the plainest English, without a trace of the literary costumer. The story is moving to the last degree. It has heroism in it, and tragedy, devotion and piety. And it is suitably told.

THE FONT OF TEARS — John Uri Lloyd takes copious drafts from its waters in Sentimental Scroggins.

¶ John Uri Lloyd is an author who continually annoys the critical spirit by developing a good theme into a terrible example of how any theme should not be used. In Scroggins *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*, on the contrary, he comes nearer to really good writing — as merely good writing — than he has ever come before. Moreover, in his chief character of the old Rocky Mountain stage-driver grown suddenly wealthy and at a loss how to use the money, he has happened upon something really worth while — if not precisely original. But there ends the small book's smaller inventory of merit.

It has been said that Dickens wallowed naked in pathos; Scroggins comes up from his bath and bedews the landscape. He tearfully recalls the little sister who shared his lot in the poorhouse, and tearfully, in memory of her, endows a university. He remembers his old sweetheart and provides for her. Then he goes back to the stagecoach.

It might be well and effectively told — all the better and more effectively for a little restraint. But Mr. Lloyd is nothing if not unrestrained. His eyes are as prodigal of tears as Scroggins was of money. The result is a book that many will weep over and be happy — and that some will weep over and be angry. Assault upon the sensibilities has not yet been catalogued in the penal code; it leaves its victims the more shamed that there is no redress.

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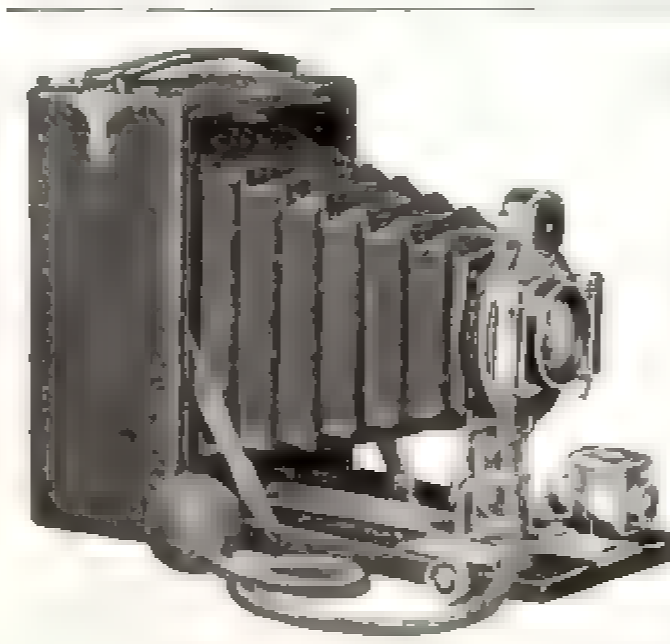

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¶ **MINOR MENTION:** There is an echo from Cooper in the title of the Two Captains *(The Macmillan Company)*, but the historic characters who give the name to Cyrus Townsend Brady's new story are Bonaparte and Nelson. The Frenchman first comes upon the stage of the story very much as he made his first entrance upon the boards of history — as a captain of artillery at Toulon. Nelson, on the other hand, is introduced off the coast of Provence, aboard the Agamemnon, to which good ship he and Lieutenant Macartney bear in safety the family of the Marquis de Vaudemont, hard pressed by the red Republicans. Then, of course, begins the love interest, and thence, equally of course, the story flows regularly enough between the decorous confines provided for writers who have the historic habit. In a rather jaunty preface Mr. Brady devotes twelve pages to his opinions of the book and its writer, and ends them by saying that he is sick of personal gossip about authors, anyway. He assures the reader that, be appearances what they may, this novel represents the best he could do at the time he wrote it. Far be it from the reader to deny him.

¶ **Of the elder poets it was no doubt** true that they were born and not made, but of the verse writers of to-day it is just as true that they are, for the most part, very laboriously made — and very easily broken. The purely lyric gift, however, remains a gift purely. One either has it — or one has not. Perhaps that is the secret of its charm, and perhaps, too, that is why one welcomes Mine and Thine *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, a little volume of verses by Florence Earle Coates.

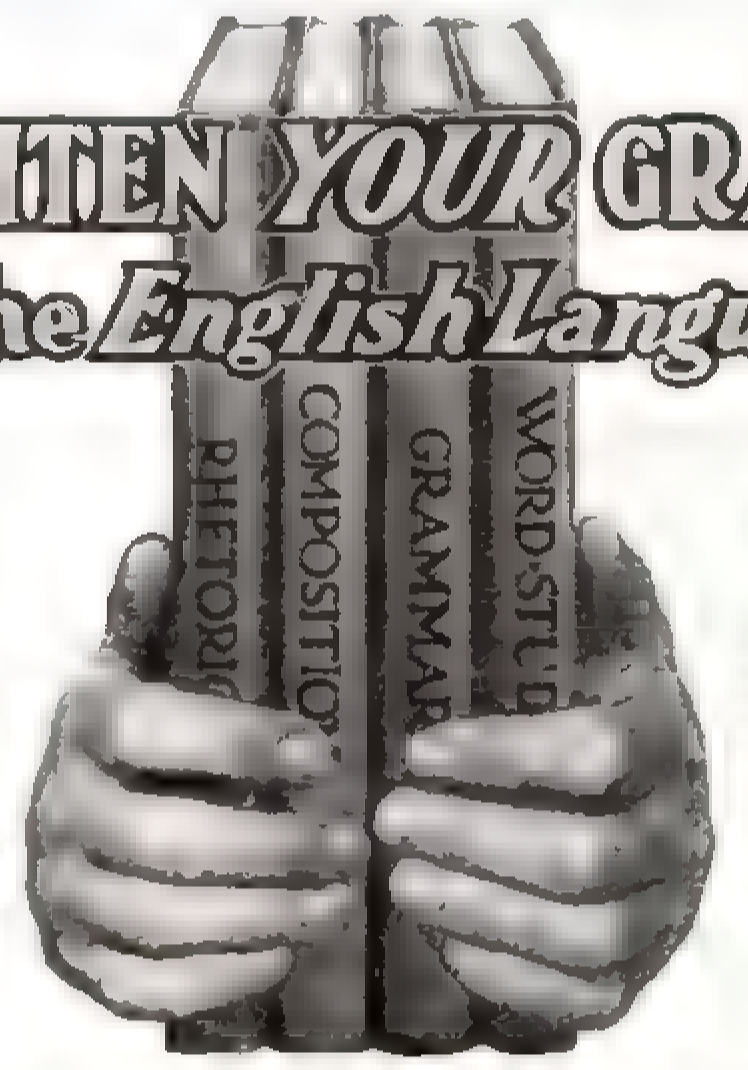
At any rate, the lyric gift is there — not to the value of greatness, nor yet to the exclusion of thought deeper than is generally associated with the careless use of the word which classifies Mrs. Coates' productions — but always simple and sensuous, and sometimes even moving, as when it sings:

> Give me of thy fullness, Life!
> Pulse and passion, power, breath,
> Vision pure, heroic strife —
> Give me of thy fullness, Life!
> Nor deny me death!

¶ **There are those of us who prefer** Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' animals to his verse, but surely there are few who can resist his women. Mr. Roberts, at any rate, cannot resist them at all. He is always the captive of his latest heroine, and so he, as well as Lieutenant Zachary Cowles — "a Bostonnais" — is The Prisoner of Mademoiselle *(L. C. Page & Co.)*. It is a pretty story of love and adventure in the brave days of old, and there is not a little of real romance to admire in it, but the piquant Mademoiselle is most admirable of all.

¶ **The memory of "Jenny June"** is sweet to all who know her, and, however mortal her work with the pen, at least her labors as a clubwoman — and particularly as founder of the Woman's Press Club of New York — live after her. It was appropriately a committee of that club which compiled the Memories of Jane Cunningham Croly *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*. The book is made up of some of Mrs. Croly's addresses and letters, and of personal reminiscences and appreciations by various friends. It will be appreciated by "Jenny June's" admirers.

¶ **This being a land of free speech** and a free printing-press, there is nothing legally to restrain a man from writing poor verse and publishing it. Neither is there any law compelling even a reviewer to read it. But when, among an army of impossibilities, he stumbles upon one book that is above the commonplace it is a pleasure to chronicle the find. Such a discovery is Edward O. Jackson's little volume of Love Sonnets to Ermengarde *(Richard G. Badger)*. The author has employed the Elizabethan form for his verse and the Elizabethan attitude toward his divinity. Perhaps that is why he has employed many a phrase which falls hackneyed on the modern ear, and perhaps, also, it explains a not uncertain crudity. But, in the main, the work has the savor of simplicity and sincerity. Yet, in the twentieth century, one hundred and seven sonnets must be very good indeed if they are to catch the eye of even that small public which still buys books of verse.



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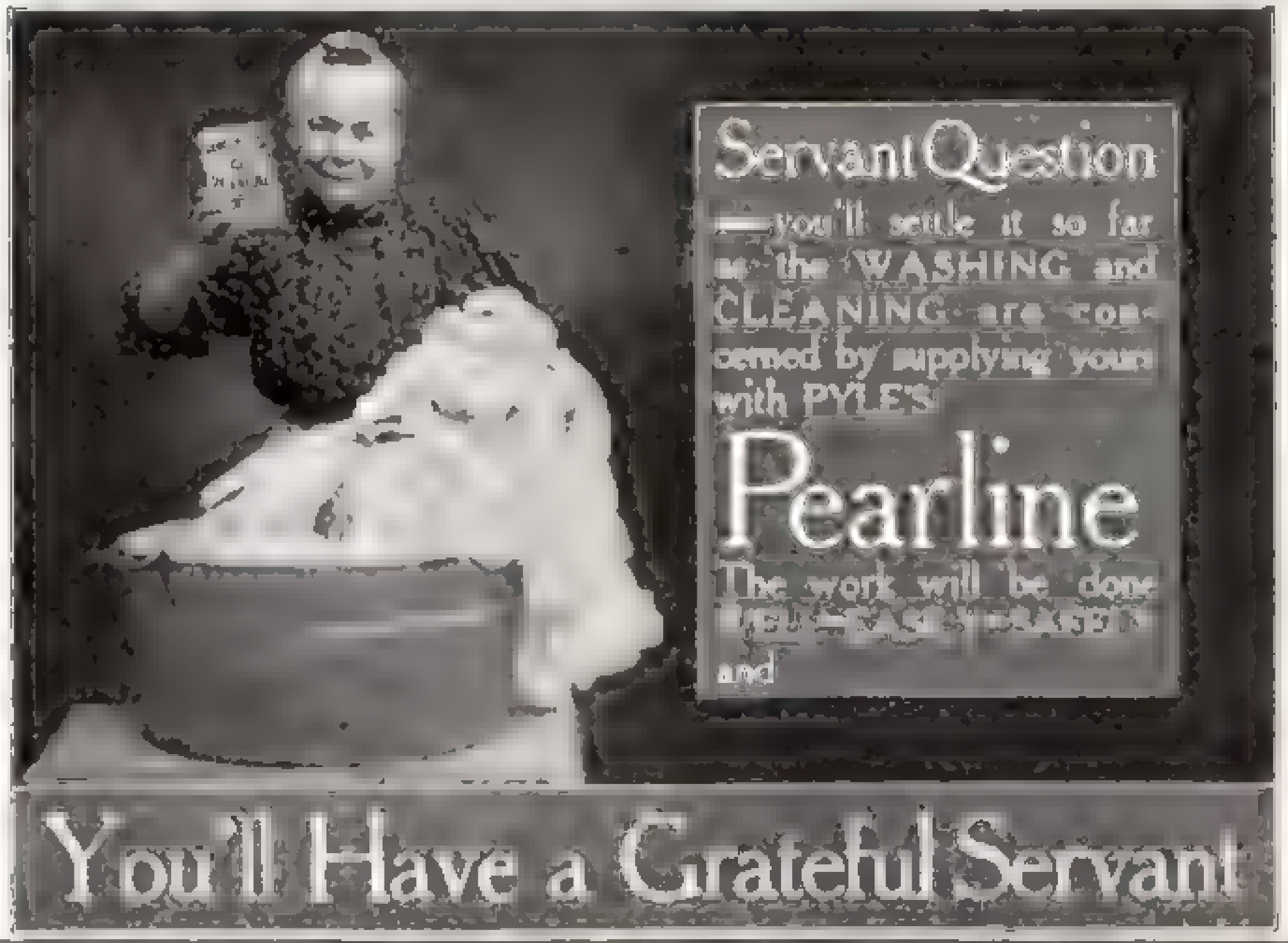
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The Reading Table

De Sweet Dream

I

De Sweet Dream tell me what my han's is gwine ter hol'
"You sho' will ketch de rainbow, en ontie de bags o' gol'!"
En I feel lak' shoutin' "Glory," wid a liftin' o' de soul,
But it's "Fare-you-well de Sweet Dream" in de mawnin'!

II

De Sweet Dream tell me: "Whar' de roses drip wid dew
Yo' true love got de sweetes', en she'll pin it on fer you!"
But my true love never see me w'en I bowin' "Howdy-do,"
En it's "Fare-you-well de Sweet Dream" in de mawnin'!

III

Den de *brother* ter de Sweet Dream, *he* come a-sailin' 'long,
En he say: "My name is Trouble — secon'-cousin ter a song!
You lissen what *I* tell you, en I'll never tell you wrong!"
Den it's "Fare-you well my Sweet Dream" in de mawnin'!

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

Singing of the Light

I

De Sun he ain't complainin' w'en he take his task ter shine
En den, w'en come de shadders, all de stars dey fall in line;
So, w'en Sorrow come ter see me, en de Mis'ry got me gwine,
I sings 'bout de light dat make de mawnin'!

II

De gardens ain't complainin' w'en de wintertime is nigh,
En de Win' take all de brown leaves en des blow 'em roun' de sky;
A blossom! A blossom! a bird-song by-en-by,
Singin' of de light dat make de mawnin'!

III

So I take my task, en *thankful*, all de rocky road along.
Not a thorn is gwine ter stop me — not a rose'll lead me wrong;
En de rich, roun' worl' is sweeter fer my hallelula song,
Singin' of de light dat make de mawnin'!

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

The Welcome Exception

AN AMUSING experience with singers, no matter where they travel or of what nationality, is the number of relatives that crop up. On one of Madame Nordica's Western tours her manager hurried into the car and said:

"I have just had a talk with a Mr. Norton" (the singer's maiden name), "and ——"

"Well?" said Madame Nordica with a smile, expecting to hear of yet another cousin.

"He says he is no relation."

"Bring him in," was the energetic answer; "I want to meet him."

In he was brought, invited to stay to dine, and entertained royally.

Apt Quotation

> Those who never quote in return are seldom quoted. — ISAAC DISRAELI.

WHAT is more telling in conversation, in a speech, or in an essay than an apt quotation? Who that is familiar with the ancient classics does not keenly enjoy a felicitous quotation from Homer, Virgil or Horace? Of course, I mean a fresh, original one, bubbling up spontaneously from the depths of a full mind; not a stale, second-hand one. There are some persons, commonly not highly educated, who have an antipathy to quotation, because "it is so easy, and betrays a lack of originality." But the most original writers are not those who never quote.

Was Cicero original? He was fond of quotation, especially when writing on ethics

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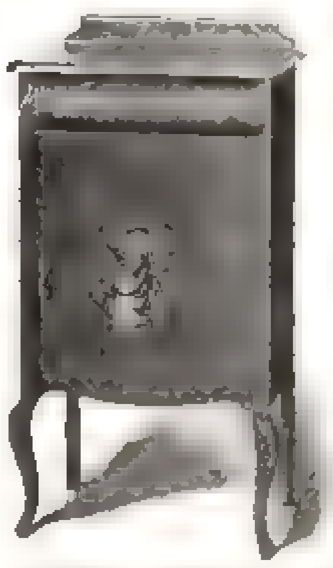

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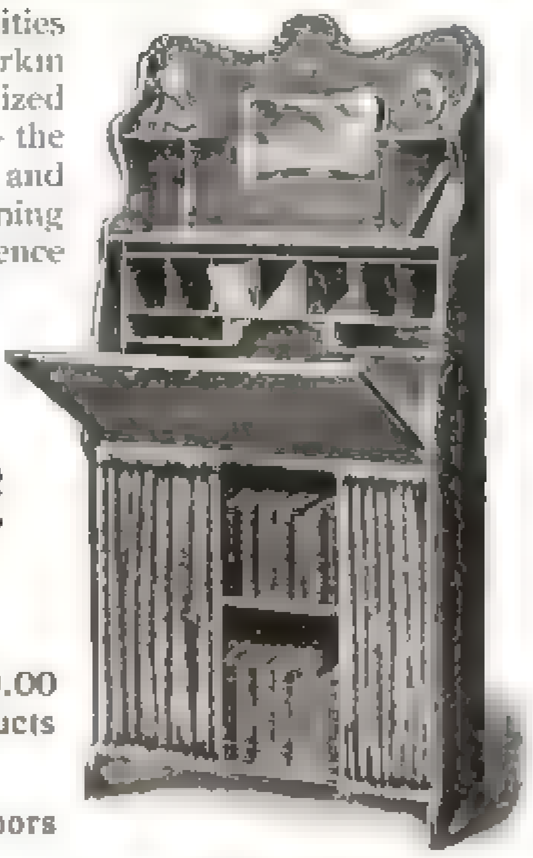

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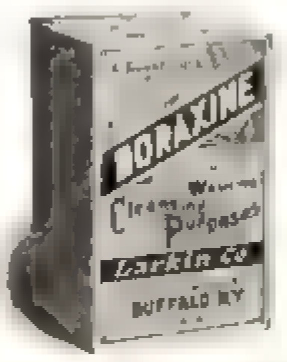

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ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND

Double Strength.

Use half as much as of other Cocoas.

IT'S DUTCH — The Cocoa with the YELLOW WRAPPER.

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70 Fifth Avenue, New York. Positions in public and private schools and colleges procured for teachers. Parents advised about schools. Write for particulars. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

Branch Office Manager Wanted in every county
No canvassing. Can be managed with other business. No capital required. Particulars on application. Give references.
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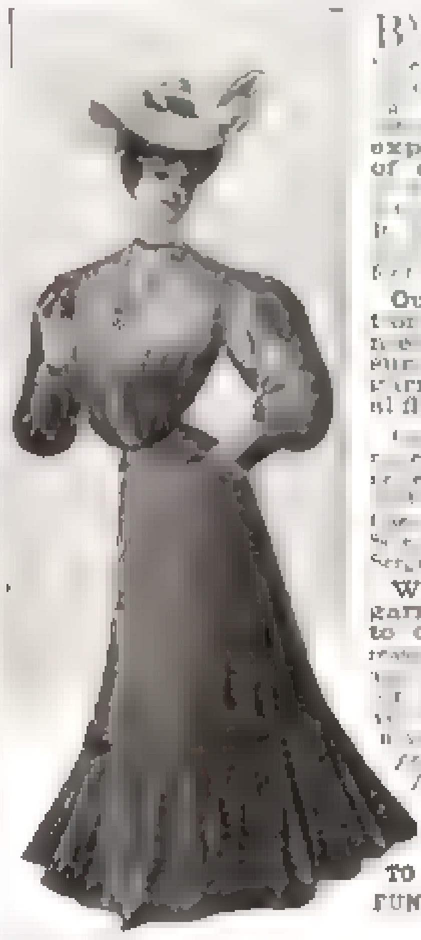

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$6 to $25 *Made to Order. Nothing Ready-Made.*
Send for Catalogue, Samples and Simple Measurement Directions — FREE.

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Our simple directions for taking measurements insure perfect fitting garments. No personal fittings necessary. [illegible]

We make every garment especially to order [illegible]

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

Tailor-Made Suits	$7.50 to $25
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119 and 121 West 23d St., New York.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents [illegible] 17 Years

Opens instantly into double bed, fine mattress.

"Streit for Service"
Made throughout to withstand steady usage [illegible] comfortable.

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Look for this mark.

Trade mark on every piece a guarantee of sterling worth and wear. [illegible]

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With Streit Patent Foot Rest [illegible] when not in use. TRADE MARK

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$4.00 $5.00 $6.00
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It costs less than 2 cents a Day [illegible] A Special Last made for each foot [illegible] Customers' Lasts Kept for 5 Years [illegible] All are FREE. [illegible]
HENRI J. PRINS & CO., Men's Fashionable Custom Shoe Makers, No. 219 A Van Buren St., CHICAGO
One Agent Wanted in Each Town. [illegible]

and philosophy. What writer is more generally admired than Montaigne? Yet he is so stuffed with extracts from other writers that he confesses that, if these citations were taken out of him, very little of himself would remain.

It is said that Epicurus never quoted but spun from his own brains his three hundred volumes; on the contrary, Plutarch, Seneca and the elder Pliny borrowed freely from many authors. To-day Epicurus is rarely quoted, but the other three are read and cited continually. Addison filled three manuscript folio volumes with passages from his readings before he began the Spectator.

Doctor Johnson said that classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world. A happy quotation, especially when suddenly improvised, may show as much acuteness and ingenuity as an original *mot* or observation. Thus, Edward H. Stanley, afterward Lord Derby, quoted against O'Connell (who, contrary to the rules of the House of Commons, had spoken three times on the same question) "Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed," from Macbeth. And thus, too, Lord Denman applied to Lord Brougham and Vaux the words: "*Vox, et præterea nihil*" (A voice, and nothing behind it).

Porson, the famous Greek scholar, had a wonderful gift of felicitous quotation. On one occasion he and a learned friend are said to have quoted and capped in quick succession apt and telling passages from Æschylus, Homer, Bion, Theophrastus, Theocritus, Horace and other classical authors. Bishop Heber also excelled in this faculty.

Harcourt's Pun

Few finer hits have, however, been made in apt quotation than that by Sir William Harcourt, who, when Sir Rainald Knightley had been expatiating at a wearisome length to some friends on his pedigree, was heard quoting, in an aside, from Addison's well-known hymn,

> And (K)nightly to the listening earth
> Repeats the story of his birth.

Nor have many matched Hazlitt in felicity of quotation. His mind was a hothouse of fine passages gathered from all the fields of English literature. He once asserted that at ten minutes' notice he could illustrate any subject with an apt quotation from Shakespeare; and, upon Theodore Hook's giving him that most unpoetical of themes, "the treadmill," he after a few minutes repeated the line

> Down, thou climbing sorrow,
> Thy elements below!

A celebrated statesman was once asked whether he thought it was possible that William Pitt, the Prime Minister, could have spoken in the House of Commons after drinking three bottles of port. He replied, "You must remember that he was addressing an audience very few of whom had drunk less than two."

It has been often said that in the House of Commons, before the Reform Bill, classical scholarship, like the power of carrying liquor, was general, if not universal. Knowledge of Homer and Euripides, Virgil and Horace went out, it is said, with ruffles and swords, or, at least, with stocks and coaches. The cultured scholars in the House of Commons are now restrained from pointing an argument with a line or lines from Horace or Juvenal, as in the days of Fox and Pitt, Walpole and Pulteney—or even of Peel and Russell—by the fear of being thought pedantic, or that the force and aptness of the quotation would fail to be perceived by those who should hear it. This assertion, says Mr. Herbert Paul in his Men and Letters, "would certainly be odd if it were true; but it is not true. . . . In 1866 Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe almost exhausted the second book of the Æneid, and left the Trojan horse without a leg to stand on."

Mr. Paul denies that there was ever a time in England when every graduate in Britain of a public school and a university knew his Horace and his Virgil. "The quotations of Carteret and Pulteney, of Pitt and Fox, of Brougham and Canning, of Peel and Stanley, of Gladstone and Lowe, were caviare to the general. But in cultivated society these things are appreciated as much as ever they were."

—*William Mathews.*

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The American Real Estate Company, founded in 1888, is an old-established New York corporation. Its present ownership includes extensive properties so located in the line of New York's greatest growth as to be assured of steady enhancement in value. After seventeen years of uninterrupted success, its Annual Statement shows assets of over $7,000,000, including capital and surplus of over $1,125,000. In the enlargement of its business it offers at par in multiples of $100, Ten-Year Six Per Cent Gold Bonds, guaranteed by its entire assets.

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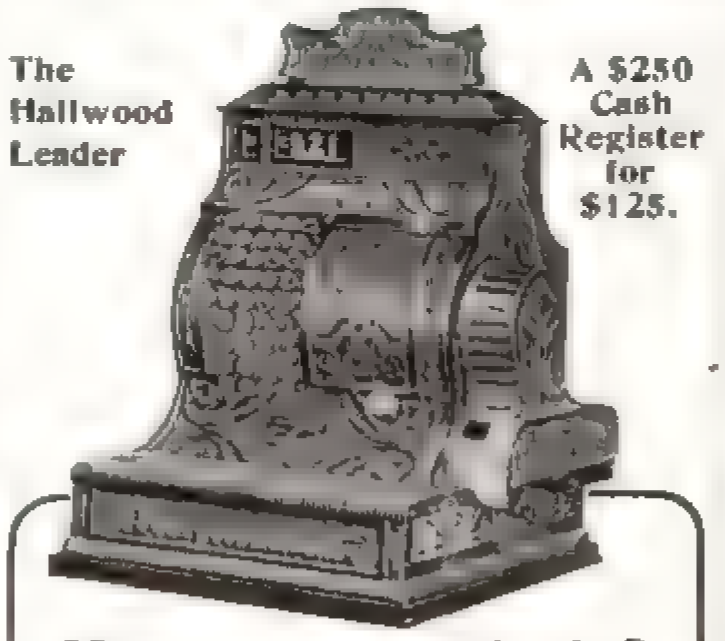

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THE Whiz SUSPENDER IT FITS

Buy a pair now and be comfortable. Send 50 cents and the name of your dealer — we will forward by return mail a pair of fashionable Whiz Suspenders — the kind that FIT.
HARRIS SUSPENDER CO., New York

ORIOLE GO-BASKET
The Baby Hansom
[illegible] usefulness, economy, comfort [illegible] Use it Winter and Summer. Wheel it [illegible] Parents [illegible]
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Ever smoke two cigars at the same time?

That's the way that experts judge tobacco, and it is the only way to really judge cigars

Take one of my cigars and the one you usually smoke, or any other that you please, light both and smoke a little of each alternately. You will soon know which is the better cigar, which draws perfectly, and note whether the ash holds and is of that "fine Havana gray" color

My offer will permit you to try my cigars without expense or trouble to yourself.

MY OFFER IS: I will upon request send to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars, express prepaid, on approval. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased. If he is satisfied and keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price for them ($5) within ten days. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

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My name and guarantee go on every box of cigars that I make. I have only one name and I cannot let my cigars run down in quality or I would lose my name and with it my business.

Send me your order written on your business paper or accompanied by your business card. State whether you prefer strong, medium or mild cigars. Address

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Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

THE MOST POPULAR SHIRT IS MARKED Monarch

Made for men looking for the maximum of wear at the minimum of cost. Fast color fabrics. They're $1.00 and $1.25

Cluett, Peabody & Co.
Makers

The Love Letters of Plupy Shute

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

[illegible]

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186 –.

DEAR MARY: it is a prety good thing to go to the apple tree and not be disapointed. i went this morning 2 times once before i et my breakfast and the 2nd time jest before school. i dident realy expect to get a letter the ferst time but if i badent got one the second time i shood felt prety bad when i went to school i missed in every lesson and when old Francis put me in the woodbox and shet down the cover i dident care. i looked thru the peep hole in the woodbox rite at you all the time. you looked auful prety with that new red bow and i tell you i felt prety good when Beany reeched his gum out to you and you woodent take it. and when Beany got snaked up on the platform i most dide laffing and thougt it sirved him rite. i had a good pin ready and if old Francis had put him in the woodbox i wood have jabed him one even if i had got licked for it. me and Beany has been freinds for years but we aint going to be mutch longer if he keeps giving you gum and things i gess if i liked a girl i woodent give her enny gum all chewed up. i wood give her beeds and rings and things that cost a grate deel of money. i went down to the candy mans store today and bougt 2 packages of candy but i dident get enny prise. he says they is a gold wach in one of them. i havent et enny of the candy and i am going to rap it in brown paper and leeve it in the apple tree with this letter and when you get this letter you will know i give you the candy. i will tie it with blew string like your eyes

Be sure and go to the apple tree so you can get this letter, and wright me and dont have ennything to do with Beany

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. or Pewt nether

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. agen. or Fatty Melcher or Nipper or Whack or enny of the fellers

Yours very respectively, HARRY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: today is sunday and i am going to sunday school and to church two. there aint enny fun xcept when Beany blows the organ and peeps out behind it and makes up feerful faces. Beany has lost his place 5 times for rasing time in the organ loft but they cant get ennybody to blow the organ but Micky Gould and he always goes to sleep and that is wirse than making faces. sometimes when Micky is there he goes to sleep and when the sirmon is over and the minister reads the last hym the old organ keys rattle and they aint enny sound comes, and then Mister Wood goes round behine the organ and gives Micky a bat and he gumps up and goes to blowing the organ. i wish you went to this church and sunday school. i wood like to go beter than i do now and i wood always be on time. but it always hapens that the girls i have liked, i meen the fellers whitch i like, for i havent ever liked enny girls until i liked you, have went to some other church. i was glad you liked my candy. i wanted some of it to eat myself but i wood ruther you wood have it than me. i wood like to give you evrything i have got. that is me evry time some of the fellers are two meen for ennything. i aint. i dont see how a feller can like a girl and not want to give her evrything he has got. Beany and Pewt and most of the fellers is diferent. i am afrade Pewt knows something about me and you becaus he called me Mary today. Pewt had better shet up. if he dont he will find out somthing. they is going to be a lecture in the Unitarial church tonite. it dont cost ennything to go in. i shall be there. i hoap you will be there two. i shall look for you when you come out. now be sure and go

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. if you like me like you said you did jest wair the ring i give you

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. a 2nd time. i shall look for that ring

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. a 3rd time. and for you two

Yours very respectively, HARRY

Pantasote LEATHER
is Best for Furniture

The Superior Wearing Qualities of Pantasote

have made it a National Standard. The great demand for it has led to the substitution of many inferior imitations, victimizing the public. **Do not be misled by statements that Pantasote is a name representing a number of leather substitutes. There is only one genuine Pantasote Leather. To protect you against fraud, accept no furniture from your dealer or upholsterer unless it bears our trademark label, as shown below.** Do not accept his "just as good" theory. Insist upon **Pantasote** and see that you get the genuine **Pantasote**. Look for word **Pantasote** embossed on selvedge edge of piece goods.

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PANTASOTE LEATHER
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Registered Trade Mark
FLAT CLASP

BRIGHTON
Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece silk web. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

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Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

Digests Itself **Taroena**

PERFECT FOOD FOR DELICATE STOMACHS

[illegible] added, nothing taken away. Children fed on it [illegible] makes strong muscle and [illegible] It develops perfect digestion

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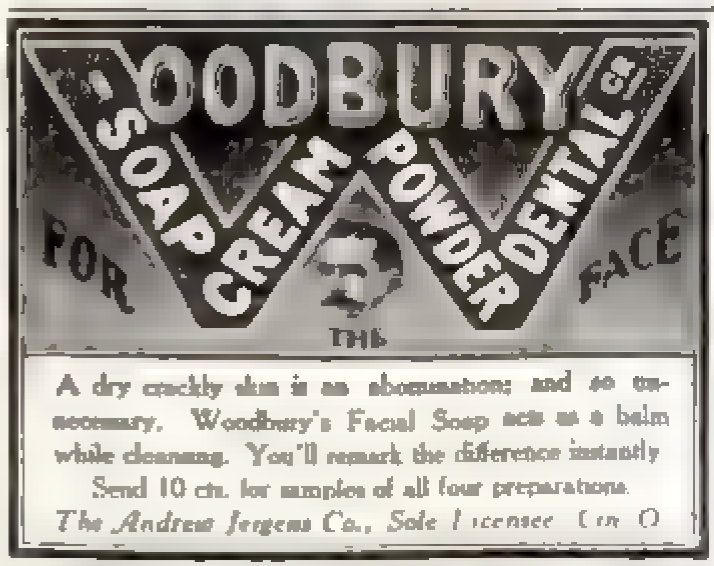

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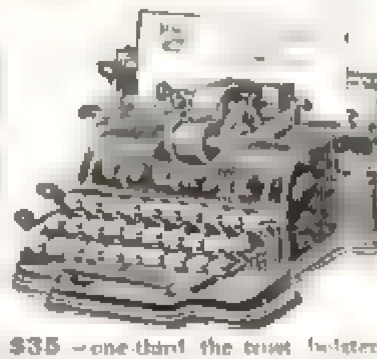
A dry crackly skin is an abomination; and so unnecessary. Woodbury's Facial Soap acts as a balm while cleansing. You'll remark the difference instantly

Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.
The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Licensee, Cin. O



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$35 — one-third the trust bolstered price of the so-called standard machines. Catalogue and full information free

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$2,000 to $10,000 a Year

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Makes a striking beauty of design, artistic workmanship and practicability. Over [illegible] Mission [illegible] in quartered oak — [illegible] clocks, smokers' cabinets, desks and the like—all rich dull finishes. A fascinating assortment, wholly different from any other. Price, from $5 to $100.

Buy of your dealer if possible. If he hasn't them, order direct from us.

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE [illegible]

The Shop of the Crafters,
[illegible]
[illegible] W. [illegible] St., CINCINNATI, O.

[illegible] this mark Shop of the Crafters [illegible] Cincinnati [illegible] on each piece

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186

Dear Mary [illegible] last [illegible] i was [illegible] almost the ferst one and set in the back seat [illegible] with your [illegible] i was going to wate outside and go home with you. i never knew you to look so prety as you did last nite. a girl most always looks best when sombody else is with her and you cant go home with her. i dont know mutch about girls only i gess that is the way they look. ennyway that was the way you looked last nite. i tride the candy mans packiges agen but i dident get enny prise. so i have rapped the candy up in a paper and left it in the tree so you can get it. i have also left a corn ball two. i dident eat a single peace but i wanted to. but i thought they woodent be enuf for you and so i dident eat enny. that is me evry time. Some of the fellers is diferent but i aint. i am going to wirk wensday afternoon and ern [illegible] to by you somthing, i shant say what. i have had a good deal of pane latly and it is always wirse when i work but i dont care. some of the fellers coodent stand it but i can. i dont beleeve Beany cood or Pewt. Wright me as soon as you get this. Pewt hasent said ennything more to me and he hadent better. i gess he hasent found out ennything. Yours very respectively,

HARRY

p. s. dont forget to go to the tree and get this letter and dont forget that i like you better than enny girl in town

Yours very respectively, HARRY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186

Dear Mary sombody has plaid a meen trick on me. i bet it was Pewt but i dont know. ennyway he hasent said ennything. when i went to get your letter i reeched my hand down into the hole and the hole was full of soft sope.

i got my arm into it way up to the elbo. i dident know what it was at ferst but i soon found out. i thougt they might be a letter there and after i found out it was sope i puled up my sleave and reeched down agen but i dident get enny letter. i woodent be meen enuf to play a trick on a feller like that. i will put this letter in the post ofice and this afternoon i will hunt round for a nother tree which none of the fellers know. i think i can find one. i send you a mottoe whitch i got in a popcorn packige. i havent had enny luck in getting prises. i have kep the pop corn for you and as soon as i can find a tree with a hole in it i will leeve it there with somthing else two. i havent mutch time to wright for i have got to find a tree. Wright me and put your letter in the post ofice for it wood be jest like Pewt to put a snaping mud turtle in the tree or a steel trap.

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. be sure and dont leeve ennything in that tree. you may get bit or stang

Yours very respectively, HARRY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Mary: i watched today to see if Pewt or Beany went to the tree and what do you think. about 10 minits after i got hid behine the fence i see Pewt and Beany sneeking along with somthing in there hands. well they went towerds the tree and peeked in and then reeched in with a dipper and cleened out the hole and then they put somthing in that they had in a bag. after they had went away i went up to see what it was and they was a dead snake there. i took it out and i am going to put it in Beanys bed if i can get the chanse. i am glad you dident put enny letter there before they put the sope in. if they had got your letter they wood [illegible] it and told evrybody. i shoodent ever think you wood want to speak to Beany agen after he had plaid that trick on you. if you had reeched your hand in and got hold of that snake you mite have gone crasy [illegible] of a girl whitch did once.

i bet Beany and Pewt and Fatty Melcher was all in it. it wood be just like them. they woodent care. i bet they wood jest as liv put a live snake in there. they woodent care. i hoap you will never speak to them agen. i have found a nise tree with a hole in it. it is rite beside of [illegible] Longs yard rite on the corner. no body wood ever think of looking there. i will leeve a cornballs there in a bag. you looked awful prety today. i like you with your hair hanging down. it dont look so well in a net. i send you a motto. it says if you love me as i love you no nife can cut our love in to. that is me every time. Wright soon and put the letter in the tree. I have got somthing for you. gess what. Yours very respectively,

HARRY.

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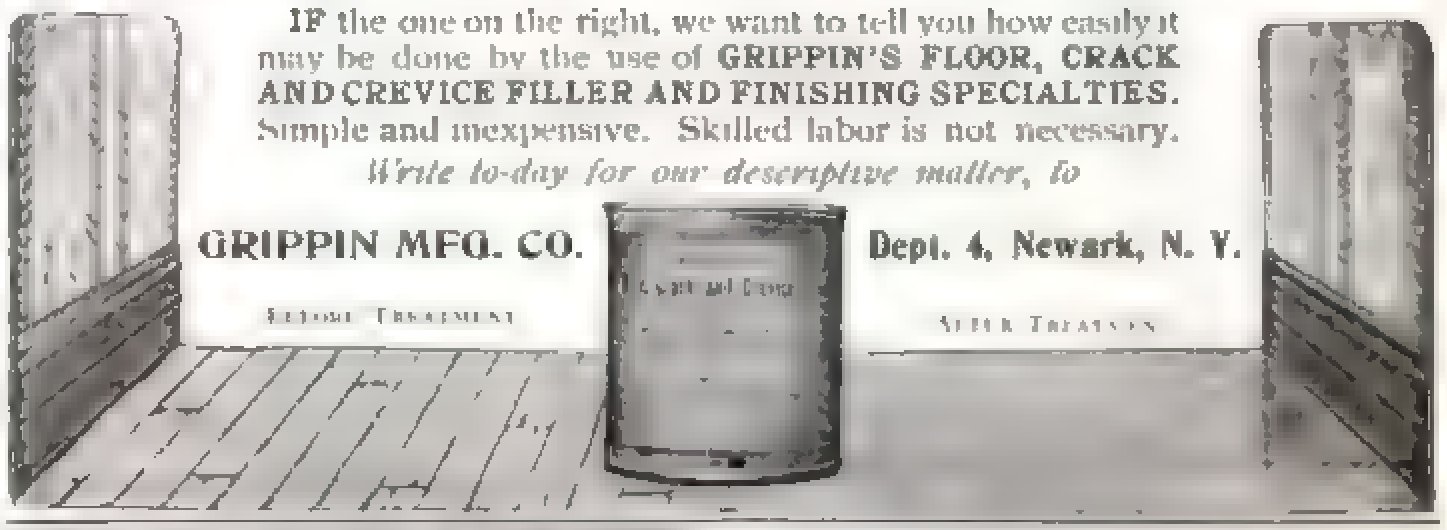

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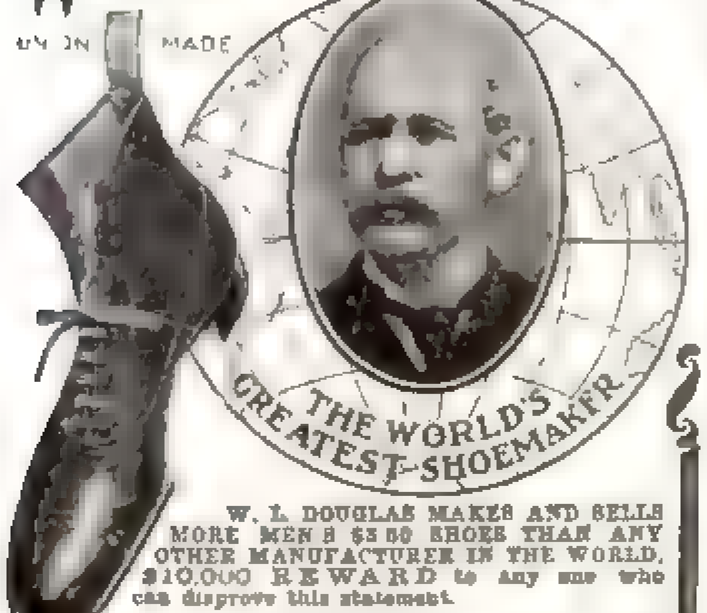
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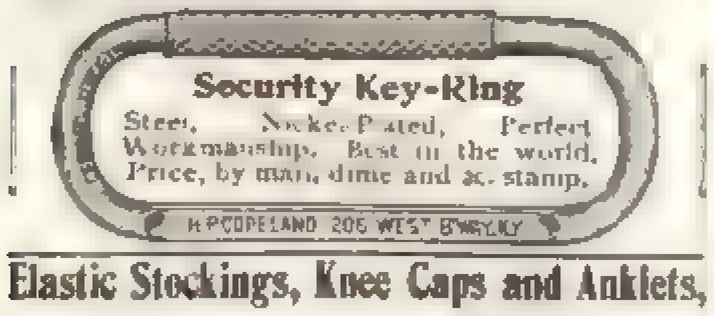
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EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—.

Dear Mary: i got your letter and your motto. when i get a letter from you like that and a motto i dont care if i miss in school or if i get licked. i feal so good all the time. i keep thinking of you all the time. when old Francis stood you up on the platform today and you felt so bad i jest up and did somthing so that he licked me and all the school was looking at me instid of you. i tell you it hurt but i dident yip. i bet Beany wood and Pewt two and Fatty Melcher. i was mad with old Francis for standing you up on the platform and some day when i am groan up i will pay him up for it. i dont care about lickings. they aint mutch but when we was in the speling match i knew how to spel beleive but i spelt it rong perpose so you cood beat me. i dont often spell ennything rong but i wood miss in speling or in arithmetic or geografy or ennything for you. that is me evry time. i am going to the tree the ferst thing tomorrow morning

Wright soon

Yours very respectively, HARRY.

p. s. you are the prettiest girl in town

Yours very respectively, HARRY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Mary: how did you like the corn balls. i hoap you liked them and i hoap you like me two. if you only like me half as good as i like you i shood be satisfide. i coodent get a chanse to put that snake into Beanys bed so i pluged it into his well and they will pull it up some day in the bucket and then either Beany or Pewt will get a good licking. Beanys father wont think it was me for i havent went over there for a grate while. so i bet he will lick time out of Beany or Pewt. that is what fellers get by being meen. it was the meenest thing i ever knew to put a dead snake in that hole in the tree. i woodent be so meen as that for ennything. wood i. you know i woodent. i aint that kind of a feller. Beany is and so is Pewt.

i am going down to the candy mans after i wright this to by some more packiges of candy and see if i can get a prise for you. i wood do ennything for you. dont wate to get this before you wright.

Yours very respectively, HARRY

p. s. remember i like you better than ennybody. Yours very respectively,

HARRY

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Mary: the gratest thing has hapened. i went down to the candy mans and the ferst packige i drew had the best brest pin i ever see. i send it in this letter. the man felt prety bad becaus he said it was prety tuff luck on him becaus the pin had aught to be wirth 7 dolars. jest think of it. i mite have wirked a month hard and i coodent erned 2 dolars and here i have drew a pin wirth 7 dolars and it only cost me 10 cents. if it had cost me 100 dolars i wood give it to you. i tell you i feal prety good over it. a nother thing that makes me feal prety good is that Beany got a licking

this morning when i went out i see Mister Watson Beanys father go out to draw a pail of water. i wached him and he tirned the handel and got the bucket up and went to tirn the water in the pail when he give a yell and droped the bucket. then he looked into the bucket and then he got a stick and puled out the snake and then he went into the barn and got his whip and come out and yelled Elbrige and when he calls Beany Elbrige he is mad. so Beany he come out and said yes father jest as polite and Mister Watson said what did you put that snake into the well for and Beany said he dident and Mister Watson he said you did for i saw you with that snake 3 days ago and he grabed Beany by the coller and paisted him good. i nearly dide to see Beany runing round his father and balling and saying that Pewt did it. then Mister Watson he said that if Pewt ever come into his yard agen he wood horsewhip him. i gess Beany wont try enny more meen tricks on me. i hoap you will like that brest pin whitch is wirth 7 dolars and i hoap you will like me becaus i give it to you

Wright soon and wright longer letters. I wright long ones to you.

Yours very respectively, HARRY.

p. s. i dont beleeve they is many girls whitch have fellers whitch give them more things than i do.

Yours very respectively, HARRY.

p. s. that is becaus i like you best

Yours very respectively, HARRY

Editor's Note.—This is the second of three instalments of Plupy's Love Letters, by Judge Shute. The third will be published in an early number.

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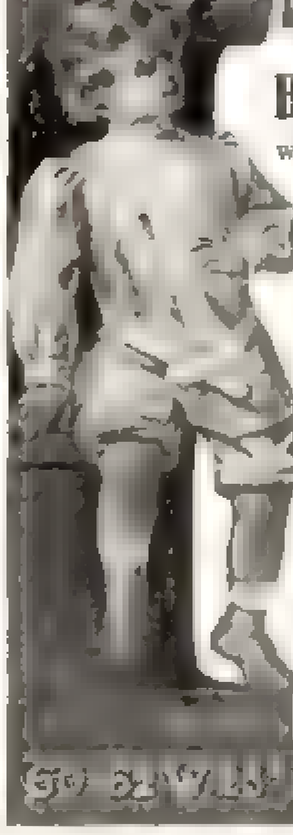
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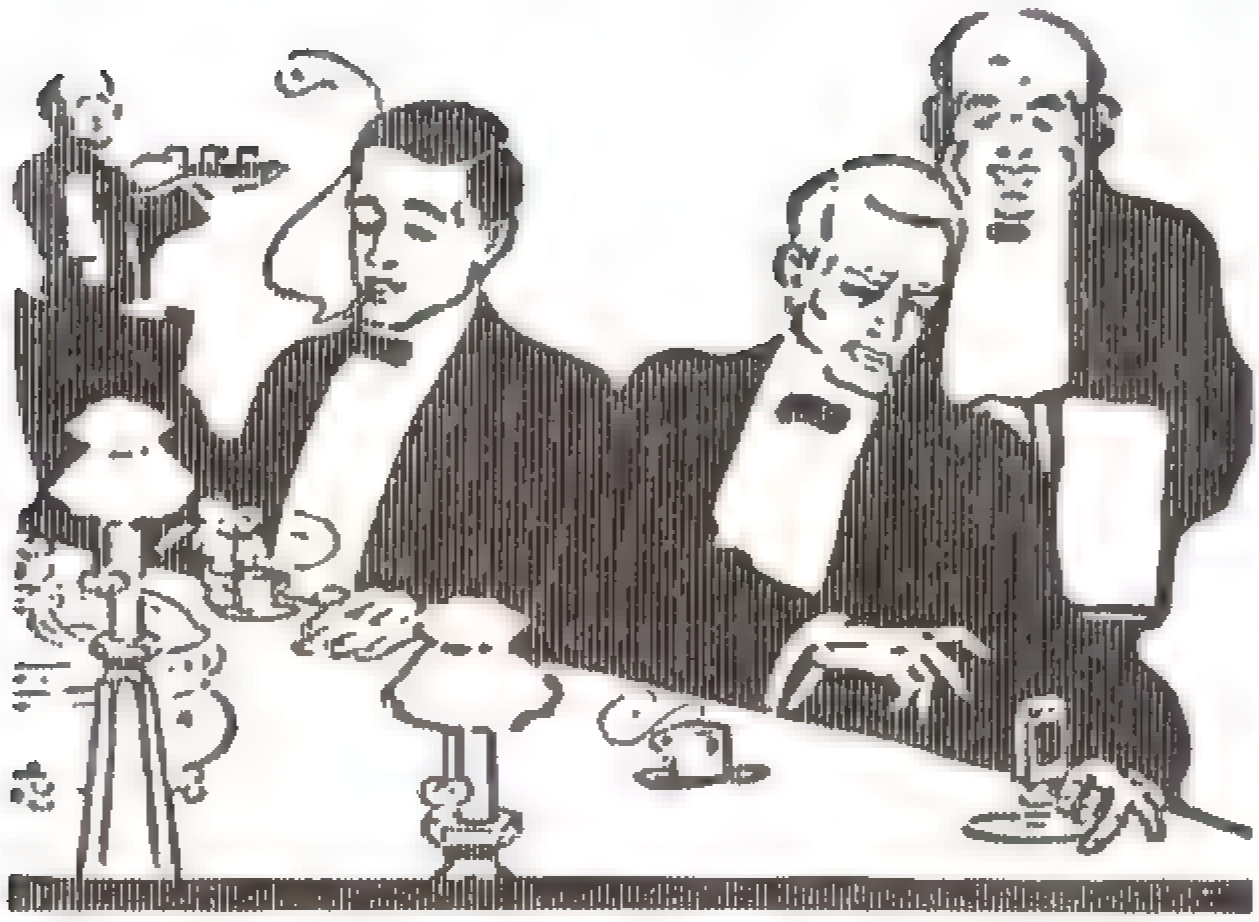

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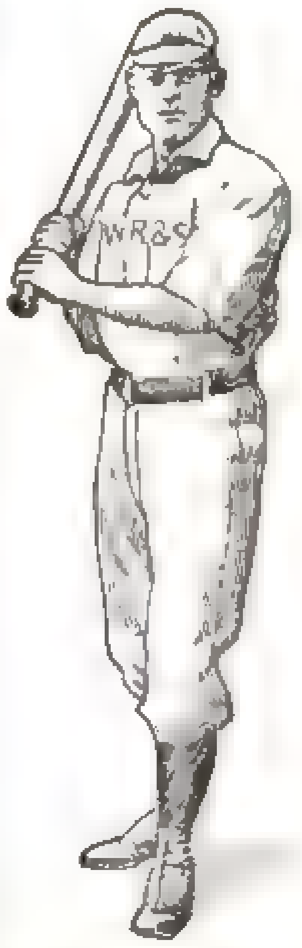

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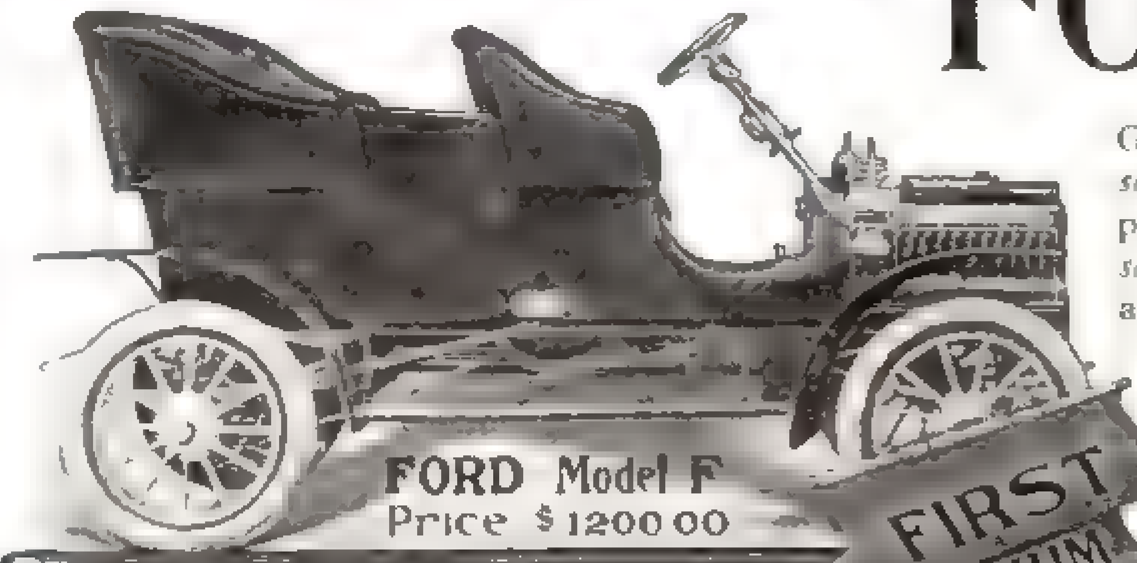

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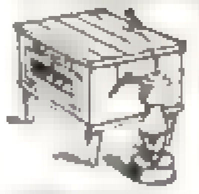

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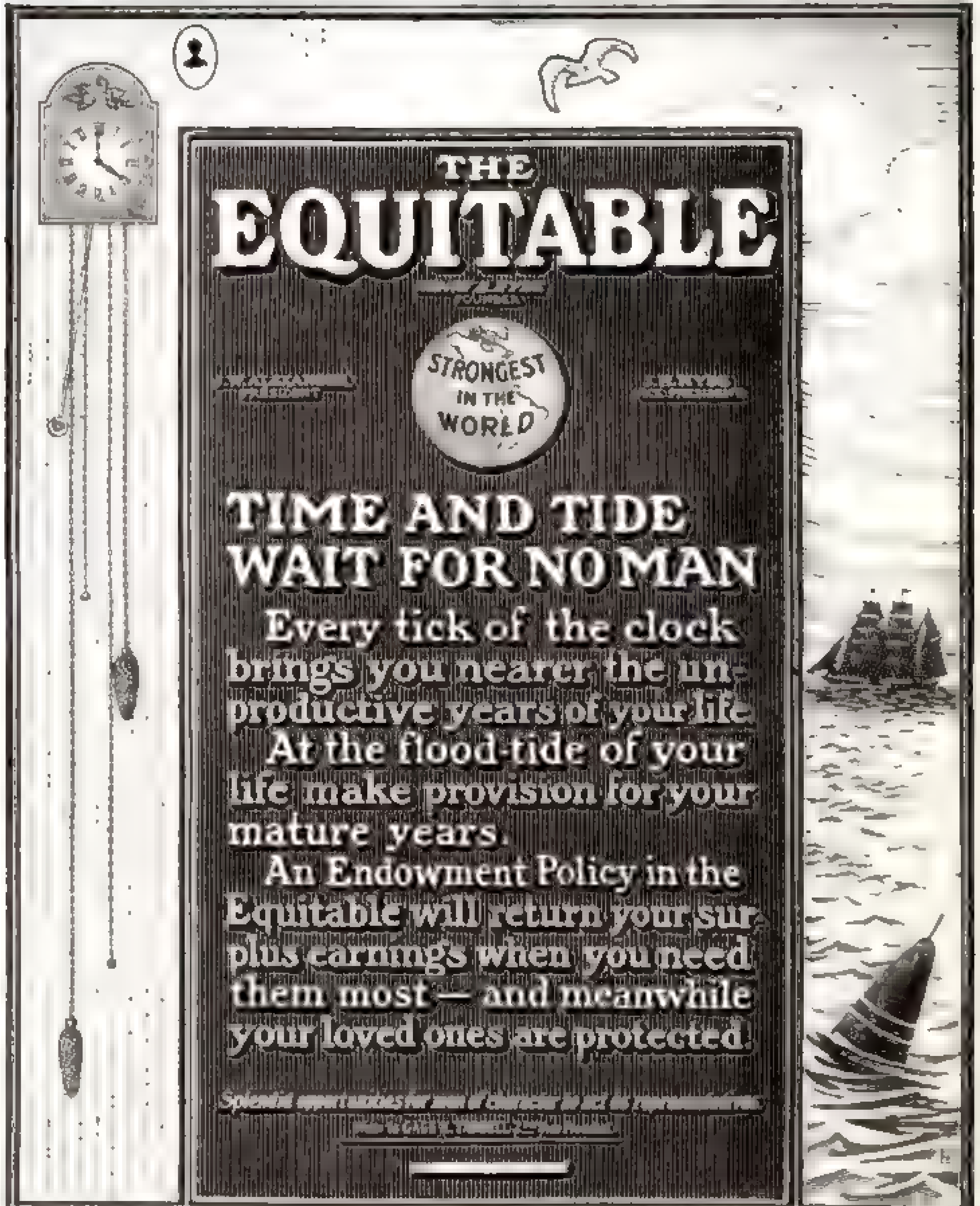

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QUOD ERAT—

(Continued from Page 3)

"Invited West — put *you* where you could — good Heavens!"

"What is the matter?" whispered Lissa in consternation. "I have — have I said anything I should not?" And as he was silent: "What is it? Have I hurt you? — I who——"

There was a silence; she looked him through and through and after a while deep, deep in his soul, she saw, awaking once again, all he had deemed dead — the truth, the fearless reason, the sweet and faultless instinct of the child whose childhood had become a memory. Then, once more spiritually equal, they smiled at one another, and Lissa, pausing to gather up her ermine stole, passed noiselessly out to the aisle, where she stood perfectly self-possessed, while her sister joined her, smiling vaguely down at the firing line and their lifted battery of blue, inquiring eyes.

The poet — and whether he had slumbered or not nobody but himself is qualified to judge — the poet pensively opened one eye and peeped at Harrow as that young man bent beside him with Lethbridge at his elbow.

"In sending those two tickets you have taught us a new creed," whispered Harrow; "you have taught us innocence and simplicity — you have taught us to be ourselves, to scorn convention, to say and do what we believe. Thank you."

"Dear friend," said the poet in an artistically modulated whisper, "I have long, long followed you in the high course of your career. To me the priceless simplicity of poverty: to you the responsibility for millions. To me the daisy, the mountain stream, the woodchuck and my Art! To you the busy mart, the haunts of men, the ship of finance laden with a nation's wealth, the awful burden of millions for which you are answerable to One higher!" He raised one soft, solemn finger.

The young men gazed at one another, astounded. Lethbridge's startled eyes said, "He still takes you for Stanley West!"

"Let him!" flashed the grim answer back from the narrowing gaze of Harrow.

"Daughters," whispered the poet playfully, "are you so soon tired of the priceless Art our master dramatist scatters with a lavish——"

"No," said Cybele; "we are only very much in love."

The poet sat up briskly and looked hard at Harrow.

"Your — your friend?" he began — "doubtless associated with you in the high——"

"We are inseparable," said Harrow calmly, "in the busy marts."

The sweetness of the poet's smile was almost overpowering.

"To discuss this sudden — ah — condition which so — ah — abruptly confronts a father, I cannot welcome you to my little home in the wild — which I call the House Beautiful," he said. "I would it were possible. There all is quiet and simple and exquisitely humble — though now, through the grace of my valued son, there is no mortgage hanging like the brand of Damocles above our lowly roof. But I bid you welcome in the name of my son-in-law, on whom — I should say, *with* whom I and my babes are sojourning in this clamorous city. Come and let us talk, soul to soul, heart to heart; come and partake of what simples we have. Set the day, the hour. I thank you for understanding me."

"The hour," replied Harrow, "will be about five P. M. on Monday afternoon. You see, we are going out now to — to——"

"To marry each other," whispered Lissa with all her sweet fearlessness. "Oh, dear! there goes that monotonous piano and we'll be blocking people's view!"

The poet tried to get on to his great flat feet, but he was wedged too tightly; he strove to speak, to call after them, but the loud, thumping notes of the piano drowned his voice.

"Chlorippe! Dione! Philodice! Tell them to stop! Run after them and stay them!" panted the poet.

"*You* go!" pouted Dione.

"No, I don't want to," explained Chloripe, "because the curtain is rising."

"I'll go," sighed Philodice, rising to her slender height and moving up the aisle as the children of queens moved once upon a time. She came back presently, saying: "Dear me, they're dreadfully in love, and they have driven away in two hansoms."

"Gone!" wheezed the poet.

"Quite," said Philodice, staring at the stage and folding her smooth little hands.

When the curtain at last descended upon the parting attitudes of the players the poet

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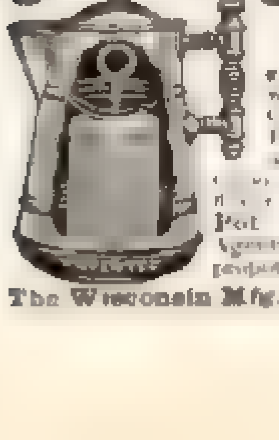

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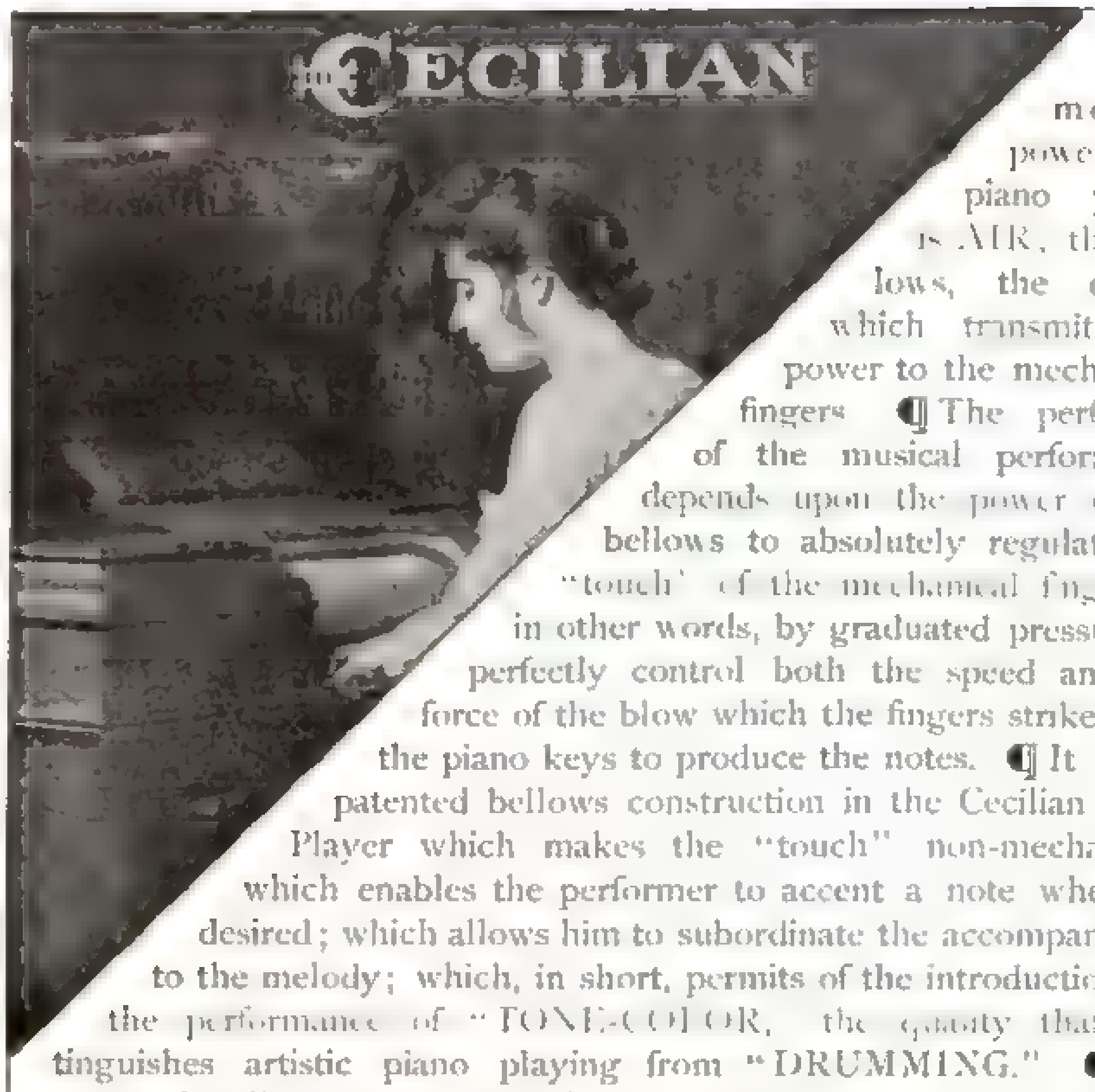

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arose with an alacrity scarcely to be expected in a gentleman of his proportions. Two-and-two his big, healthy daughters — there remained but four now — followed him to the lobby. When he was able to pack all four into a cab he did so and sent them home without ceremony; then, summoning another vehicle, gave the driver the directions and climbed in.

Half an hour later he was deposited under the bronze shelter of the porte-cochère belonging to an extremely expensive mansion overlooking the park; and presently, admitted, he prowled ponderously and softly about an overgilded rococo reception-room. But all anxiety had now fled from his face; he coyly nipped the atmosphere at intervals as various portions of the furniture attracted his approval; he stood before a splendid canvas of Goya and pushed his thumb at it; he moused, and prowled, and peeped, and snooped, and his smile grew larger and larger, and sweeter and sweeter, until — dare I say it! — a low, smooth chuckle, all but noiseless, rippled the heavy cheeks of the poet; and, raising his eyes, he beheld a stocky, fashionably dressed and red-faced man of forty intently eying him. The man spoke decisively and at once:

"Mr. Guilford? Quite so. I am Mr. West."

"*You* are ——" The poet's smile flickered like a sickly candle. "I — this is — are you Mr. *Stanley* West?"

"I am."

"It must — it probably was your son ——"

"I am unmarried," said the president of the Occidental Earth, "and the only Stanley West in the directory."

The poet swayed, then sat down rather suddenly on a Louis XIV chair which crackled. Several times he passed an ample hand over his features. A mechanical smile struggled to break out, but it was not *the* smile, any more than glucose is sugar.

"Did — ah — *did* you receive two tickets for the New Arts Theatre — ah — Mr. West?" he managed to say at last.

"I did. Thank you very much, but I was not able to avail myself ——"

"Quite so. And — ah — do you happen to know who it was that — ah — presented your tickets and occupied the seats this afternoon?"

"Why, I suppose it was two young men in our employ — Mr. Lethbridge, who appraises property for us, and Mr. Harrow, one of our brokers. May I ask why?"

For a long while the poet sat there, eyes squeezed tightly closed as though in bodily anguish. Then he opened one of them.

"They are — ah — quite penniless, I presume?"

"They have prospects," said West briefly. "Why?"

The poet arose; something of his old attitude returned; he feebly gazed at a priceless Massero vase, made a half-hearted attempt to join thumb and forefinger, then rambled toward the door, where two spotless flunkies attended with his hat and overcoat.

"Mr. Guilford," said West, following, a trifle perplexed and remorseful, "I should be very — er — extremely happy to subscribe to the New Arts Theatre."

"Thank you," said the poet absently as a footman invested him with a seal-lined coat.

"Is there anything more I could do for you, Mr. Guilford?" The poet's abstracted gaze rested on him, then shifted.

"I — I don't feel very well," said the poet hoarsely, sitting down in a hall-seat. Suddenly he began to cry, fatly.

Nobody did anything; the stupefied footmen gaped; West looked, walked nervously the length of the hall, looked again, and paced the inlaid floor, to and fro, until the bell at the door sounded and a messenger-boy appeared with a note scribbled on a yellow telegraph blank:

> Lethbridge and I just married and madly happy. Will be on hand Monday, sure. Can't you advance us three months' salary? HARROW.

"Idiots!" said West. Then, looking up: "What are you waiting for, boy?"

"Me answer," replied the messenger calmly.

"Oh, you were told to bring back an answer?"

"Yaas."

"Then give me your pencil, my infant Chesterfield." And West scribbled on the same yellow blank:

> Checks for you on your desks Monday. Congratulations. I'll see you through, you damfools. WEST.

"Here's a quarter for you," observed West, eying the messenger.

"T'anks. Gimme the note."

West glanced at the moist, fat poet; then suddenly that intuition which is bred in men

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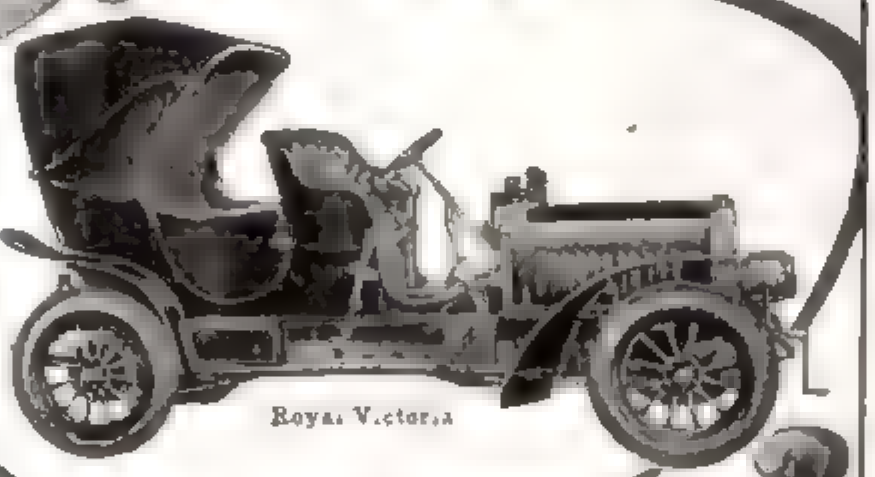

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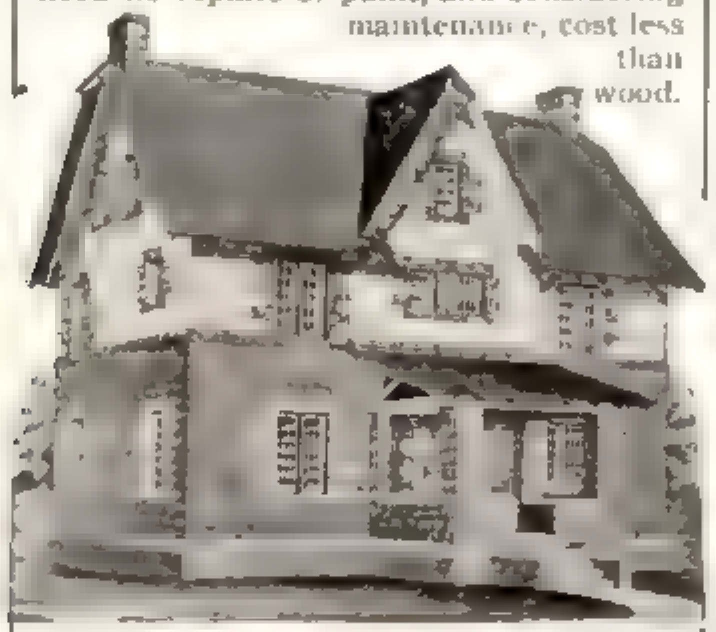

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of his stamp set him thinking. And presently he tentatively added two and two.

"Mr. Guilford," he said, "I wonder whether this note—and my answer to it—concerns you."

The poet used his handkerchief, adjusted a pair of glasses, and blinked at the penciled scrawl. Twice he read it; then like the full sun breaking through a drizzle—like the glory of a searchlight dissolving a sticky fog, *the* smile of smiles illuminated everything: footmen, messenger, financier.

"Thank you," he said thickly; "thank you for your thought. Thought is but a trifle to bestow—a little thing in itself. But it is the little things that are most important—the smaller the thing the more vital its importance, until"—he added in a genuine burst of his old eloquence—"the thing becomes so small that it isn't anything at all, and then the value of nothing becomes so enormous that it is past all computation. That is a very precious thought! Thank you for it, thank you for understanding. Bless you!"

Exuding a rich sweetness from every feature the poet moved toward the door at a slow, fleshy waddle, head wagging, small eyes half-closed, thumbing the atmosphere while his lips moved in wordless self communion: "The attainment of nothing at all—that is rarest, the most precious, the most priceless of triumphs—very, very precious. So"—and his glance was sideways and nimbly intelligent—"so if nothing at all is of such inestimable value, those two young pups can live on their expectations—*quod erat demonstrandum.*"

He shuddered and looked up at the façade of the gorgeous house which he had just quitted.

"So many sunny windows to sit in—to dream in. I—I should have found it agreeable. Pups!"

Crawling into his cab he sank into a pulpy mound, partially closing his eyes. And upon his pursed-up lips, unuttered yet imminent, a word trembled and wobbled as the cab bounced down the avenue. It may have been "precious"; it was probably "pups!"

* * *

MEDICAL MIRACLES

(Continued from Page 11)

been recalcitrant. Among the former there had been twenty three cases of typhoid, in the latter 213. The odds were, with the treatment, seven to three. What had been hardly looked for, among the vaccinated there was reported a notable decrease of fever and ague.

It was the beginning. The Boer War had now started, and Doctor Wright's activities were forthwith transferred to South Africa. His next report comes from work done during the siege upon the garrison of Ladysmith. Here was a situation which promised to put the thing to the most sinister of tests. But the treatment was still regarded as an experiment, and no pressure of any sort was brought to bear to make it compulsory. Although 1705 men volunteered for vaccination, the great majority, 10,529, preferred to stand their chances without it. The result was that 1498 cases of enteric typhoid developed among the skeptics and thirty-five among the believers. This time, therefore, the showing in favor of the new medicine was eight to one.

In the year which followed the British Army in South Africa passed through what its Red Cross officers still refer to as "the great epidemic." The Wright treatment did not become of absolutely general application; where there was little enteric there were few vaccinations. Yet, even so, more than 50,000 men were treated. And, indeed, Doctor Wright and his immediate assistants could do little but supply the vaccine. In some of the largest of the hospitals it was administered with a stupidity and carelessness which nullified all possibility of good results. Nor in the majority of cases were there kept any statistics of real medical value. All that could be said at the end of the war, two years and a half after the inauguration of the treatment, was that, of the 20,000 men or more who had gone to hospital with enteric, 7461 reported that they had not undergone the vaccination, and 1458 that they had.

And if these figures, like all figures preceding them, confessed that the immunity conferred by the treatment was not invariable and perpetual, it must be said with frankness that in no case can the effect of any

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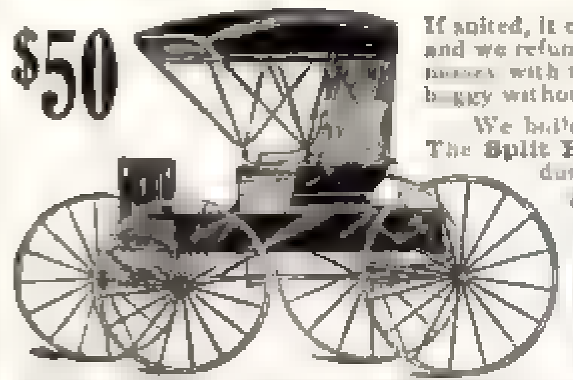

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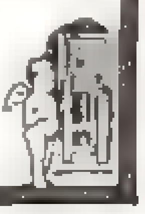

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vaccine or serum medicine be discounted with complete and utter certainty. No two human organisms are exactly alike. The variation is commonly very slight; but there are cases where two and two appear to make three and a half, or four and a half, or five. Greater still, but happily more governable, is the constant variation in the strength of the serums and vaccines themselves. Nor can anything but the slow accumulation of experience teach the "immunizer" to recognize and allow for such organic variations. Jenner's smallpox vaccine has now been given almost the accuracy of an astronomical instrument it possessed anything but such in 1805. Eight years reduced the percentage of losses in the case of diphtheria serum from twenty-four and one-half per cent. to twelve per cent; and undoubtedly it will go lower still. In the case of the typhoid vaccine, we have seen that in 1898 the odds in favor of it stood seven to three. During the siege of Ladysmith it was eight to one. In 1900 and 1901 the treatment was widely applied in the garrisons of Egypt, Cyprus, and Meerut, India. At the beginning of 1902 the health reports made it plain that the vaccinated man had now anywhere from twelve to seventeen times the better chance.

The number of doses of vaccine so far distributed by Doctor Wright approaches the half-million. This can hardly be regarded as experimenting in a small way. Yet from such fragmentary information as has already come to us it is evident that the Japanese are giving this latest "preventive" its really great test in the present struggle in the East. It is possible that the virus used is not precisely the same as that used in South Africa, but it can hardly differ from it in any very radical respect. According to statistics furnished by previous wars, where bullets and steel have killed their one man disease has killed its five, and typhoid enteric has always been the master-enemy. American and German surgeons who have returned from the front tell us that the Japanese are saving those five men. During the coming year we may be given some figures of much significance indeed, but even now one may prophesy that in future wars (if, for lack of some anti-lying and anti-mummery serum to inject into the professional diplomats, there must be future wars) the heavy battalions will be counterbalanced, as campaign succeeds campaign, not less by long-range artillery and individual initiative than by mere medical enlightenment!

But why have we not heard of some correspondingly great proofs in the case of cholera and plague, the more since these scourges have no need of war to develop them into destroying epidemics? Within the last five years frightful death-rates have come to us, week after week, from Canton and Bombay, from Turkestan and the Philippines. If these new serums and vaccines are all that the Pasteurians—now a world school—would have us believe, why have the great outbreaks not been quelled as swiftly as the little ones?

The story of one of the very smallest of bubonic incursions may go far to answer these questions. It occurred in 1899, under the eyes of Doctor Yersin and within sight of Nha Trang itself, the seat of a Pasteur Institute, where for years the natives have seen the French physicians evincing powers which must have seemed to their Oriental minds miraculous. Yet when a Macao junk brought in the plague, and the Institute, adopting Japanese measures, offered its penny apiece for rat skins, the offer aroused only an immediate spirit of suspicion. Meanwhile, "bubonic," in its most virulent form, was making victims daily. Fishermen went out in their sampans in the morning and were dead by noon. Shopkeepers lay down behind their counters and died before the native doctor could arrive and begin his exorcisms. Thirty-nine cases, all fatal, followed one another in swift succession. And even then the remaining villagers showed no readiness to report themselves for the serum treatment.

The French authorities established a lazaretto, burned the infected houses, and attempted to put the survivors in quarantine—they soon had to do with a virtual rebellion. Some of the fishermen escaped to a neighboring village, and one of them died there. He was buried clandestinely, the death was kept a secret, and promptly there broke out a second epidemic. Then a native priest had a vision in which he learned that the foreign devils, while cunningly pretending to bring help, were in reality spreading the infection. Nevertheless, the police and the health authorities of Nha Trang, getting assistance from all the surrounding garrisons, now went to work in earnest to make two quarantines hard and fast. In the end, both villages had

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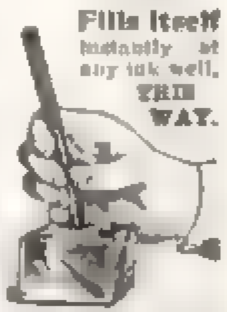

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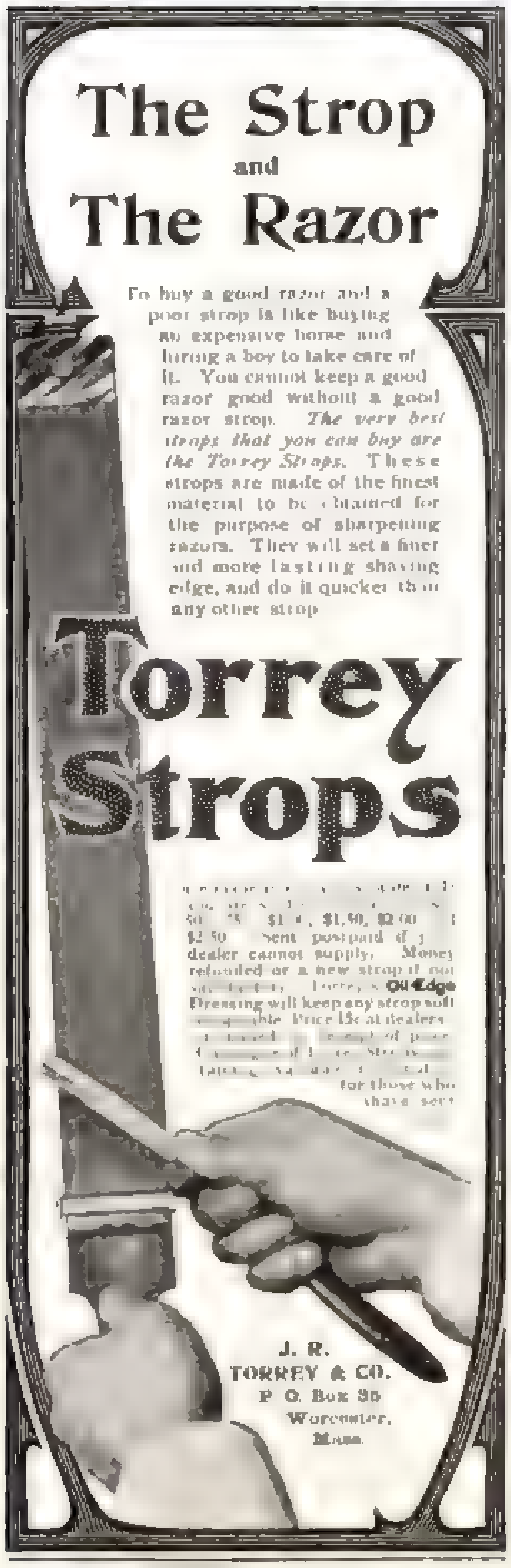

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[illegible] 50, 75, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 [illegible] $2.50 Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Money refunded or a new strop if not satisfactory. Torrey's Oil-Edge Dressing will keep any strop soft [illegible] Price 15c at dealers [illegible] for those who shave sent

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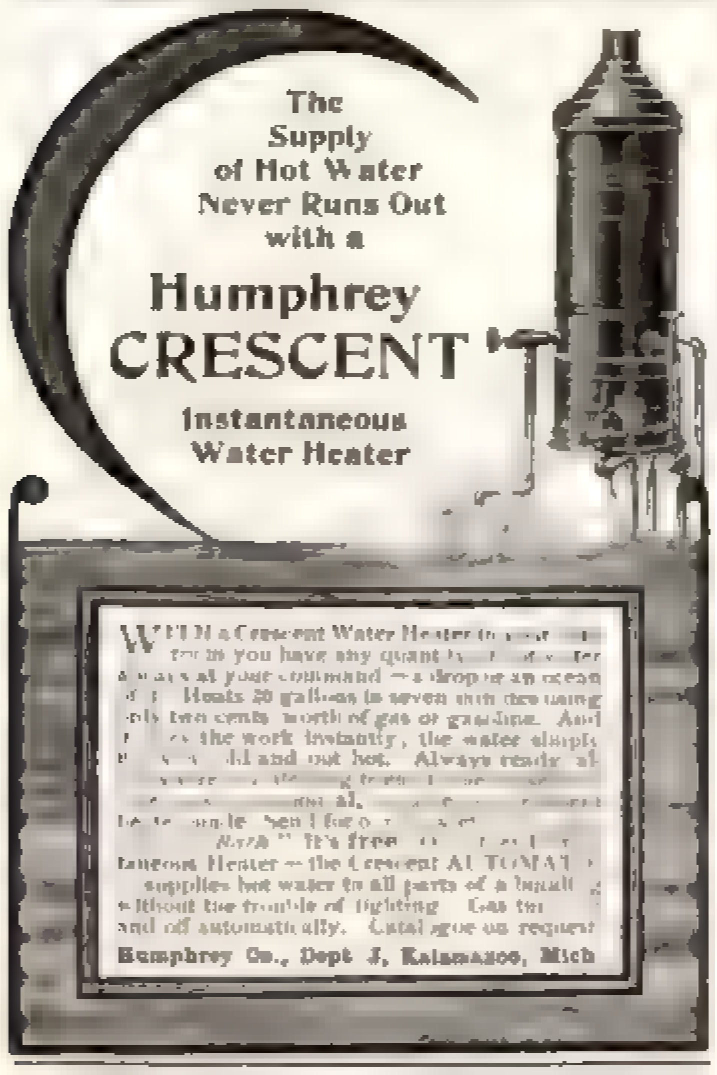

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WITH a Crescent Water Heater in your [illegible] you have any quantity [illegible] always at your command — a drop or an ocean [illegible] Heats 20 gallons in seven minutes using only two cents worth of gas or gasoline. And [illegible] the work instantly, the water simply [illegible] cold and out hot. Always ready [illegible] Send for our [illegible] It's free [illegible] taneous Heater — the Crescent AUTOMATIC supplies hot water to all parts of a house without the trouble of lighting. Gas turns on and off automatically. Catalogue on request

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We Want Young Men as Salesmen who will grow up with our business

We want men who are not afraid of work, and who want to secure a permanent income for themselves [illegible] Dustless Floor and Carpet Brushes. Our Dustless Brushes are used in homes, schools, stores, [illegible] everywhere a broom is used. [illegible] World's Fair, 1904 [illegible] so honored. We have [illegible] for the right man [illegible] "How to Get Rid of It," [illegible]

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to be fired, fenced in, and put under prohibition for a year. And, while the outraged inhabitants were under preventive treatment in the lazaretto, other villages were constructed to house them when they came out again. This alone probably saved the French colony from a small "holy war." In few cases could the preventive serum be brought into play until the sufferer was far gone. Doctor Yersin treated thirty-three of the stricken, and saved nineteen. It was now no matter of dealing with the convert in the mission.

So much for two villages, containing probably not 300 inhabitants. What would have been the nature of the struggle in an entire Chinese or Indian province, containing many cities of 100,000? Yet, early in 1902, everything promised that the world was to witness such a struggle.

Since 1897 "bubonic" had been epidemic in the Punjab, and every hesitating effort to circumscribe it within the boundaries of one town seemed only to drive it the quicker into those adjacent. Doctor Haffkine, in charge of the work, tells us that years ago, when he was a student investigating the infectious diseases of the protozoa — which are microscopic forms of life of a somewhat lower order than the sponges — he observed that when one of them became infected the others immediately got themselves away from its vicinity.

He was unable to register even this evidence of intelligence upon the part of the Hindoo or the Chinese coolie. They fled only from the health authorities. Now, however, in all the Bombay hinterland the British Government had arranged for a vaccination *en masse.* Seven million natives were to be given the preventive inoculation alone, and the whole force of the province was to assist in establishing a general and particular quarantine. To help Doctor Haffkine prepare and apply his vaccine, thirty-seven additional physicians were brought out from England.

Alas, once more carelessness and stupidity did their unhappy work! One of the first vials of vaccine to be prepared was allowed to go out before it had been guaranteed by a tincture of carbolic acid against any external contamination. As a result, before any one comprehended what was happening, nineteen Punjabis had died of tetanus. At once the whole native press, and a large part of that of Anglo-India, went rabid. What was to have been a mighty proof for the entire East of the potency of the new white medicines had to be hastily and miserably abandoned. And at the present moment the Plague Research Laboratory, in connection with the Bombay Health Exhibition, is going up and down the Punjab giving small individual demonstrations of the power of anti-bubonic vaccine. It is hardly what Doctor Haffkine hoped for three years ago.

This for India. What for the rest of the Orient? China in the main is still hopeless. England, France and Germany, sitting precariously on its outskirts, can do little more than keep their own white compounds clean. Yunnan Province has from time immemorial been the home cantonment of "bubonic," and there is no doubt that it will continue to be so for many decades more. On the other hand, Japan has proven that she is entirely capable of taking care of herself.

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1904, there came a dispatch from Russia saying that a malady, "which, from its symptoms, appears to be bubonic plague," had appeared in two villages of Orenburg (the Urals). Characteristically, the local authorities have only made the matter public after 115 fatal cases have occurred. Now, however, a bacteriologist has been sent from Astrakhan; and other physicians, with supplies of serum, have gone from St. Petersburg" . . . . On the twenty-seventh of January of the present year the outbreak of bubonic plague in two villages of Orenburg was at an end.

These combats and these victories get no newspaper headlines. And why should they, when the victors are so unmartial as to glory in the fact that the slaughter has been almost nil? Yet such battles are Marathons. True, our modern Greeks are the smallest of phalanxes, and they are armed only with tiny phials and syringes and test-tubes. None the less, the old enemy from Asia, more to be feared than any barbarian Persians, is thrown back and utterly destroyed. It is not a very exciting war; it can never be ended by any single campaign, however brilliant. But it is a war where we may see brought into play the true "world tactics." And, moreover, it is a war which we, standing in the full dawn of the twentieth century, can look on with pride instead of shame.

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Another feature: the entire mechanism can be removed and cleaned without tools.

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Both rifles have fine American walnut stock

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You owe it to yourself to understand [illegible] Booklet [illegible] illustrated free on request

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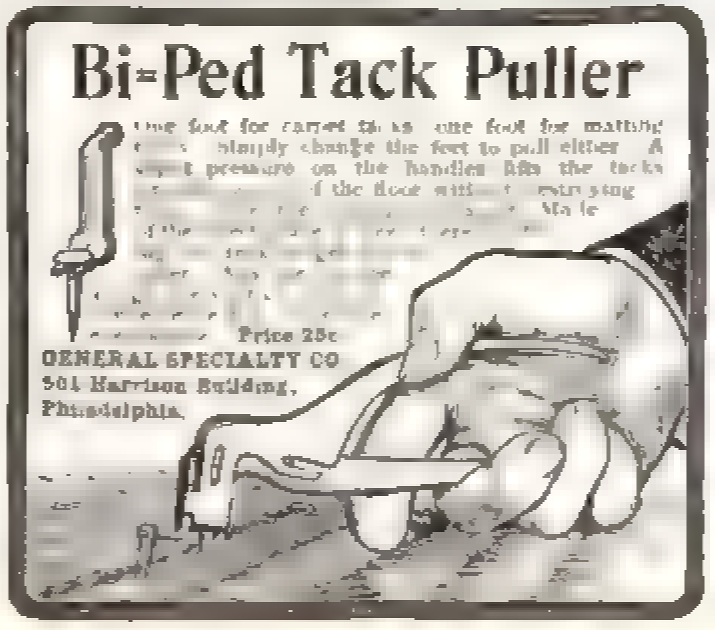

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One foot for carpet tacks, one foot for matting [illegible] simply change the feet to pull either. A slight pressure on the handles lifts the tacks [illegible] the floor without destroying [illegible] Made [illegible]

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The principal cost of a suit of clothes is the "workmanship."

There are poor tailors and good tailors; cheap tailors and high-priced tailors.

They are paid by the piece, by the day or by the week.

"Where there is little given there is little required."

And when you buy clothes you usually get about what you pay for.

If you are looking for good clothes for very little money, you will never find them.

If you want to wear clothes that are made for you by good tailors, so that you will be as well dressed as any man you may meet, and are willing to pay $25 to $35 for a suit or overcoat,

Write for the name of our representative in your town who will show you five hundred styles of cloth from which to make yours.

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No More Darning

Do Not Darn "His" Socks

No holes to darn if you buy

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Fast colors: Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black with White feet. Sizes 9 to 12. Two grades. [illegible]

We guarantee our sox against holes for 6 months. Socks which need darning within six months from date of sale to wearer will be replaced by new ones.

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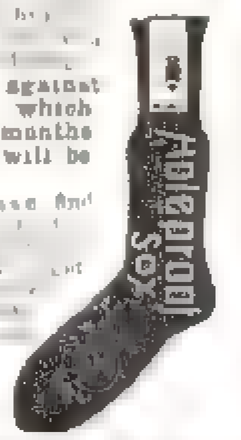

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"LET THE CHILD'S FEET GROW AS THEY SHOULD"

Box, Russia and Patent Calf and Kid

Infants' 3 to 5, $1.50 Misses, 11½ to 2, $2.00
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Add 25 cents for delivery

Oak Soles sewed with new Richardson Short Stitch give utmost pliability and strength

Send for booklet about these and many other styles for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

Ask your dealer [illegible]

Take no imitation.

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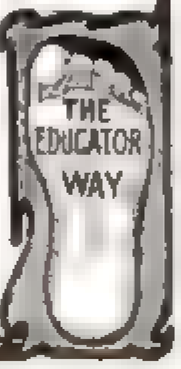
THE WRONG WAY



The Black Man's Burden

(Concluded from Page 6)

pupils under its roof. I had hoped to begin in the church, but the good deacons would not permit this. So the few pupils who came the first day were gathered together under an oak tree and there were taught. After some time a temporary cabin was fitted up, and in this we taught the entire winter. The cabin was practically no protection against rain, and almost none against winter winds.

My wife, who was still in Alabama, kept writing, asking me to let her join me. Explanations from me would do no good, and so she laid aside all the comforts of home life and came on to live in a hovel with me. We rented a little room, bought a skillet and a frying pan, a bed and two chairs, and so set up housekeeping. I did the cooking, for my wife was a city girl, who did not know how to cook on the open fireplace. We never contrasted our condition in Mississippi with that in Alabama; we simply made the best of what we had.

At first there was difficulty in securing land for a site. Many of the patrons began to fear that nothing would be accomplished. To offset this idea I purchased lumber for a building, and had it cut, ready for framing. The enthusiasm had to be kept up or all would be lost. Land was soon bought and the building started. Everybody felt now that something was going to be done. At the end of the first year's work I was able to make to the trustees a creditable report, from which the following is taken:

"As soon as we secured a cabin to teach in, the young people came in great numbers. We soon had an attendance of two hundred. One teacher after another was employed to assist until seven teachers were daily at work. After three months in our temporary quarters, conditions were very trying. There was no money to pay teachers or to meet the grocery bills for teachers' board. The winter was well on and the structure in which we were located was little protection against it. The rain easily came through the roof, and water was often two inches deep on certain parts of the floor. Several teachers and students were suffering with pneumonia or kindred disorders, as a result of this exposure.

"During all this time I was trying to secure the interest of the people. I went from door to door, explaining our efforts; then I made a tour of the churches; after riding or walking five or ten miles at night, I would return and then teach the next day. After a protracted struggle of this kind, and after visiting almost everybody for many miles, I found that I had secured about $600. This greatly relieved us. Forty acres of land were purchased.

"Starting last October without a cent, in the open air, we have succeeded in establishing a regularly organized institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Mississippi, with two hundred and twenty-five students and seven teachers, and with property valued at four thousand dollars. Forty acres of good farm land about a mile from town have been secured. We have erected a building—a two-story frame—at a cost of something over two thousand dollars.

"During this year the people themselves furnished one thousand dollars toward the support of the school. They had never before spent a tenth as much for education. The second year eleven teachers were employed and four hundred students were admitted. The cost of operations was ten thousand dollars, all of which was raised during the year. We are now entering into our third term. Fifteen teachers have been employed, and the expenses of operation will be about fifteen thousand dollars, all of which I must raise by direct effort."

I cannot feel that I have accomplished much here in Mississippi, because I see all around me so much to be done—so much that I cannot touch because of lack of means. But, being in the work to stay, I may, in the end, contribute my share to the betterment of man. If I have suffered much to build up this work, I cannot feel that it is a sacrifice. It is a colossal opportunity. The greater the sacrifice, the more extensive the opportunity. Whatever may have been accomplished already is certainly due more to my wife's superior judgment than to my own activity. Whatever I have been able to do myself here in Mississippi for my people has been due, first, to the teachings of my mother, and, second, to the all-important life-example and matchless teachings of Booker T. Washington.

ENAMELETTE GOLF BALL PAINT

Old Golf Balls Made New

We furnish *free* with every dozen **PNEUMATIC GOLF BALLS**, paint and directions for restoring their color and brightness.

A **PNEUMATIC GOLF BALL** is *worth* repainting—and *repainting* again. It comes from long-lived stock.

Para rubber—the best quality produced—forms its cover.

At the heart of the ball is a filling of compressed air, with a pressure of 800 pounds to the square inch.

You simply **cannot cut or gash** the **PNEUMATIC**. Topped iron shots that would put a gutta covered ball "out of business" in short order do not leave a mark upon the **PNEUMATIC**.

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Balls 50c. each, or by the dozen $5 [illegible] postage or express prepaid. If you cannot get the **PNEUMATIC** from your dealer we will gladly supply you direct on receipt of price. Catalog free. Write for it to-day.

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25 cent Set Souvenir Post Cards of Beautiful Art Subjects, Celebrities and States seal. Reproductions from Paintings, American and Foreign Views in the famous

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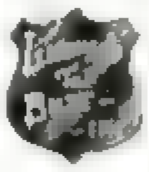

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Badge [illegible] Agents wanted. [illegible] cents postpaid.

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Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.25
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Beautiful and attractive patterns, choice colorings. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used more durable than high priced carpets. Sold to you direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Also Importers of Portières and Lace Curtains.

New Spring catalogue, showing goods in actual colors, sent free.

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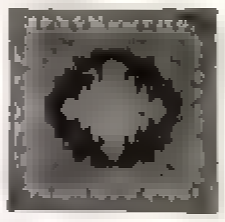

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GOLD BOND
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Then Cash	10,000
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In addition to these returns you will receive your share of profits earned, which will reduce the cost of the bonds accordingly. Should you die while paying for the bonds, they will be delivered to your estate with the guaranteed benefits indicated above. If preferred, the Company will, at death or maturity of policy, pay in cash, in lieu of issuing bond, the sum of $1,305 for each $1,000 bond.

Write to-day for Rates.

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Lacqueret Will Give Your Old Floor the Highest and Most Beautiful Finish. Makes Old Furniture Look Just Like New and Gives New Life and Lustre to Anything Made of Wood—Anyone Can Apply It.

You will be surprised to see how you can brighten up your old furniture, and make it look like new goods from the store. Lacqueret removes all scratches and other marks of age and wear, and gives new life and lustre to everything made of wood

Positively the Best Floor Finish on the Market.

Lacqueret is transparent, non-fading, brilliant and durable. It will not settle and leave a thick, muddy deposit at the bottom of the can, consequently it does not show brush marks or laps, but gives a perfectly smooth and even finish. It is positively the best floor finish made. It dries in a night and wears like rawhide.

Lacqueret is put up in convenient packages ready for use, in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Cherry, Walnut, Rosewood, Rich Red, Moss-Green and "Clear."

It is sold by all dealers in half pint, pint and quart packages put up in Toy House "cut out" cartons. Larger quantities put up in square sealed cans.

Ask your dealer or drop us a postal, for color card and instructive booklet "The Dainty Decorator," which is full of useful hints for home decoration. Or send 10 cents for sample can, stating color wanted, which will be forwarded at once by mail, prepaid. Address Standard Varnish Works, Lacqueret Dept. M 37, New York, Chicago, London, England, or Canadian Branch International Varnish Co., Ltd., Lacqueret Dept. M 37, Toronto, Canada. Write nearest office.

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because it is the
Best Wash Fabric

SOIESETTE has been imitated all over the world because it is the most attractive, beautiful, economical and serviceable cotton fabric made

Insist on seeing the word
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It is just what you are looking for [illegible] Spring [illegible] Evening and Summer Gowns, Shirt Waists or wherever Pongee can be used. Looks like silk—improves in lustre by washing and does not shrink. All shades. 31 inches wide, 25 cents a yard. In Wash Goods Department of first class stores. The wise shopper knows why substitutes are offered—they sell for a little less, perhaps, but they give the dealer a larger profit. It is to your advantage to get the GENUINE.

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The Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page [illegible])

glib as those two, had a kind of simple sincerity about them. They had the courage to stand up there in the face of death and say what they believed. No one plead for mercy I was sorry for them

Maybe if I had been born with their blood and had been fixed in life like them I might not think so well of "Society." But, after all, it felt good to be on the other side. The world is for the strong, I said, and I am one of the strong

CHAPTER X

MY LITTLE venture with the brothers Schunemann was booming all the time Ed and Slocum had looked out for my business during the trial, and had kept my partners from robbing me. Pretty soon I was able to buy out their interest in the Aurora plant and get rid of them altogether, putting Ed in as my manager The Schunemanns took to peddling our kosher meat in Chicago, and worked up a good trade. In my trips for Dround & Co. I was able to make a large business for the Duchess brand of sausage, which soon began to attract attention. One day Carmichael said to me

"So you're a sausage maker after all, Van?"

"Yes, and making money, too," I replied. "Perhaps Mr. Dround would think differently now about the cat's-meat business."

Carmichael grunted. I suspected that he would like to have me offer the firm a chance to take over my business, but I had no such idea. I saw a great future in sausage, and, after that, other things—down a long vista of golden years

About this time Lou Pierson went away to the East and never came back. Slocum went on to New York and did his best to find the girl. He may have been too proud to marry her sister, but he felt badly over Lou's going that way. Later, when I saw the girl in New York, I concluded her return could do no good to any one, and said nothing. After Lou disappeared the old man began to drink pretty hard, and finally had to go to the hospital. The Van Buren Street house was a dreary place, and Slocum and I decided to move and start housekeeping together Ma Pierson needed us no longer. The Hostetters were keeping house for the old lady, for Ed married Hillary shortly after the trial, and together they tried running the Enterprise

We had not been long in our comfortable flat on the South Side before an unexpected chance came to me to make a lot of money The Duchess brand of sausage, packed in dainty little boxes, was making a name for itself and attracting the attention of the trade I began to have rivals, but they could never drive out the Duchess, which had a good start. One day Carmichael asked me if I would like to sell my sausage factory, as he called the Aurora plant. I told him jokingly he hadn't the money to buy it. But in reality I was ready to sell, for I saw that if the big packers really went into the business I could not compete. And it was only a matter of time before they would see, as I had seen, the immense profit in such little things. So when, a few days later, Carmichael said that one of Strauss' men had asked him to bring me over to their place I went quick enough

Carmichael took me into Strauss' office and introduced me to one of the men, a shrewd little fellow, who managed some of the old man's deals for him. After a little while Strauss' man, Gooch, began to talk of my sausage business, praised the idea, and hinted that his boss might consider buying me out "for a proper figure." So we began to deal, and pretty soon the man Gooch named a figure, $25,000 or something of the sort, expecting me to bite. I laughed, and Carmichael, who was sitting by enjoying the fun, said: "He's no kid, Gooch, though he looks it. Better go your whole figure straight off." Gooch then said $35,000—that was the limit I began to talk about the kosher meat business the Schunemann brothers were handling for me, which would go with the Duchess, and I could see Gooch's eyes open. He got up and went back into an inner office, and when he returned he made the figure $50,000. Carmichael expected me to take him, and if I had been asked that morning I should have said it was a big price. But suddenly it came into my mind that in that inner office was the great Strauss himself. I was too small fry to deal with: he left me to his hired man. And I had a mind to bring him out himself to buy my plant of me. So I

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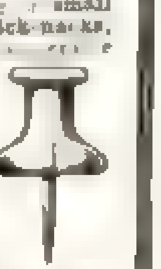

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talked on, and Gooch asked me to name my figure.

"One hundred thousand," I answered pretty quick.

Gooch turned to his desk, as if to tell me to go home, and Carmichael grunted, thinking that my head was turned. I began to believe I had gone too far, when the door of that inner office was pulled back and Strauss himself walked into the room. He nodded to Carmichael and gave me a look from head to foot, but said nothing. Gooch waited for the great man to speak.

"We'll take your offer, Mr. Harrington," Strauss said, after he had looked me up and down, and walked out again.

It took my breath away.

The next I knew I was on the street, and big John was laughing so that men turned to look at him. "Pretty good for a kid," he kept saying between laughs. "You had the old fox on the run. He wanted your cat's-meat place bad, though."

We went into a saloon, and I set up a bottle of champagne.

"You're all right," Carmichael said to me when we had drunk to my good luck. "You couldn't have run that place much longer. The big ones would have eaten you up, hide and all."

"I knew that!" I said.

Carmichael looked at me with considerable respect, and that was one of the pleasantest moments of my life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Wood Fire in Number Three

(Concluded from Page 9)

wake him — until every square foot of the walls was covered with sketches. When we were through some one coughed, and the old man sat up and began to rub his eyes. Pleased? Well, I should think so! He gave one bound, made a tour of the room studying each sketch, dodged under his bar and began to set up things, and would have continued to set up things all night had we permitted it. Every spring after that when he rewhitewashed the old room he would work carefully around each sketch, the new whitewash making a mat for the pictures."

"Haven't got a time-table," asked Boggs feelingly, "of the boat that goes to Cap Tree Island, have you, Marny?"

"Do you no good, Boggs," answered Jack Fisher. "The old man has been in Heaven these ten years. I knew his broiled bluefish: none better. Marny is right: they were wonderful; but really, Marny, do you call that a good dinner? Ten men, fifteen bottles of assorted wines, five steaks, and five broiled fish." Fisher is the dilettante of the coterie. He spends half his time abroad because he can't stand the rudeness of his countrymen, he says.

"Well, what else would you want?" retorted Marny.

"What else? Oh, my dear Marny! And you ask that question!"

"Wasn't there enough to eat?"

"Plenty."

"Wine all right?"

"Perfect."

"Jolly crowd of the best fellows in the world?"

"Yes."

"What then?"

"What then? you materialist! Why, just one woman! Let me tell you of a dinner! On a balcony overlooking St. Cloud — all Paris swimming beneath us in a golden haze. There were some violets, I remember, and a pair of long gray gloves on the white cloth, and a wide-brimmed hat crowned with roses, shading a pair of brown eyes.

"'A pint of Chablis, sole à la Marguery, some broiled mushrooms and a fruit salad,' I said to the waiter; 'and please take the candles away — we prefer the twilight.' How well I remember the order! But the perfume of the violets — and the lifting of her lashes as she looked at me, and ——" Jack stopped, bent over and gazed into the smoldering coals of the now dying fire. The recollection had evidently taken possession of him.

"Go on, Jack," said Pitkin in an encouraging tone. They had lived together in the same studio in the Quartier, these two, and knew each other's lives as they did their own pockets.

"No, that's all. Just one of my memories, old boy. But it comes from wet violets, mark you, not from fry-pans, cold bottles or hot fish ——" And he glanced at Marny.

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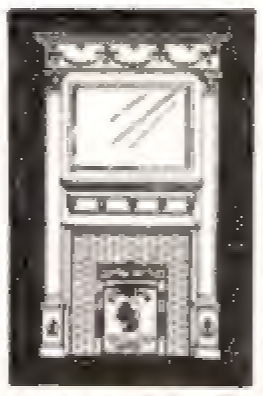

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TALES OF THE ROAD

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Richards left me and went into the hotel. I wanted to get him off as quickly as I could, because I didn't know but that, any minute, the old gentleman would come out of the bank door. I hit a lively pace to get in where he was. By that time he had investigated my bonds and found that he wanted them. I took his check and gave him a receipt for it.

"Everything worked smooth as a charm. As the old man's buggy was just crossing the bridge, out came Richards from the hotel. I was again sitting in the park.

"'How is it,' he asked, 'that your firm can afford to pay you to go around these towns, sit in parks, and smoke cigars?'

"'Oh, a man has to take a lay-off once in a while,' said I.

"I went over to the bank where the old man had been and in a few minutes sold them some bonds. Then I came out and again sat down in the park for a few minutes, waiting for Richards to get through so that I could go to see the other people where he was dickering. Pretty soon he came out and he was swearing mad. He said:

"'I've been wrangling with these people for a couple of hours and I can't get them into anything to save my life.'

"'Well, I guess I'll go over and take a crack at them again,' said I.

"'All right, go ahead,' he answered.

"I went in where he had not been able to do business and made a nice sale.

"About a week afterward I met Richards, and he said: 'You've got one coming on me. You weren't so idle as I thought all the time you were out there in the park.'"

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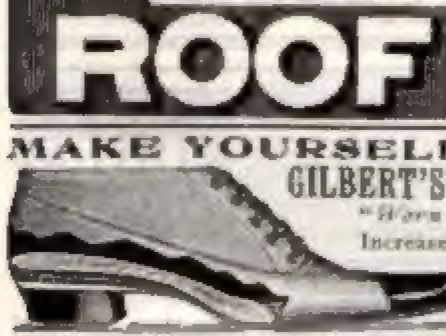

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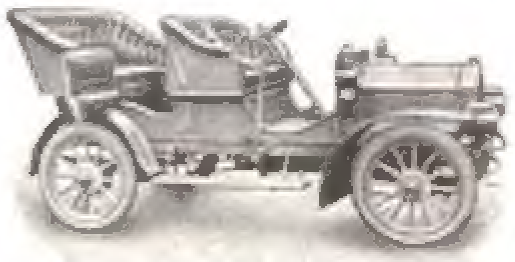

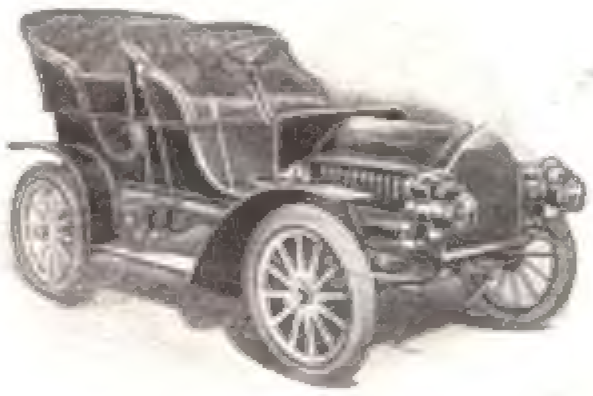

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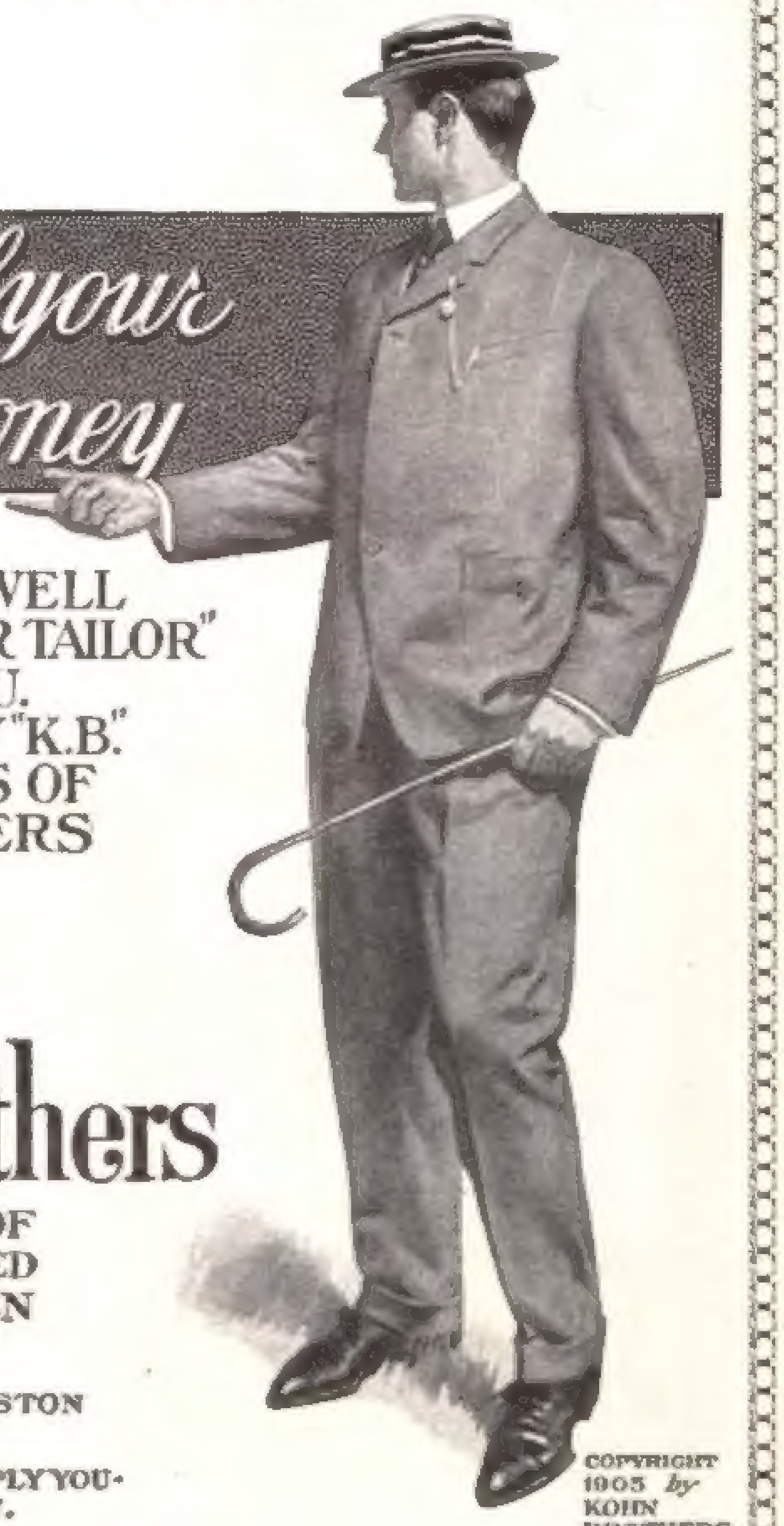

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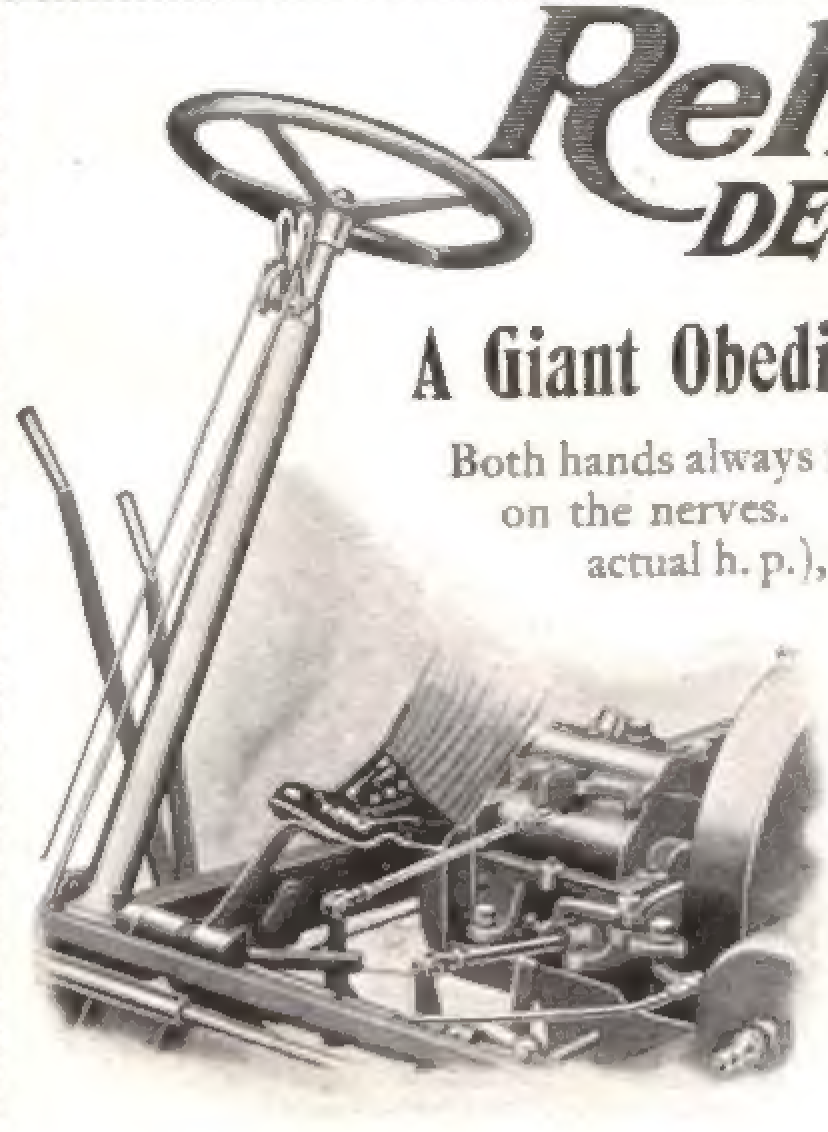

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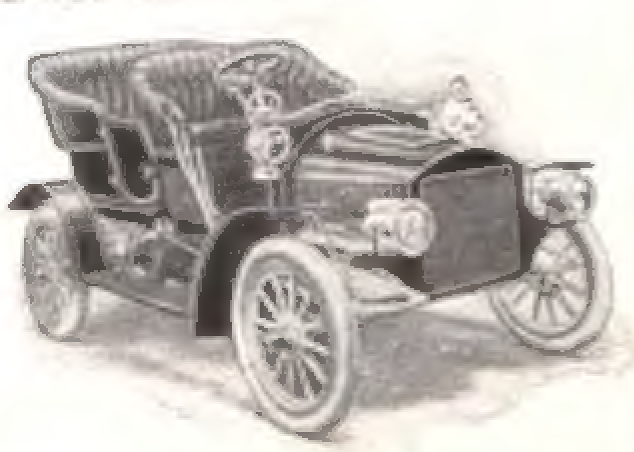

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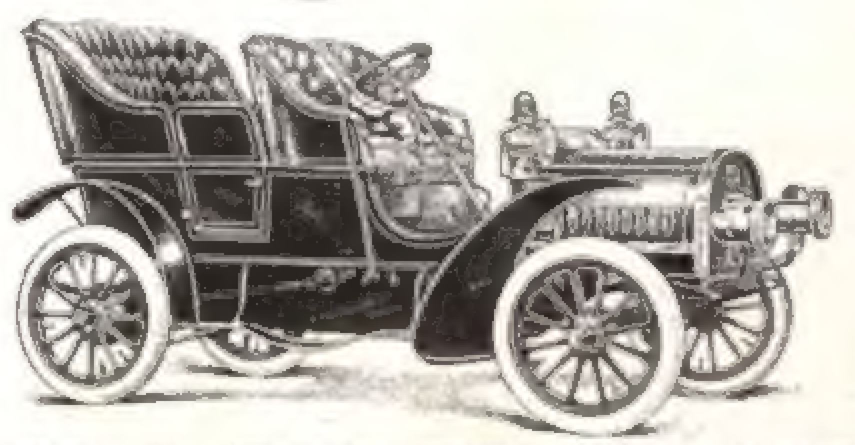

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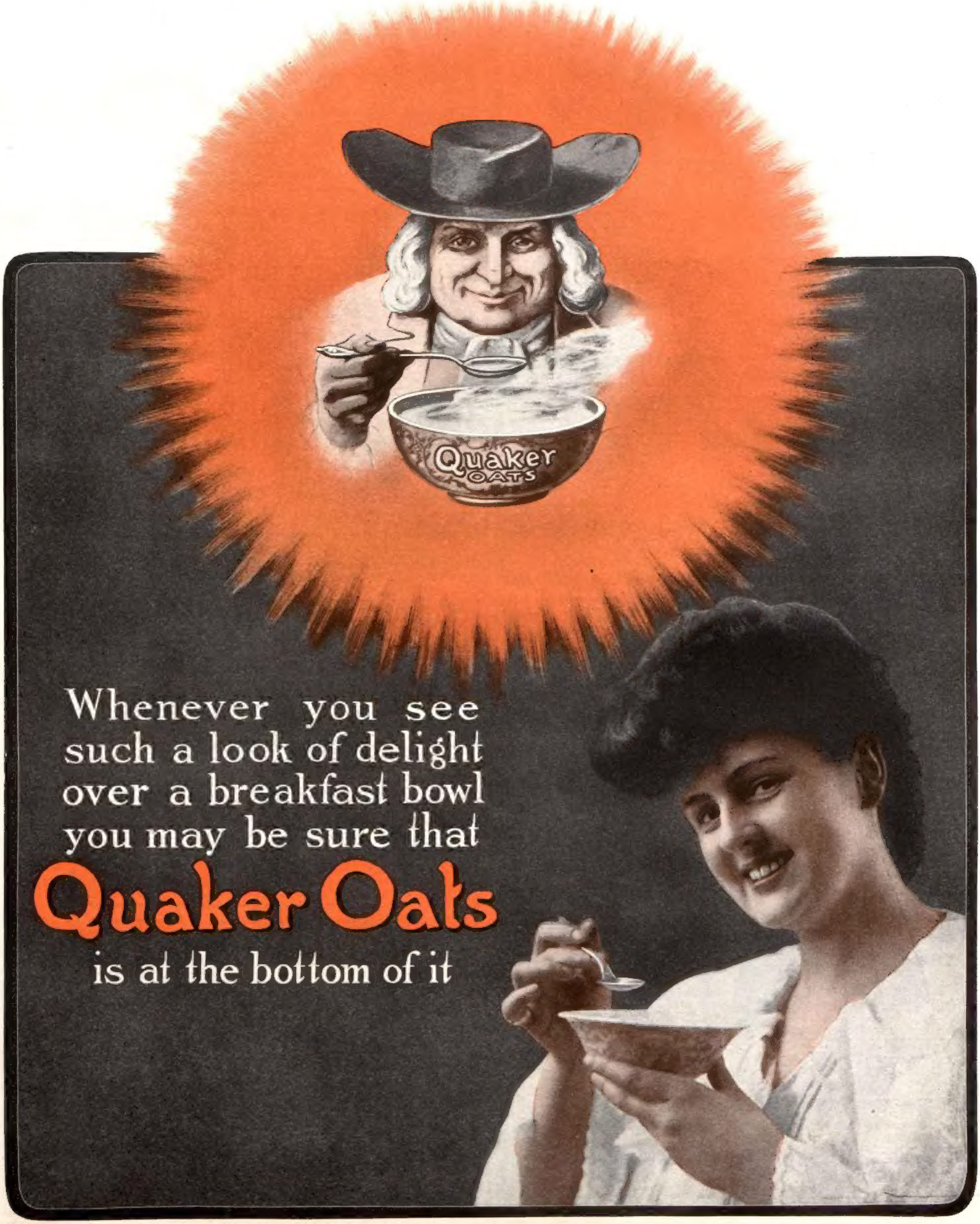
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